

The Second Vol. of T. BROWN'S Works.



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Ben-Jorie
THE
SECOND VOLUME
OF THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. Thomas Brown,
Serious and Comical,
In PROSE and VERSE.



L O N D O N,

Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, and Sold by R. Smith
and G. Strahan at the Royal-Exchange; W. Taylor,
Pater-noster Row; J. Browne without Temple-bar;
J. Hooke against St. Dunstan's Church; J. Graves,
St. James's-Street, and J. Morphew near Stationers-
Hall. 1715.



THE
SECOND VOLUME
OF THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. THO. BROWN.

Containing
LETTERS
FROM THE
DEAD to the LIVING,
And from the
LIVING to the DEAD.
Both Serious and Comical.

In Three Parts.

Now Collected together in one Volume, with
large Additions.

The Third Part, by *Mr. Tho. Brown.*

The Fourth Edition Corrected.

LONDON, Printed for *Sam. Briscoe*, and sold by
John Morphew near Stationers-Hall. 1715.

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LONDON, Printed for J. and W. Baskett, and sold by
John Almon near St. Dunstons Church, 1755.

THE DEDICATION.

my own Obligation to your manifold
Favours.



TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

Lord MANSFIELD.

My LORD,

THE Motives for my Dedication of this Part of Mr. Brown's Works to your Lordship are two; your penetrating Judgment into the Worth of our Modern Writers, and

A 2

my

The DEDICATION.

my own Obligation to your manifold Favours.

I must confess, your Name is too great to stand in the Front of this Present; but as these LETTERS from the DEAD to the LIVING, written in Imitation of LUCIAN's *Dialogues*, and esteem'd by the Learned to be highly ingenious, it is not doubted but they'll find a candid Acceptance at your LORDSHIP'S Hands.

III

Seven Cities contested for *Homer* when he was dead, whom none of them cared for whilst he lived; but it was not so with Mr. *Brown*, for his Conversation was as much desired by the Wits of the last Age, as his Works are in this: For his pleasant Genius gain'd an universal Applause, even of his very Enemies; and whilst Learning flourishes

rishes

A

The DEDICATION.

rishtes in this Kingdom, his Memory
will never die.

The several Characters which he
gives the Persons hinted at in these
Letters, are describ'd with such Ex-
actness, that the reading of them
are not only innocent but useful;
and if any find fault with his way of
writing, it must be those who vindi-
cate those unhappy Times, when three
flourishing Kingdoms were brought
to the very Brink of Ruin, a great,
good and pious King murth'rd on a
Scaffold, and and three young Princes
shamefully chas'd from their native
Country.

Without Partiality we may say,
Mr. Brown, for satyrical Prose or Verse,
was not inferiour to *Petronius*, *Mar-*
tial, or any other of the witty An-

The DEDICATION.

tients: Therefore had the Performances which fell from this Authors Pen, been extant among the *Romans*, although they wanted our easie Conservations of Wit by Printing, they would have committed them to Brass, lest injurious Time should have depriv'd them of their due Eternity.

It is a Crime greatly reigning among our *ENGLISHMEN* now adays, in being too apt to admire too much foreign Commodities, and exotick Fashions; but your LORDSHIP having too nice a Taste to be deceived with any thing but what is valuable, I presume to beg your Condescension for casting a favourable Eye on these latter Productions of *Mr. Brown*.

Before I conclude, I could find room enough to enumerate the great Characters

The DEDICATION.

ters which shine in your Noble Person, as being a Pattern of true Religion and Loyalty ; but a due Reverence to that known Modesty, which concerns your LORDSHIP's many other noted Virtues, obliges me to forbear any farther to display your Merits ; only this I would have the World to know, and do beg your HONOUR to believe that I shall ever be industrious to manifest my self,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Humble
and Obedient Servant,

THE DEDICATION.

ters which shine in your Noble Person,
as being a Pattern of true Religion and
Loyalty; but a due Reverence to that
known Modesty, which concerns your
Lordship's many other noted Vir-
tues, obliges me to forbear any fur-
ther to display your Merits; only this
I would have the World to know,
and do beg your Honour to believe
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nifest myself.

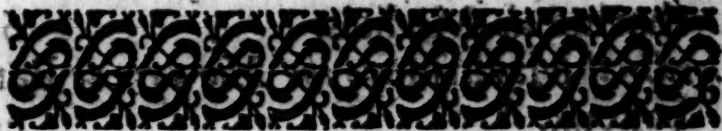
My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Humble

and Obedient Servant,

The Duchess of Orleans's Answer to Car-



The Answer of M^{rs} de Balthazar to
The Cardinal Mazarin.

Mary of England to the Pope.
The Duke of York to the Duke of
Bourbon.

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LETTERS

From the DEAD to the LIVING.

PART I.

*A Letter of News from Mr. JOSEPH HAINES,
of Merry Memory, to his Friends at Will's
Coffee-House in Covent-Garden: By Mr.
THO. BROWN.*

Gentlemen,

I Had done my self the Honour to write to you, long ago, but wanted a Convenience of sending my Letters; for you must not imagine 'tis as easie a matter for us on this side the River *Styx*, to maintain a Correspondence with you in the upper World, as 'tis to send a Pacquet from *London* to *Roterdam*, or from *Paris* to *Madrid*; But upon the News of a fresh War ready to break out in your Part of the World, (which, by the Bye, makes us keep Holy-Day here in Hell) *Pluto* having thought fit to dispatch an extraordinary Messenger to see how your Parliament, upon whose Resolutions the Fate of *Europe* seems wholly to depend, will behave themselves in this critical Conjunction. I tipt the Fellow a George to carry this Letter for me, and leave it with the Masters at *Will's* in his Way to *Westminster*.

VOL. II.

B

I am

I am not insensible, *Gentlemen*, that *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Dante*, *Don Quevedo*, and many more before me, have given an Account of these subterranean Dominions, for which reason it may look like Affectation or Vanity in me to meddle with a Subject so often handled; but if new Travels into *Italy*, *Spain* and *Germany*, are daily read with Approbation, because new Matters of Enquiry and Observation perpetually arise, I don't see why the present State of the *Plutonian* Kingdoms may not be acceptable, there having been as great Changes and Alterations in these Infernal Regions, as in any other Part of the Universe whatever.

When I shook Hands with your upper Hemisphere, I stumbled into a dark, uncouth, dismal Lane, which, if it be lawful to compare great Things with small, somewhat resembles that dusky dark cut under the Mountains called the *Grotto of Puzzoli* in the Way to *Naples*. I was in so great a Consternation, that I don't remember exactly how long it was, but this I remember full well, that there were a World of Ditches on both sides of the Wall, adorned and furnished with *Harpies*, *Gorgons*, *Centaurs*, *Chimeras*, and such like pretty Curiosities, which could not but give a Man a world of Titillation as he travell'd on the Road. The Three-headed *Geryon*, put me in mind of the Master of the Temple's three intellectual Minds, and when I saw *Briares* with his hundred Arms and Heads, out of my Zeal to King *William* and his Government, I could not but wish that we had so well qualified a Person for Secretary of State ever since the Revolution; for having so many Heads and Hands to employ, he might easily have managed all Affairs Domestick and Foreign, and been both Dictator and Clerk to himself. Which besides the Advantage of keeping secret all Orders and Instructions, (and that you know, *Gentlemen*, is of no small Importance in Politicks) would have saved his Majesty no inconsiderable Sum in his Civil List.

Being

Being arrived at the End of this doleful and execrable Lane, I came into a large open, barren Plain, through which ran a River, whose Water was as black as my Hat: Coming to the Banks of this wonderful River, an old ill-look'd wrinkl'd Fellow in a tatter'd Boat, which did not seem to be worth a Groat, making towards the Shoar, beckon'd, and held out his Right-Hand to me: Knowing nothing of his Business or Character, I could not imagine what he meant by doing so; but upon second Thoughts, thinking he had a mind to have his Fortune told, *You must understand, old Gentleman,* says I to him, *that there are three principal Lines in a Man's Hand, the first of which is called by the learned Ludovicus Vives, Secretary to Tamerlain the Magnificent, the Linea Boitica, Line of Life; the second, The Linea Heptica, or Liver-Line; the third and last, The Linea intercalaris, so called by Sebastian Munster and Erra Pater, Because it crosses the Two aforesaid Lines in an Equicrural Parabola.* Hold your impertinent Stuff, says the old Ferry-man, *Erra me no Erra Paters,* but speak to the Point, and give me my Fare, if you design to come over. By this I perceiv'd my Mistake, and knew him to be *Charon*: So I dived into my Pockets, but alas! I found all the Birds were flown, if ever any had been there, which you may believe, *Gentlemen,* was no small Mortification to me. Get you gone for a rascally Scoundrel as you are, says *Charon*, some Son of a Whore of a Fidler, or Player I warrant you; go and take up your Quarters with those Pennyless Rogues that are sunning themselves on yonder Hillock. To see now how a Man may be mistaken by a fair Outside! When I came up to 'em, I found them a parcel of jolly well-look'd Fellows, who, one would have thought, were wealthy enough to have fined for Sheriffs: I counted, let me see, Six Princes of the Empire that were younger Brothers, Ten French Counts, Fourteen Knights of *Malta*, Twelve Welsh Gentlemen, Sixteen Scotch Lairds, with abundance

dance of Chymists, Projectors, Insurers, Noble-mens Creditors, and the like; that were all Wind-bound for want of the *ready Rhino*. Two Days we continued in this doleful Condition; and as Dr. *Sherlock* says of himself, in relation to the 13th Chapter of the *Romans*, *here I stuck, and had stuck till the last Conflagration, if it had not been for Bishop Overall's Convocation-Book*; e'en so here we might have tarry'd World without End, if an honest Teller of the *Exchequer*, and a Clerk of the *Pay-Office*, had not come to our Relief; who understanding our Case, cry'd out, *Come along Gentlemen, we have Money enough to defray twenty such Trifles as this; God be prais'd, we had the good Luck to die before the Parliament look'd into our Accounts*. With that they gave *Charon* a Broad-Piece each of 'em, so our whole Caravan consisting of about 70 Persons in all, that had not a Farthing in the World to bless themselves, ferry'd over to the other Side of the River.

As we were crossing the Stream, *Charon* told us how an *Irish* Captain would have trick'd him. He came strutting down to the River-side, says he, as fine as a Prince, in a long scarlet Cloak, all be-daub'd with Silver Lace, but had not a Penny about him. *Dear Jey*, crys he to me, *I came away in a little haste from the other World, and left my Breeches behind me, but I'll make thee amends by Chreest and St. Patrick, for I'll refresh thy ancient Nostrils with some of Hippolito's best Snuff, which cost me a Week ago a Crown an Ounce*. I told the *Hibernian*, that old Birds were not to be taken with Chaff, nor *Charon* to be banter'd out of his Due with a little Dust of Sot-wood; and giving him a Reprimand with my Stretcher over the Noddle, bid him go like a Coxcomb as he was about his Business. The Wretch banter'd about the Banks for a Month, but at last, pretended to be a *Frenchman*, got over *gratis* this Summer, among the Duke of *Orlean's* Retinue. But what was the most surprising Piece of News I ever heard, *Charon* assured us, upon his Veracity, that the

the late King of *Spain* was forc'd to lye by full a Fort-night, for want of Money to carry him over; for Cardinal *Portocarero* had been so busie in forging his Will, that he had forgot to leave the poor Monarch a Farthing in his Pocket; and that at last, one of his own Grandees, coming by that Way, was so complaisant as to defray his Prince's Passage; and well he might say our surly Ferry-man, for in five Years time he had cheated him of two Millions.

We were no sooner landed on the other side of the River, but some of us fil'd off to the Right, and others to the Left, as their Business called them: For my Part, I made the best of my Way to the famous City *Brandipolis*, seated upon the River *Phlegethon*, as being a Place of the greatest Commerce and Resort in all King *Pluto's* Dominions. Who should I meet upon the Road but my old Friend and Acquaintance Mr. *Nokes* the Comedian, who received me with all imaginable Love and Affection? Mr. *Haines*, says he, *I am glad with all my Heart to see you in Hell*; upon my Salvation, we have expected you here this great while, and I question not but our Royal Master will give you a Reception befitting a Person of your extraordinary Merit. Mr. *Nokes*, said I, *Your most obedient Servant*, you are pleas'd to compliment, but I know no other Merit I have, but that of being honour'd with your Friendship. But my dear Jo. cries he, How go Affairs in *Covent-Garden*? Does Cuckoldom flourish, and Fornication maintain its Ground still against the Reformers? And the Play-House in *Drury-Lane*, is it as much frequented as it us'd to be? I had no sooner given him a satisfactory Answer to these Questions, but we found our selves in the Suburbs; so my Friend *Nokes*, with that Gaiety and Openness, which became him so well at the Play-House, Jo. says he, I'll give thee thy Welcome to Hell; with that he carried me to a little blind Coffee-House, in the middle of a dirty Alley, but certainly one of the worst furnish'd Tenements I ever beheld:

6 L E T T E R S *from the* D E A D

There was nothing to be seen but a few broken Pipes, two or three founder'd Chairs, and bare naked Walls, with not so much as a superannuated Almanack, or tatter'd Ballad to keep 'em in Countenance; so that I could not but fancy my self in some of Love's little Tabernacles about *Wild-street*, or *Drury-Lane*. Come Mr. *Haines*, and what are you disposed to drink? What you please, Sir, Here, Madam, give the Gentleman a Glas of *Geneva*. As soon as I had whipt it down, my Friend *Nokes* plucking me by the Sleeve, and whispering me in the Ear, Prithee *Jo*, who dost think that Lady at the Bar is? I consider'd her very attentively, by the same Token she was three times as ugly as my Lady *Frightall*, Countess of - - - and three times as thick and bulky as Mrs. *Pix* the Poetress, and very fairly told him, I knew her not. Why then I shall surprize you. This is the famous *Semiramis*, The Devil she is! answered I: What is this the celebrated and renowned Queen of *Babylon*, she that built those stupendous Walls and pensile Gardens, of which ancient Historians tell us so many Miracles; that victorious *Heroine*, who eclipsed the Triumphs of her illustrious Husband; that added *Aethiopia* to her Empire; and was the Wonder as well as the Ornament of her Sex? Is it possible she should fall so low as to be forced to sell *Geneva*, and such ungodly Liquors for a Subsistence? 'Tis e'en so, says Mr. *Nokes*, and this may serve as a Lesson of Instruction to you, that when once Death has laid his icy Paws upon us, all other Distinctions of Fortune and Quality immediately vanish. These Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, but in came a formal old Gentleman, and plucking a large wooden Box from under his Cloak, *Will you have any fine Snuff*, Gentlemen, *here is the finest Snuff in the Universe*, Gentlemen; *a never failing Remedy*; Gentlemen, *against the Mergims and Head-ach*, And who do you take this worthy Person to be? says Mr. *Nokes*, But that I
am

am in this lower World, cry'd I, I durst swear 'tis the very individual Quaker that sells his Herb-Snuff at the *Rainbow-Coffee-House*. Damnably mistaken, says Mr. *Nokes*, before *George*, no less a Man than the Great *Cyrus*, the first Founder of the *Persian Monarchy*. I was going to bless my self at this Discovery, when a Jolly Red-nos'd Woman in a Straw-Hat popt into the Room, and in a shrill Treble cry'd out, *Any Buckles, Combs or Scizars, Gentlemen, and Tooth-picks, Bottle-Screws or Twizars, Silver-Buttons or Tobacco-stoppers, Gentlemen*. Well now, my worthy Friend, Mr. *Haines*, who do you think this to be? The Lord knows, replied I, for here are such an unaccountable Choppings and Changings among you, that the Devil can't tell what to make of 'em. Why then, in short, This is the virtuous *Thalestris*, Queen of the *Amazons*, the same numerical Princess, that beat the Hoof so many hundred Leagues to get *Alexander the Great* to administer his Royal Nipple to her. But *Jo*, since I find thee so affected at these Alterations that have hapned to Persons who lived so many hundred Years ago, I am resolv'd to shew thee some of a more modern Date, and particularly of such as either thou wast acquainted with in the other World, or at least hast often heard mention'd in Company. So calling for the other Glas of *Geneva*, he left a Tester at the Bar, and *Semiramis*, to shew her Courtly Breeding, dropt us abundance of Curtesies, and paid us as much respect at our coming out, as your Two-penny *French Barbers* in *Soho* do to a Gentleman that gives them a Brace of odd Half-pence above the original Contract in their Sign.

We walkt thro' half a dozen Streets without meeting any thing worthy of Observation; At last my Friend *Nokes*, pointing to a little Edifice, which exactly resembles Dr. *Burge's* Conventicle in *Russel-Court*; says he, your old Acquaintance *Tony Lee*, who turn'd *Presbyterian Parson* upon his coming in-

to these Quarters, holds forth most notably here every *Sunday*; *Jacob Hall* and *Jovean* are his Clerks, and chant it admirably. Mother *Stratford*, the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine*, my Lord *Warwick*, and Sir *Fleetwood* are his conſtant Hearers; and to *Tony's* everlaſting Honour be it ſpoken; he delivers his Fire and Brimſtone with ſo good a Grace, ſplits his Text ſo Judiciously, turns up the whites of his Eyes ſo Theologically, cuſſs his Cuſhion ſo Orthodoxly, and twirls his Band-ſtrings ſo Primitively, that *Pluto* has lately made him one of his Chaplains in Ordinary. From this we croſſed another Street, which one may properly enough call the *Bow-ſtreet*, or *Pall-Mall* of *Brandipolis*. No ſawcy Tradesman or Mechanick dares preſume to live here, but 'tis wholly inhabited by fine gaudy fluttering Sparks, and fine airy Ladies; who in no reſpect are inferior to yours in *Covent-Garden*. When the Sky is ſerene, and not a Breath of Wind ſtirring, you may ſee whole Covies of them diſplaying their finery in the Street; but at other times you never ſee 'em out of a Chair, for fear of diſcompoſing their Commodities or Periwigs. We had not gone twenty Paces, before we met Three flaming Beaux of the firſt Magnitude, the like of whom we never ſaw at the *Vgurhoot* at the *Hague*, the *Tulleries* at *Paris*, or the *Mall* in *St. James's-Park*. They were all Three in Black (for you muſt know we are in deep Mourning here for the death of my Lady *Proſerpine's* favourite *Monkey*) but he in the middle, tho' he had neither face nor ſhape to qualify him for a Gallant; for he had a Phiz as forbidding as Beau *Whitaker*, and was as thick about the Waſte, as the fat Squab Porter at the *Griffin-Tavern* in *Fuller's-Rents*, yet he made a moſt magnificent Figure: His Periwig was large enough to have loaded a *Camel*, and he had beſtowed upon it at leaſt a Buſhel of Powder, I warrant you. His Sword-Knot dangled upon the Ground, and his *Steenkirk* that was moſt agreeably diſcolour'd with Snuff from top to bottom, reach'd
down

down to his Waste ; He carried his Hat under his Left-Arm, walkt with both his Hands in the Waist-band of his Breeches, and his Cane that hung negligently down in a string from his Right-Arm, trail'd most harmoniously against the Pebbles, while the Master of it, tripping it nicely upon his Toes, was humming to himself,

*Oh, ye happy happy Groves,
Witness of our tender Loves.*

Having given you this Description of him, I need not trouble my self to enlarge upon the Dress of his Two *Companions*, who, tho' they fell much short of his inimitable Original in point of Garniture and Dress, yet they were singular enough to have drawn the Eyes of Men, Women and Children after 'em in any part of *Europe*. As I observed this sight with a great deal of Admiration, Mr. *Nokes* very gravely asked me, who I took the middlemost Person to be ; upon my telling him I had never seen him before, nor knew a Syllable of him or his private History ; Why, says Mr. *Nokes*, this is *Diogenes* the famous Cynic Philosopher, and his Two Companions are *George Fox*, and *James Naylor* the Quakers. *Diogenes*, replied I to him, why he was one of the arrantest Slovens in all *Greece*, and a profest Enemy to Laundresses, for he never parted with his Shirt, 'till his Shirt parted with him. No matter for that, says Mr. *Nokes*, the Case is alter'd now with him, for he has the Vanity and Affectation of twenty Sir *Courtly Nice*'s blended together ; he constantly dispatches a Courier to *Lisbon* every Month, to bring him a Cargo of *Lmonse* to wash his Hands with ; he sends to *Montpellier* for *Hungary-Water* ; *Turin* furnishes him with *Rosa Solis* ; *Nismes* with *Eau de Canelle*, and *Paris* with *Ratiffia* to settle his Maw in the Morning. Nothing will go down with him but *Ortolans*, *Snipes*, and *Woodcocks* ; and *Matson*, that some Years ago lived at the *Rummer* in

Queen-street; is the Administrator of his Kitchen. This, said I to him, is the most phantastick Change I have seen, since my passing the *Syxx*: For who the Plague wou'd have believ'd that that ancient Quaker *Diogenes*, and those modern Cynics, *Fox* and *Naylor*, should degenerate so much from their Primitive Institution, as to set up for Fops? When we came up to 'em, *Diogenes* gave us a most gracious Bow, but those Two everlasting Complimenters, his Friends I was afraid wou'd have murder'd me with their Civilities; for which reason I disingaged my self from 'em something abruptly, by the same Token I overheard *James Naylor* call me *Bougre Insulare* and *Tramontane* for my ill Manners.

When the Coast was clear of 'em, says I to Mr. *Nokes*, every thing is so turned topsie-turvy here with you, that I can hardly resolve my self whether I walk upon my Head or my Feet: Right, Mr. *Haines*, says he, but time is precious; so let's mend our pace if you please, that we may see all the Curiosities of this renowned City before 'tis dark.

The next Street we came into, we saw a tall thin-gutted Mortal driving a Wheel-Barrow of Pears before him, and crying in a hoarse Tone, *Pears Twenty a Penny*; looking him earnestly in the Face, I presently knew him to be Beau *Heveningham*, but I found he was shy, and so took no further notice of him. Not ten Doors from hence, says Mr. *Nokes*, lives poor *Norton*, that shot himself. I ask'd him in what Quality, he answered me, as a Sub-operator to a Disperser of Darknes, *Anglice*, a Journey-man to a Tallow-Chandler. I would willing have made him a short Visit, but was intercepted in my Design by a Brace of Fellows that were link'd to their good Behaviour, like a pair of *Spanish Gally-Slaves*; tho' they agreed as little as *Fowler* and *Ringwood* coupled together, for one of 'em lugg'd one way, and his Brother the other. I soon knew them to be *Dick Baldwin*, the Whig-Bookseller, and *Mason* the Non-swearing Parson, whom,

whom, as was afterwards informed, Judge *Minos*, had order'd to be yolk'd thus, to be a mutal Plague and Punishment to one another. Both of 'em made up to us as hard as they could drive. Well Sir, says the Levite, what comfortable News do you bring from St. Germans? our old Friend Lewis le Grand is well I hope. Damn Lewis le Grand, and all his Adherents, cries Dick Baldwin. Pray Sir, what racy Touches of Scandal have been publish'd of late by my worthy Friends Sam Johnson, Mr. Touchin, and honest Mr. Atwood; and the Gallows that groan'd so long for Robin Hog the Messenger, when is it like to lose its Longing? Have no fresh Batteries attack'd the Court lately from honest Mr. Darb's in *Baribolowmew-Close*? And prithee what new Piracies from the Quakers at the Pump in *Little-Brittain*? What new Whales, Devils, Ghosts, Murders, from *Wilkins* in the *Friars*? but above all, dear Sir, of what Kidney are the present Sheriffs; and particularly my Lord Mayor, how stands he affected? Why Dick, says I to him, fearing to be stunn'd with more Interrogatories, tho' most of the Folks I have seen here are chang'd either for the better or the worse, yet I find thou art the true, primitive busie, pragmatical, prating, muttering Dick Baldwin still, and wilt be so to the end of the Chapter. In the name of the Three Furies, what should make thee trouble thy self about Sheriffs and Lord Mayors? But thou art of the same foolish Belief, I find, with thy Brother Coxcombs at *North's Coffee-House*, who think all the Fate of *Christendom* depends upon the Choice of a Lord Mayor; whereas to talk of things familiarly, and as we ought to do, what is this two leg'd Animal yeteped a Lord Mayor, but a certain temporary Machine of the Cities setting up, who on certain appointed Days is obliged to ride on Horseback to please the *Cheapside Wives*, who must scuffle his way thro' so many Furlongs of Custard, who is only terrible to Delinquent-Bakers, Oyfter-Women

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and Scavengers; and has no other Privilege above his Brethren, as I know of, but that of taking a comfortable Nap in his Gold Chain at *Paul's* or *Salter's-Hall*; to either of which Places his Conscience, that is, his Interest carries him. Surly Dick was going to say something in defence of the City Magistrate, but my Brother Nokes and I prevented him, by calling to the next Hackney Coachman, whom, to my great Surprise, I found to be the famous Dr. *Busby* of *Westminster-School*; who now, instead of flogging Boys, was content to act in an humbler Sphere, and exercise his lashing Talent upon Horses. We ordered him to set us down at *Bedlam*, where my Friend Nokes assured me we should find Diversion enough, and the first Person we met with in this celebrated Mansion, was the famous Queen *Dido* of *Carthage*, supported by the Ingenuous Mrs. *Behn* on the one side, and the learned *Christiana*, Queen of *Sweeden* on the other. Gentlemen, cry'd she, I conjure you, by that Respect which is due to Truth, and by that complaisance which is owing to Us of the fair Sex, to believe none of those idle Lies that *Virgil* hath told of me. That impudent Versifier has given out, that I murder'd my self for the sake of his pious Trojan, the Hero of his Romance; whereas I declare to you, Gentlemen, as I hope to be sav'd, that I never saw the Face of that fugitive Scoundrel in my Life, but died in my Bed with as much Decency and Resignation as any Woman in the Parish: But what touches my Honour most of all, is that most horrid Calumny of my being all alone with *Aeneas* in the Cave. Upon this I humbly remonstrated to her Majesty, that altho' *Virgil* had taken the Liberty to leave her and his pious Trojan in a Grotto together, yet he no where insinuated that any thing criminal had passed between 'em. How, says Mrs. *Behn*, in a Fury, was it not Scandal enough in all Conscience, to say that a Man and a Woman were in a dark blind Cavern by themselves? What tho' there was no such Convenience as a Bed or a Couch in the Room;

Room; nay, not so much as a broken-back'd Chair; yet I desire you to tell me sweet Mr. *Haines*, what other Business can a Man and a Woman have in the dark together, but----- Ay, cries the Queen of *Sweedon*, what other Business can a Man and a Woman have in the dark, but, as the Fellow says in the *Moor of Venice*, to make the Beast with two Backs? not to pick Straws I hope, or to tell Tales of a Tub. Under Favour, Ladies, reply'd I, 'tis impossible I should think, for a grave sober Man and a Woman of Discretion, to pass a few Hours alone, without carrying matters so far home as you insinuate. What in the dark! cries Queen *Dido*, that's mine A---in a Band-box. Let Peoples Inclinations be never so modest and virtuous, yet this cursed Darkness puts the Devil and all of Wickedness into their Heads: The Man will be pushing on his side, that's certain; and as for the Woman, I'll swear for her, that when no body can see her Blush, she will be consenting. In fine, tho' the Soul be never so well fortified to hold out a Siege, yet the Body, as soon as Love's Artillery begins to play upon it, it will soon beat a Parley, and make a separate Treaty for it self.

Thus her *Punis* Majesty run on, and the Lord knows when her Royal Clack would have done striking, if a Female Messenger had not come to her in the nick of Time, and whisper'd her in the Ear, to go to the famous *Lucretia's* Crying-out, who, it seems, was got with Child upon a Hay-cock, by *Æsop* the Fabulist. As soon as Queen *Dido* and her two prattling Companions were gone out of the Room. Mr. *Nokes*, says I, you have without Question seen *Æsop* very often, therefore pray let me beg the favour of you, to tell me whether he is such a deformed ill favoured Wight, as the Historians represent him; for you must know we have a modern Critic of *singular Humanity*, near St. *James's*, that has been pleased, in some late Dissertations upon *Phalaris's* Epistles, to maintain that he was a
well

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well-shap'd handsome Gentleman, and for a Proof of this, insists much upon *Æsop's* intriguing with his Fellow-slave, the beautiful *Rhodope*. No, no, replies Mr. *Nokes*, *Æsop* is just such a crumpled hump-shoulder'd Dog, for all the World, as you see him before *Ogilby's* Translation of his Fables; and let the abovementioned Grammarian, I think they call him, Dr. *Bentivolio*, say what he will to the contrary, 'tis even so as I tell you. And now we are upon the Chapter of Dr. *Bentivolio*, about a Month ago I happen'd to make merry over a Bowl of Punch with *Phalaris* the *Silician* Tyrant, who swore by all that was good and sacred, that he would trounce the unmannerly Slave for robbing him of those Epistles, which have gone unquestion'd under his Name for so many Ages: But the time is coming said he, when I shall make this impudent Pedant cry *peccavi* for the unworthy Treatment he has given me: I have my Brazen-Bull, Heaven be prais'd, ready for him, and as soon as he comes into these Quarters, will shut him up in it, and roast him with his own dull Volumes, and those of his dearly beloved Friends the *Dutch* Commentators.

By this time we were got to the upper end of the Room, when says Mr. *Nokes* to me, I will shew you a most surprising Sight. You must know this Place, like *Noah's Ark*, contains Beasts of all Sorts and Sizes; some have their Brains turn'd by Politics, who except some Three or Four that are suffer'd to go abroad with a Keeper, are lockt up in a large Apartment up Stairs. These Puppies rave eternally about Liberty and Property, and the *Fura Populi*, and are so damn'd mischievous, that it is dangerous to venture near them. *England* sends more of this sort to *Bedlam*, than all the Countries of *Europe* besides. Others again have their Intellects Fly-blown by Love, by the same Token that most of the poor Wretches that are in this doleful Predicament come out of *France*, *Spain*, *Italy*,

Italy, and such hot Climates. Now and then indeed we have a silly Apprentice or so, takes a Leap from *London-Bridge* into the *Thames*, or decently hangs himself in a Garret, in his Mistresses Garters, but these Accidents happen but seldom; and besides, since Fornication has made so great a Progress among us, Love is observed not to operate so powerfully in *England* as it formerly did, when there was no Relief against him but Matrimony. Some again have their *Pia Mater* addled by Religion, but neither are the Sots of this Species so numerous in *Britain*, or elsewhere, as they were in the Days of yore; for the Priests of most Religions have play'd their Game so awkwardly, that not one Man in a Thousand will trust them with shuffling of the Cards.

But of all the various Sorts of Mad-men that come hither, the Rhimers or Versifiers far exceed the rest in number: Most of these Fellows in the other World were Mayors, or Aldermen, or Deputies of Wards, that knew nothing but the rising and falling of Stocks, squeezing young Heirs, and cheating their Customers: But now the Tables are turn'd, for they eat and drink, nay sleep and dream in Rhime, and have a Distich to discharge at you upon every Occasion. With that he open'd the Wicket of the uppermost Door, and bid me peep in. 'Tis impossible to describe to you the Surprise I was in, to see so many of my City Acquaintance there, whom I should sooner have suspected of Burglary or Sacrilege than of tacking a pair of Rhimes together: But it seems this is a Judgment upon these Wretches, for the Aversion they have to the Muses when they are Living. The Walls were lined with Verses from top to bottom, and happy was the Wretch that could get a bit of Charcoal to express the Happiness of his Fancy upon the poor Plaister. The first Man I saw was Sir *John Peak*, formerly Lord Mayor of *London*, who bluntly came up to the Door, and asked me what was Rhime

Rhime to *Crambo*? Immediately Sir *Thomas Pilkington* popt over his Shoulder, and pray Friend, says he, for I perceive you are newly come from the other World, how go the Affairs of *Parnassus*? What new Madrigals, Epithalamiums, Sonnets, Epigrams, and Satyrs have you brought with you? What pretty Conceits had Mr. *Settle* in his last *London* Triumphs? What Plays have taken of late? Mrs *Bracegirdle*, doth she live still unmarried? And pray, Sir, how doth Mr. *Betterton's* Lungs hold out? But now I think on't, I have a delicious Copy of Verses to shew you, upon the Divine *Melinda's* frying of Pancakes, only stay a Minute, while I step yonder to fetch 'em: He had no sooner turn'd his Back, but I pluckt to the Wicket, and gave him the Slip; for certainly of all the Plagues in Hell, or t'other side of it, nothing comes up to that of a confounded Repeater. Leaving these versifying Insects to themselves, we walked up a Pair of Stairs into the upper Room, one End of which was the Quarter for distracted Lovers, as the other was for the lunatick Republicans. I just cast my Eyes into *Cupid's Bear-Garden*, and observed that the Walls were all adorned with mysterious Hieroglyphicks of Love, as Hearts transfix'd, and abundance of odd-fashion'd battering Rams, such as young Lovers use to trace upon the Cieling of a Coffee-House with the smoak of a Candle. Some half a Score of 'em were making to the Door, but having seen enough of these Impertinents in the other World, I had no great Inclination to suffer a new Persecution from 'em in this. So my Friend and I turn'd up to the Apartment where the Republicans were lock'd up, who made such a Hurricane and Noise, as if a Legion of Devils had been broke loose among them. *Harrington*, I remember, was the most unruly of the whole Pack. Thanks to my Friends in *London*, says he, I hear my *Oceana* is lately reprinted, and furbish'd with a new Dedication to those judicious and worthy Gentlemen,

my

my Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, by Mr. *Toland*. You need not value your self so much upon that, says *Algernoon Sidney*, for my Works were published there long before yours. And so were mine, cries *Milton*, at the expence of some worthy Patriots, that were not afraid to publish them under a Monarchical Government. But what think you of my Memoirs cries *Ludlow*, for if you talk of Histories, there's a History for you, which, for Sincerity and Truth, never saw its fellow since the Creation. Upon this the Uproar began afresh, so thinking it high time to withdraw I jogg'd my Friend *Nokes* by the Elbow, and as we went down Stairs told him, that *Pluto* was certainly in the right on't to lock up these hot-headed Mutineers by themselves, allow them neither Pen, Ink, Fire, nor Candle; for should he give them leave to propagate their seditious Doctrines, he would only find himself King of *Erebus*, at the Courtesie of his loving Subjects.

Just as we were going out of this famous Edifice, I have an odd Piece of News to tell you, says Mr. *Nokes*, which is, that altho' we have Men of all Countries, more or less here, yet there never was one Irishman in it. How comes that about, I beseech you? said I to him. Why, replies he, Madness always supposes a Loss of Reason; but the Duce is in't if a Man can lose that which he never possess'd in his Life. Oh your humble Servant, answer'd I, 'tis well none of our Swaggering *Dear Joys* in *Covent-Garden* hear you talk so, for if they did, ten to one but they would cut your Throat for this Reflection upon the Intellects of their Country, and send you to the Devil for the Honour of *St. Patrick*.

When we came out into the open Air again, and had taken half a dozen Turns in the neighbouring Fields Mr. *Nokes*, says I, 'tis my Misfortune to come in this Place without a Farthing of Money in my Pocket, and *Alesto* confound me, if I know what
Course

Course to take for my Maintenance, therefore I would desire you to put me in a Way. Have no care for that, says Mr. *Nokes*, his infernal Majesty is very kind and obliging to us Players, and because we act so many different Parts in the other World, as Kings, Princes, Bishops, Privy-Councillors, Beaux, Cits, Saylor, and the like, gives us leave to follow what Profession we have most a Fancy to. For my Part, I keep a Nicknackatory or Toy-Shop, as I formerly did over against the *Exchange*, and turn a sweet Penny by it, for our Gallants here throw away their Money after a furious Rate. Now *Jo*. I think thou canst not do better than to set up for a *High-German* Fortune Teller; thou knowest all the Cant and Roguery of that Practice to Perfection, and besides, hast the best Phiz in the World to carry on such an Affair. As for Money to furnish thee an House, and set up a convenient Equipage, to buy thee a pair of Globes, a Magick Looking-Glass, and all other Accoutrements of that Nature, thou shalt command as much as thou hast occasion for. I was going to thank my Friend for so courteous an Offer, when who should pop upon us on the suddain, but his *Polish* Majesty's Physician in Ordinary, the late famous Dr. *Conner* of *Bow-street*, but in so wretched a Pickle, so tatter'd a Condition, that I could hardly know him. How comes this about, noble Doctor, said I to him, what is Fortune unkind, and do the Planets frown upon Merit? I remember you were going to set up your Coach, and marry the Widow *Bently* in *Russel-street*, just before your last Distemper hurry'd you out of the World. Is it possible the learned Author of *Evangelium Medici* should want Bread? or, Doctor, did you leave all your *Hibernian* Confidence behind you? I thought a true *Irishman* could have made his Fortune in any Part of the Universe.

*Ille nihil, nec me quærentem vana moratur;
Sed graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens.*

Mr. Haines, says he, Pluto, to say no worse of him, is very ungrateful to the Gentlemen of our Faculty; and were he not a crown'd Head, I would not stick to call him a *Politron*. I am sure no Body of Men cultivate his Interest with more Industry and Success, than we Physicians. What would his Dominions be but a bare Wilderness and Solitude, if we did not daily take care to stock them with fresh Colonies? This I can say for my self, that I did not let him lose one Patient that fell into my Hands; nay, rather than he should want Customers, I practised upon my self. But after the received Maxim of most Princes, I find he loves the Treason, and hates the Traytor; so that no People are put to harder Shifts in Hell, than the Sons of *Galen*. Would you believe it, Mr. Haines, the immortal Dr. *Willis*, is content to be a Flayer of dead Horses; the famous *Harvey* is turn'd Higler, and you may see him ride ever Morning to Market upon a Pannier of Eggs; *Mayern* is glad to be Pimp to Noblemens *Valets de Chambre*; old *Glisson* sells Vinegar upon a lean scraggy Tit; *Moreton* is return'd to his old Occupation, and preaches in a little Conventicle you can hardly swing Cat round in; *Lower* sells penny Prayer-Books all the Week, and curls an *Amen* in a Meeting-House on *Sundays*; *Needham* in Conjunction with Capt. *Dawson*, is Bully to a *Bordello*; and the celebrated *Sydenham* empties Close-stools. As for my self, I am sometimes a small Retainer to a Billiard-Table, and sometimes, when the Master on't is sick, earn a Penny by a Whimsy-Board. I lie with a Linkman upon a Flock-Bed in a Garret, and have not seen a clean Shirt upon my Back since I came into this cursed Country. By my troth, said I, I am sorry to hear matters go so scurvily with you, but pluck up a good Heart, for
when

when the Times are at worst they must certainly mend. But pray Doctor, before you go any further, satisfy me what Church you died a Member of, for we had the Devil and all to do about you when you were gone. The Parson of *St. Giles's* stood out stiffly that you died a sound Protestant, but all your Countrymen swore thou didst troop off like a good Catholick. Why really *Jo.* cry'd the Doctor, to deal plainly with you, I don't know well what Religion I dy'd in; but if I dy'd in any, as Physicians you know seldom do, it was, as I take it, that of the Church of *England*. I remember, indeed, when I grew light-headed, and the Bed, Room, and every thing began to turn round with me, that a Forster-Brother of mine, an *Irish* Priest, offered me the Civility of *Extreme Unction*, and I that knew I had a long Journey to go, thought it would not be amiss to have my Boots well liquor'd beforehand, though after all, for any good it did me, he might as well have rubb'd my Posteriors with a Brick-bat. This is all I remember of the matter, but what signifies it to the Business we are talking of? In short, *Jo.* if thou couldst put me in a Way to live, I should be exceedingly beholding to thee. Doctor, cry'd I, if you will come to me a Week hence, something may be done, for I intend to build me a Stage in one of the largest *Piazza's* of this City, take me a fine House, and set up my old Trade of Fortune-telling; and as I shall have occasion now and then for some Understrapper to draw Teeth for me, or to be my Toad-eater upon the Stage, if you will accept of so mean an Employment, besides my old Cloaths, which will be something, I'll give you Meat, Drink, Washing and Lodging, and four Marks *per Annum*.

I am sensible, *Gentlemen*, that I have tired your Patience with a long tedious Letter, but not knowing when I should find so convenient an Opportunity to send another, I resolved to give you a full
Account

Account in this, of all the memorable Things that fell within the Compass of my Observation, during my short Residence in this Country. At present, thanks to my kind Stars, I live very comfortably; I keep my Brace of Geldings, and half a dozen Servants, my House is as well furnish'd as most in this populous City; and to tell you what prodigious Numbers of Persons of all Ages, Sexes and Conditions flock daily to me, to have their Fortunes told, 'twould hardly find Belief with you. If the cœlestial Phænomenas deceive me not, and there is any Truth in the Conjunction of *Mercury* and *Luna*, I shall in a short Time rout all the Pretenders to Astrology, who combine to ruin my Reputation and Practice, but without Effect; for this Opposition has rather increased my Friends at Court than lessen'd them. I am promised to be *Maitre des Langues*, to the young Prince of *Acheron*, (so we call the Heir apparent to these subterranean Dominions; and *Proserpine's Camariera Major* assured me t'other Morning, I should have the Honour of teaching the beautiful Princess *Fuscamarilla*, his Sister, to dance. Once more, *Gentlemen*, I beg your Excuse for this prolix Epistle, and and hoping you will order one of your Fraternity to send me the News of your upper World, I remain,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient Servant,

Dec. 21st. 1701.

JO. HAINES.

An

*An Answer to Mr. JOSEPH HAINES
High-German Astrologer, at the Sign of the
Urinal and Chassiopea's-Chair, in Bran-
dipolis, upon Phlegethon. By Mr. THOMAS
BROWN.*

Worthy Sir,

WE received your Letter, dated *Dec. 21. 1701.* and read it Yesterday in a full Assembly at *Will's*. The whole Company lik'd it exceedingly, and return you their Thanks for the ample and satisfactory Account you have given them of *Pluto's* Dominions, from which we have had little or no News, however it has happen'd, since the famous *Don Quevedo* had the Curiosity to travel thither.

Whereas you desire us, by way of exchange, to furnish you with some of the most memorable Transactions that have lately fallen out in this part of the Globe; we willingly comply with your Proposal, and are proud of any Opportunity to shew *Mr. Haines* how much we respect and value him.

Imprimis, *Will's Coffee-House*, *Mr. Haines*, is much in the same Condition, as when you left it; and as a worthy Gentleman has lately distributed them into their proper Classes. We have four sorts of Persons that resort hither: *First*, Such as are Beaux and no Wits, and these are easy to be known by their full Periwigs and empty Skulls. *Secondly*, Such as are Wits and no Beaux, and these, not to talk of their Out-sides, are distinguished by censuring the ill Taste of the Age, and railing at one another. *Thirdly*, Such as are neither Wits nor Beaux, I mean, your grave plodding *Politicians*, that come to us every Night piping-hot from the Parliament House, and finish Treaties that were never thought of, and end Wars before they are begun. And *Fourthly*, Such as are both Wits and Beaux,

Beaux, to whose Persons, as well as Merits, you can be no Stranger.

In the next place, The *Play-House* stands exactly where it did. Mr. *Rich* finds some trouble in managing his mutinous Subjects, but 'tis no more than what Princes must expect to find in a mixt Monarchy, as we take the *Play-House* to be. The Actors jog on after the old merry Rate, and the Women drink and intrigue. Mr. *Clinch* of *Barnet*, with his Pack of Dogs and Organ, comes now and then to their Relief; and your Friend, Mr. *Jevon* wou'd hang himself, to see how much the Famous Mr. *Harvey* exceeds him in the Ladder-Dance.

We have had an Inundation of *Plays* lately, and one of them, by a great Miracle, made shift to hold out a full Fortnight. The generality are either troubled with Convulsion-Fits, and die the first day of the Representation, or by meer dint of Acting, hold out to the the third; which is like a consumptive Man's living by Cordials, or else die a violent death, and are interr'd with the Solemnity of Cat-calls. A merry Virtuoso, who makes one of the Congregation *de propagando ingenio*, designs to publish a Weekly Bill for the use of the Two Theatres, in imitation of that publish'd by the Parish-Clerks, and faithfully to set down what Distemper every new Play dies of.

If the Author of a *Play* strains hard for Wit, and it dribbles drop by drop from him, he says 'tis troubled with a Strangury. If 'tis vicious in the Design and Performance, and dull throughout, he intends to give out in his Bill, that it dy'd by a Knock in the Cradle; if it miscarries for want of fine Scenes, and due Acting, why then he says, 'tis starv'd at Nurse; if it expires the first or second day he reckons it among the Abortive; and lastly, if 'tis damn'd for the feebleness of its Satyr, he says it dies in breeding of Teeth.

As our *Wit*, generally speaking is debauch'd, so our Wine, the Parent of it, is sophisticated all over the

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the *Town*; and as we never had more *Plays* in the *Two Houses*, and more Wine in the City than at present, so we were never encumber'd with worse of the two sorts than now. As for the latter, we sell that for Claret which has not a drop of the Juice of the Grape in it, but is downright Cyder. The Corporation does not stop short here, but our Cyder, instead of Apples, is made of Turnips, Who knows where the Cheat will conclude? Perhaps the next Generation will debauch our very Turnips.

'Tis well, Mr. *Haines*, you died when you did, for that unhappy Place, where you have so often exerted your Talent, I mean *Smithfield*, has fallen under the City Magistrate's Displeasure; so that now *St. George* and the *Dragon*, the *Trojan Horse*, and *Bateman's Ghost*, the *Prodigal Son*, and *Jephtha's Daughter*: In short, all the Drolls of Glorious Memory, are Routed, Defeated, and sent to Grass, without any hopes of a Reprieve.

Next to *Plays*, we have been over-run, in these Times of Publick Ferment and Distraction, with certain wicked Things, called *Pamphlets*; and some Scriblers that shall be nameless, have writ *Pro* and *Con* upon the same Subject, at least six times since last Spring.

Both Nations are at a *Bay*, and like two *Bull-Dogs* snarl at one another, yet have not thought fit, as yet, to come to actual Blows. What the Event will be, we cannot prophesie at this distance, but every little Corporation in the Kingdom has laid *Lewis le Grand* upon his Back, and as good as call'd him perjur'd Knave and Villain. However, 'tis the hardest Case in the World if we miscarry; our *Grub-street* Pamphleteers advise the Shires and Boroughs what sort of Members to chuse. The Shires and Boroughs advise their Representatives what Course to steer in Parliament; and the Senators, no doubt on't, will advise his Majesty what Ministers to rely on, and how to behave himself in

this

this present Conjunction. Thus, Advice you see, like Malt-Tickets, circulates plentifully about the Kingdom. So that if we fail in our Designs, after all, the Wicked can never say, 'twas for want of Advice. We forgot to tell you, Mr. *Haines*, that since you left this upper World, your Life has been written by a Brother-Player, who pretends he received all his *Memoirs* from your own Mouth, a little before you made a Leap into the Dark; and really you are beholding to the Fellow, for he makes you a Master of Arts at the University, tho' you never took a Degree there. That, and a thousand Stories of other People he has father'd upon you, and the truth on't is, the Adventures of thy Life, if truly set down, are so romantick, that few besides thy Acquaintance would be able to distinguish between the History and the Fable. But let not this disturb the Serenity of your Soul, Mr. *Haines*, for after this rate the Lives of all Illustrious Persons, whether Ancient or Modern, have been written. This, Mr. *Haines*, is all we have to communicate to you at present, so we conclude, with Subscribing our selves,

Your most humble Servants,

From Will's in
Covent-Garden,
Jan. 10. 1701.

Sebastian Freeman,
Registrarius, Nomine Societatis.

SCARRON to LEWIS le GRAND. By Mr. THO.
BROWN.

ALL the Conversation of this lower World, at present, runs upon you; and the Devil a Word we can hear in any of our Coffee-Houses, but what his *Gallic* Majesty is more or less concern'd in. 'Tis agreed on by all our *Virtuoso's*, that since

the Days of *Dioclesian*, no Prince has been so great a Benefactor to Hell as your self; and as much a Master of Eloquence as I was once thought to be at *Paris*, I want Words to tell you, how much you are commended here for so heroically trampling under Foot the Treaty of *Reswick*, and opening a new Scene of War in your great *Climateric*, at which Age most of the Princes before you were such Recreants, as to think of making up their Scores with Heaven, and leaving their Neighbours in Peace. But you, they say, are above such sordid Precedents, and rather than *Pluto* should want Men to People his Dominions, are willing to spare him half a Million of your own Subjects, and that at a Juncture too, when you are not over-stock'd with them.

This has gain'd you an universal Applause in these Regions; the Three *Furies* sing your Praises in every Street; *Bellona* swears there's never a Prince in *Christendom* worth hanging besides your self; and *Charon* bustles for you in all Companies: He desir'd me, about a Week ago, to present his most humble Respects to you; adding, That if it had not been for your Majesty, he, with his Wife and Children must long ago been quarter'd upon the Parish; for which reason he duly drinks your Health every Morning in a Cup of cold *Styx* next his Conscience.

Indeed I have a double Title to write to you, in the first Place, as one of your dutiful tho' unworthy Subjects, who formerly tasted of your Liberality; and secondly, as you have done me the Honour to take away my late Wife, not only into your private Embraces, but private Councils. Poor Soul! I little thought she would fall to your Majesty's share when I took my last farwel of her, or that a Prince that had his Choice of so many thousands, would accept of my sorry Leavings. And therefore, I must confess, I am apt to be a little vain, as often as I reflect, that the greatest Monarch in the Universe and I are Brother-starlings, and that the eldest Son
of

of the Church, and the little *Scarron* have fish'd in the same Hole. Some sawcy Fellows have had the Impudence to tell me to my Face, that *Madam Maintenon* (for so, out of respect to your Majesty, I must call her) is your lawful Wife, and that you were clandestinely married to her. I took them up roundly, as they deserv'd, and told them, I was sure it was a damn'd Lie; for, said I to them, if my Master was married to her, as you pretend, she had broke his Heart long ago, as well as she did mine, from whence I positively concluded, that she might be your Mistress, but was none of your Wife.

Last Week, as I was sitting with some of my Acquaintance in a Publick-House, after a great deal of impertinent Chat about the Affairs of the *Milanesese*, and the intended Siege of *Mantua*, the whole Company fell a talking of your Majesty, and what glorious Exploits you had perform'd in your Time. Why, Gentlemen, says an ill-look'd Rascal, who prov'd to be *Herostratus*, for *Pluto's* sake let not the grand Monarch run away with all your Praises. I have done something memorable in my Time too, 'twas I, who out of *Gaiete de Cœur*, and to perpetuate my Name, fir'd the famous Temple of the *Ephesian Diana*, and in two Hours consumed that magnificent Structure which was two hundred Years a building: Therefore, Gentlemen, lavish not away all your Praises, I beseech you, upon one Man, but allow others their share. Why, thou diminutive inconsiderable Wretch said I, in a great Passion to him, thou worthless idle *Logger-head*, thou *Pigmy* in Sin, thou *Tom Thumb* in Iniquity, how dares such a puny Insect as thou art, have the Impudence to enter the Lists with *Lewis le Grand*? Thou valuest thy self upon firing a Church, but how? when the Mistress of the House, who was a Midwife by Profession, was gone out to assist *Olympias*, and deliver'd her of *Alexander the Great*. 'Tis plain, thou hadst not the Courage to do it

when the Goddess was present, and upon the Spot; but what is this to what my Royal Master can boast of, that had destroyed a hundred and hundred such foolish Fabricks in his Time, and bravely ordered them to be bombarded, when he knew the very God that made and redeemed him had taken up his *Quarters* in 'em. Therefore turn out of the Room, like a paltry insignificant Villain as thou art, or I'll pick thy Carcass for thee.

He had no sooner made his *Exit*, but cries an odd sort of a Spark, with his Hat button'd up before, like a *Country-Scraper*, under favour Sir, what do you think of me? Why who are you? replied I to him, who am I answer'd he, why *Nero* the Sixth, Emperor of *Rome*, that murder'd my—— Come, said I to him, to stop your prating, I know your History as well as your self, that murder'd your Mother, kick'd your Wife down Stairs, dispatch'd two Apostles out of the World, begun the first Persecution against the *Christians*, and lastly, put your Master *Seneca* to death. As for the murder of your Mother, I confess it shew'd you had some taste of Wickedness, and may pass for a tolerable piece of Gallantry; but prithee, what a mighty matter was it to send your Wife packing with a good kick in the Guts, when once she grew nauseous and sawcy; 'tis no more than what a thousand Tinkers and Foot-Soldiers have done before you; Or to put the Penal-Laws in execution against a Brace of hot-headed Bigots, and their besotted Followers, that must needs come and preach up a new Religion at *Rome*: Or, in fine, to take away a haughty ungrateful Pedant's Life, who conspir'd to take away yours; altho' I know those worthy Gentlemen, the School-Masters, make a horrid rout about it in their nonsensical Declamations? Whereas his most *Christian Majesty*, whose Advocate I am resolved to be against all Opposers whatever; has bravely and generously starv'd a Million of poor *Hugonots* at Home, and sent t'other Million of them
a grazing

a grafting into foreign Countries, contrary to solemn *Edicts*, and repeated Promises, for no other Provocation, that I know of, but because they were such Coxcombs, as to place him upon the Throne. In short, Friend *Nero*, thou mayst pass for a Rogue of the third or fourth Class, but be advised by a Stranger, and never shew thy self such a Fool as to dispute the Pre-eminence with *Lewis le Grand*, who has murder'd more Men in his Reign, let me tell thee, than thou hast murder'd Tunes, for all thou art the vilest Thrummer upon Cats-Guts the Sun ever beheld. However, to give the Devil his due, I will say it before thy Face, and behind thy Back, that if thou hadst reign'd as many Years as my gracious Master has done, and hadst had, instead of *Tigellinus*, a *Jesuit* or two to have govern'd thy Conscience, thou mightest in all Probability have made a much more magnificent Figure, and been inferior to none but the mighty Monarch I have been talking of.

Having put my *Roman Emperor* to Silence, I look'd about me, and saw a Pack of *Grammarians*, (for so I guessed them to be by their Impertinence and Noise) disputing it very fiercely at the next Table; the matter in Debate was, which was the most heroical Age; and one of them, who valu'd himself very much upon his reading, maintain'd, that the heroical Age, properly so call'd, began with the *Theban*, and ended with the *Trojan War*, in which compass of Time. that glorious Constellation of Heroes, *Hercules*, *Jason*, *Theseus*, *Tideus*, with *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, *Achilles*, *Hector*, *Troilus* and *Diomedes* flourished; Men that had all signaliz'd themselves by their personal Gallantry and Valour. His next Neighbour argued very fiercely for the Age wherein *Alexander* founded the *Grecian* Monarchy, and saw so many noble Generals and Commanders about him. The third was as obstreperous for that of *Julius Cesar*, and manag'd his Argument with so much heat, that I expected every

Minute when these Puppies wou'd have gone to Loggerheads in good earnest. To put an end to your Controversie, Gentlemen, says I to them, you may talk till your Lungs are founde'r'd, but this I positively assert, That the present Age we live in is the most heroical Age, and that my Master, *Lewis le Grand* is the greatest Heroe of it. Hark you me, Sir, how do you make that appear, cry'd the whole Pack of them opening upon me all at once. By your leave, Gentlemen, answer'd I, two to one is odds at Foot-ball, but having a Heroe's Cause to defend, I find my self possess'd with a Heroe's Vigour and Resolution, and don't doubt but I shall bring you over to my Party. That Age therefore is the most heroical which is the boldest and bravest. The Ancients, I grant you, whor'd and got drunk, and cut Throats as well as we do; but, Gentlemen, they did not sin upon the same Foot as we, nor had so many wicked Discouragements to deter them. We whore when we know 'tis ten to one but we get a Clap for our Pains; whereas our Forefathers, before the Siege of *Naples*, had no such Blessing to apprehend. We drink and murther one another in cold Blood, at the same time we believe that we must be rewarded with Damnation; but your old Heroe's had no Notion at all, or at least an imperfect one of a future State: So 'tis a plain Case, you see, that the Heroism lies on our side. To apply this then to my Royal Master; he has fill'd all *Christendom* with Blood and Confusion; he has broke through the most solemn Treaties sworn at the Altar; he has stray'd and undone infinite numbers of poor Wretches; and all this for his own Glory and Ambition, when he's assur'd that Hell gapes every moment for him. Now tell me whether your *Factions*, your *Agamemnons*, or *Alexanders*, durst have ventur'd so heroically; or whether your pitiful Emperors of *Germany*, your mechanick Kings of *England* and *Sweden*, or your lowlie States of *Holland*, have Courage enough to write after so illustrious a Copy.

Thus,

Thus, Sir, you may see with what Zeal I appear in your Majesty's behalf, and that I omit no Opportunity of magnifying your great Exploits to the utmost of my poor Abilities. At the same time I must freely own to you, that I have met with some rough-hewn sawcy Rascals, that have stopt me in my full Carreer, when I have been expatiating upon your Praises, and have so dumb-founded me with their villainous Objections, that I cou'd not tell how to reply to them.

Some few days ago it was my Fortune to affirm in a full Assembly, that since the Days of *Charlemain*, *France* was never blest with so renown'd, so victorious, and so puissant a Prince as your Majesty. You lame gouty Coxcomb, says a sawcy Butter-box of a *Dutchman* to me, don't give your self these Airs in our Company. *Lewis* the greatest Prince that *France* ever had! Why, I tell thee, he has no more Title to that Crown, than I have to the *Great Mogul's*; and *Lewis* the Thirteenth was no more his Father than the Pope of *Rome* is thine. I blest my self to hear the Fellow deliver this with so serious a Mien, when a Country-man of his taking up the Cudgels; 'Tis true, says he, your mighty Monarch has no right to the Throne he possesses; the late King had no hand in the begetting of him, but a lusty proper young Fellow, one *le Grand* by Name, and an Apothecary by Profession, was employ'd by Cardinal *Mazarine*, who had prepar'd the Queen's Conscience for the taking of such a Dose, to strike an Heir for *France* out of her Majesty's Body; by the same Token, that this scarlet Agent of Hell, got him fairly Poyson'd as soon as he had done the Work, for fear of telling Tales. If you ever read *Virgil's* Life, written by *Donatus*, cries a third to me, you'll find that *Augustus* having rewarded that famous Poet for some little Services done him, with a parcel of Loaves, had the Curiosity once to enquire of him who he thought was his Father? to which Question of the Emperor, *Virgil* fairly

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fairly answer'd, that he believ'd him to be a *Baker's* Son, because he still paid him in a *Baker's* Manufacture, *viz.* *Bread*. And thus, were there no other Proofs to confirm it, yet any one would swear that *Lewis le Grand* is an Apothecary's Son, because he has acted all his Life-time the part of an *Apothecary*.

Imprimis, He has given so many strong *Purges* to his own Kingdom, that he has emptied it of half its People and Money. *Item*, He applied *Couffives* to *Genoa* and *Brussels*, when he bombarded both those Cities. *Item*, He gave a damn'd *Clyster* to the *Hollanders* with a Witness, when he fell upon the Rear of their Provinces, in the Year 72. *Item*, He lull'd King *Charles* the Second asleep with *Female Opiates*. *Item*, He forced Pope *Innocent* the Eleventh, to swallow the unpalatable Draught of the *Franchises*. *Item*, He administrated a Restorative Cordial to *Mahumetanisme*, when he enter'd into an Alliance with the *Grand Turk* against the *Emperor*. *Item*, He would have bubbled the Prince of *Orange* with the gilded *Pill* of Sovereignty, but his little *Cousin* was wiser than to take it. And lastly, If he had restor'd King *James* to his Crown again, he would have brought the People of *England* a most conscientious *Apothecary's* Bill for his waiting and attending. In short, shake this mighty Monarch in a Bag, turn him this way, and that way, and t'other way, *fursum, deorsum, quaquaversum*, I'll engage you'll find him nothing but a meer *Apothecary*; and I hope the *Emperor* and King of *England* will play the *Apothecary* too in their turn, and make him vomit up all those Provinces and Kingdoms he has so unrighteously usurp'd. Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* has workt him pretty well this last Summer, and 'tis an infallible Prognostic, that he's reduced to the last Extremities, when his spiritual Physicians apply *Pigeons* to the Soles of his Feet; I mean Prayers and Masses, and advise him to reconcile himself to that Heaven he has so often affronted with his most execrable Perjuries.

'Tis

'Tis impossible for me to tell your Majesty, what a Surprise I was in to hear this graceless *Netherlander* blaspheme your glorious Name after this insufferable Rate. But to see how one Persecution treads upon the heels of another! I was hardly recovered out of my Astonishment, when a Son of a Whore of a *German*, advancing towards me, was pleas'd to explain himself as follows:

You keep a Pother and Noise here about your *mighty Monarch*, says he to me, but what has this *mighty Monarch*, and be damn'd to you, done to merit any body's good Word? I say, what one generous noble Exploit has he been guilty of in his whole Reign, as long as it is, to deserve so much Incense and Flattery, so many Statues and triumphal Arches, which a Pack of mercenary, nauseous, fulsome Slaves have bestow'd upon him? For my part, continues he, when I first heard his Historians and Poets, his Priests and Courtiers talk such wonderful things of him, I fancied that another *Cyrus* or *Alexander* had appeared upon the Stage; but when I observed him more narrowly, and by a truer Light, I found this *Immortal Man*, as his *Inscriptions* vainly stile him, to be a little, tricking, pilfering *Fripon*, that watch'd the critical Minute of stealing Towns, as nicely as your Rogues of an inferior Sphere do that of nimming Cloaks; and tho' he had the fairest Opportunity of erecting a new *Western* Monarchy that ever any Prince cou'd boast of, since the Declension of the *Roman* Empire, yet to his eternal Disgrace be it said, no Man could have made a worse use of all those wonderful Advantages, that Fortune, and the stupid Security of his Neighbours conspir'd to put into his Hands. To convince you of the Truth of this, let us only consider what Posture the Affairs of *France* were in at his Accession to that Crown, and several Years after, as likewise how all the neighbouring Princes and States about him stood affected: To begin then with the former, he found himself

Master of the best disciplin'd Troops in the Universe, commanded by the most experienc'd Generals that any one Age had produc'd, and spirited by a long Train of Victories, over a careless, desponding, lazy Enemy. All the great Men of his Kingdom so depressed and humbled by the fortunate Artifices of *Richlieu* and *Mazarine*, that they were not capable of giving him any Uneasiness at Home, the sole power of raising Money entirely in his own Hands, and his Parliaments so far from giving a check to his daily Encroachments upon their Liberties, that they were made the most effectual Instruments of his Tyranny: In short, his Clergy as much devoted, and the whole Body of his People as subservient to him as a Prince could wish. As for his Neighbours, he who was best able of any to put a stop to his growing Greatness, I mean the King of *England*, either favour'd his Designs clandestinely, or was so enervated by his Pleasure, that provided he cou'd enjoy an inglorious Effeminacy at home, he seem'd not to lay much to heart what became of the rest of *Christendom*.

The Emperor was composing Anthems for his Chappel at *Vienna*, when he shou'd have appeared at the Head of his Troops on the *Rhine*. The Princes of *Germany* were either divided from the common Interest by the underhand Management of *France*, or not at all concern'd at the impending Storm that threatned them. The *Hollanders* within an Ace of losing their Liberty by the preposterous Care they took to secure it, I mean, by divesting that Family of all Power in their Government, which as it had formerly erected their Republick, so now was the only one that cou'd help to protect it.

The little States and Principalities of *Italy*, looking on at a distance, and not daring to declare themselves in so critical a Conjuncture, when the two Keys of their Country, *Pignerol* and *Casal*,
hung

hung at the Girdle of *France*. In short, the dis-peopl'd Monarchy of *Spain*, governed by a soft un-active Prince, equally unfit for the Cabinet and the Field; his Counsellors, who manag'd all under him, taking no care to lay up Magazines, and put their Towns in a posture of Defence, but wholly relying as for that, upon their Neighbours; like some inconsiderate Spend-thrift, thrown into a Jayl by his Creditors, that Smokes and Drinks, and talks merrily all the while, but never advances one step to make his Circumstances easie to him, leaving the Burden of that Affair to his Friends and Relations, whom perhaps he never oblig'd so far in his Prosperity, as to deserve it from their Hands.

Here now, says he, was the fairest Opportunity that ever presented it self for a Prince of Gallantry and Resolution, for a *Tamerlane* and a *Scanderbeg*, to have done something eminently signal in his Generation; and if in the last Century, a little King of *Sweden*, with a handful of Men, cou'd force his way from the *Baltick* to the *Rhine*, and fill all *Germany* with Terror and Consternation, what might we not have expected from a powerful King of *France*, in the flower of his Youth, and at the head of two hundred thousand effective Men, especially when there was no visible Power to oppose him? But this wonderful Monarch of yours, instead of carrying his Arms beyond the *Danube*, and performing any one Action worthy for his Historians to record in the Annals of his Reign, has humbly contented himself, now and then, in the beginning of the Year, when he knew his Neighbours were unprepar'd for such a Visit, to invest some little Market-Town in *Flanders*, with his invincible Troops; and when a parcel of silly implicit Fools had done the Business for him; then forsooth he must appear at the head of his Court Harlots and Minstrels, and make a magnificent Entry through the Breach: And after this ridiculous piece of Pageantry is

over, return back again to *Versailles*, with the same Equipage, order'd new Medals, Operas and Sonnets to be made upon the Occasion; and what ought by no means to be omitted, our most trusty and well-beloved Counsellor and Cousin, the Archbishop of *Paris*, must immediately have a Letter sent him, to repair forthwith, at the head of his Ecclesiastick *Myrmedons*, to *Notre Dame*, and there to thank God for the Success of an infamous Robbery, which an honest moral *Pagan* would have blush'd at. So that when the next fit of his *Fistula in Ano* shall send this Immortal Town-stealer, this divine Village-lifter, this heroic Pilferer of poor Hamlets and their Dependencies, down to these subterranean Dominions, don't imagine that he'll be allow'd to keep Company with the *Pharamonds* and *Charlemaign's* of *France*, the *Edwards* and *Henries* of *England*, the *Williams* of the *Nassovian* Family, or the *Alexanders* and *Casars* of *Greece* and *Rome*. No, shou'd he have the Impudence to shew his Head among that illustrious Assembly, they wou'd soon order their Footmen to drub him into better Manners: Neither, cries a surly *Englishman*, clapping his Sides, and interrupting him, must he expect the favour to appear even among our Holy-day Heroes, and Custard Stormers of *Cheapside*, those merry Butlesquers of the Art military in *Finsbury-Fields*, who, poor Creatures! never meant the Destruction of any mortal thing, but transitory *Roast-beef* and *Capon*. No, Friend, says he, *Lewis le Grand* must expect to take up his Habitation in the most infamous quarter of *Hell*, among a parcel of House-breakers and Shop-lifters, Rogues burnt in the Cheek for *Petty-Larceny* and *Burglary*, Brethren of the Moon, Gentlemen of the Horn Thumb, Pillagers of Hedges and Hen-roosts, Conveyers of Silver-Spoons, and Camblet Cloaks, and such like enterprising Heroes, whose famous Actions are faithfully Register'd in our *Sessions-Paper* and *Dying Speeches*, transmitted to
Posterity

Posterity by the *Ordinary of Newgate*; a much more impartial Historian than your *Pelisson's* and *Boileau's*. However, as I was inform'd last Week by an Understrapper at Court; *Pluto*, in Consideration of the singular Services your Royal Master has done him, will allow him a Brace of *Fidlers* to scrape and sing to him wherever he goes, since he takes such a delight to hear his own Praises.

I must confess says another leering Rogue, a Country-man of his, that since the *Grand Monarch* we have been speaking of, who has all along done more by his Bribing and Tricking, than by the Conduct of his Generals, or the Bravery of his Troops, who has plaid at fast and loose with his Neighbours ever since he came to the Crown, who has surpris'd abundance of Towns in his Time, and at the next Treaty been forced to spue up those very Places he order'd *Te Deum* to be sung for a few Months before. I must confess, says he, That since in Conjunction with a damn'd mercenary Priest, he has forg'd a Will for his Brother-in-Law of *Spain*, and plac'd his Grandson upon that Throne, I should think the rest of *Christendom* in a very bad Condition indeed, if he should be suffer'd to go on quietly with his Show a few Years more, Then for all I know, he might bid fair to set up a new Empire in the *West*, which he has been aiming at so long. But if the last Advice from the other World don't deceive us: If the Parliament of *England* goes on as unanimously as they have begun, to support their Prince in so pious and necessary a War: in short, if the *Emperor*, the *Dutch*, and the other *Allies*, act with that Vigour and Resolution as it becomes them upon this pressing Occasion, I make no Question to see this mighty Heroe plunder'd like the *Jay* in the Fable, of all the fine Plumes he has borrow'd, and reduc'd to so low an Ebb, that he shall not find it in his Power, though he has never so much in his Will, to disturb the Peace of the *Christian* World any more. And this, continues

continues he, is as favourable an Opportunity as we could desire, to strip him of all his Usurpations; for Heaven be praised, *Spain* at present is a Burthen to him, and by grasping at too much, he's in a fair way to lose every Farthing. Besides, this late Forgery of the Will has pluckt off his old Mask, and shews that 'tis an universal Monarchy he intends, and not the repose of *Europe*, which has been so fortunate a Sham to him in all his other Treaties; so that the Devil's in the *Allies* now, if they don't see through those thin Pretences he so often bubbled them with formerly, or lay down their Arms, till they have made this *French* Bustard, who is all Feathers, and no Substance, as bare and naked as a *Skeleton*; and effectually spoil his new Trade of making Wills for other People. And this they may easily bring about, continues he, if they lay hold on the present Opportunity; for as I observed to you before, he has taken more Business upon his Hands than he'll ever be able to manage, and by grasping at too much, is in the direct Road to lose all. For my part, I never think of him, but he puts me in mind of a silly foolish Fellow I knew once in *London*, who was a common Knife-grinder about the Streets, and having in this humble Occupation gathered a few stragling Pence, must needs take a great House in *Fleetstreet*, and set up for a Sword-Cutler; but before Quarter-Day came, finding the Rent too bulky for him, he very fairly rubb'd off with all his Effects, and left his Landlord the Key under the Door. Without pretending to the Spirit of *Nostradamus*, or *Lilly*, this I foresee, will be the Fate of *Lewis le Grand*; therefore when you write next to your glorious Monarch, pray give my Respects to him, and bid him remember the sad Destiny of the poor Knife-grinder of *London*.

Thus you see, Sir, how I am daily plagu'd and harrafs'd by a parcel of brawny impudent Rascals, and all for espousing your Quarrel, and crying up
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the Justice of your Arms. For *Pluto's* sake let me conjure your Majesty to lay your Commands upon *Boileau*, *Racine*, or any of your Panegyrists, to instruct me how I may stop the Mouths of these impertinent Babblers for the future, who make *Hell* ten times more insupportable than otherwise it would be, and threaten to toss me in a Blanket the next time I come unprovided for your Defence into their Company. In the mean time, humbly desiring your Majesty to present my Love to the *quondam* Wife of my Bosom, I mean the virtuous *Madam Maintenon*, who in Conjunction with your most Christian Majesty, now governs all *France*, and put her in mind of sending me a dozen of new Shirts by the next *Pacquet*, I remain,

Your M A J E S T Y's

most obedient, and most oblig'd

Subject and Servant,

SCARRON.

HANNIBAL to the Victorious Prince EUGENE
of SAVOY. By Mr. THOMAS BROWN.

'T WAS with infinite Satisfaction that I receiv'd the News of the happy Success of your Arms in *Italy*. My worthy Friend *Scipio*, (for so I may justly call him, since we have dropt our old Animosities, and now live amicably together) is eternally talking of your Conduct and Bravery; nay, *Alexander the Great*, who can hardly bear any Competitor in the point of Glory, has freely confessed, that your Gallantry in passing the *Po* and the *Adige*, in the

the Face of so powerful an Enemy, falls not short of what he himself formerly shew'd upon the Banks of the *Granicus*. For my part, I have a thousand Obligations to you. My March over the *Alpes*, upon which I may deservedly value my self, was lookt upon here to be fabulous, till your late Expedition over those rugged Mountains confirm'd the Belief of it. Thus neither Hills nor Rivers can stop the Progress of your Victories, and 'tis you who have found out the lucky Secret, how to baffle the circumspect Gravity of the *Spaniards*, and repress the furious Impetuosity of the *French*. His *Gallie* Majesty, who minds keeping his Word as little, as that mercenary Republick of Tradesmen whom it was my Misfortune to serve, will find to his Cost, that all the Laurels he has been so long a plundering, will at last fall to your Excellencies Share; and that he has been labouring forty Years together to no other purpose, than to enrich you with the Spoils of his former Triumphs. Go on therefore in the glorious Track as you have begun, and be assured, that the good Wishes of all the great and illustrious Persons now resident in this lower World attend you in all your Enterprizes: As nothing can be a greater Pleasure to virtuous Men, than to see Villains rewarded according to their Deserts, so true Heroes never rejoice more, than when they see a sham-Conqueror, and vain-glorious Bully, such as *Lewis* the XIVth plunder'd of all his unjust Acquisitions, and reduced to his primitive State of nothing. Were there a free Communication between our Territories and yours, *Cyrus*, *Miltiades*, *Cesar*, and a thousand other Generals, would be proud to offer you their Service the next Campaign; but 'tis your Happiness that you want not their Assistance; your own personal Bravery, join'd to that of your Troops, and the Justice of your Cause, being sufficient to carry you thro' all your Undertakings.

Farewel.

PINDAR

PINDAR of THEBES to TOM D'URFEY.
By Mr. THOMAS BROWN.

HOWever it happen'd so, I can't tell, but I cou'd never get a Sight of thy famous *Pindarie* upon the late Queen *Mary*, till about a Month ago. Most of the Company would needs have me declare open War against thee that very Minute, for prophaning my Name with such execrable Doggrel. *Stesichorus* rail'd at thee worse than the Man of the *Horse shoe-Tavern* in *Drury-Lane*: *Alceus*, I believe, will hardly be his own Man again this Fortnight, so much concern'd he is to find thee crowding thy self upon the *Lyric* Poets: Nay, *Sappho* the Patient laid about her like a Fury, and call'd thee a thousand pimping, fluttering Ballad-fingers. As for me, far from taking any thing amiss at thy Hands, I am mightily pleas'd with the Honour thou hast done me, and besides, must own thou hast been the cheapest, kindest Physician to me I ever met with; for whenever my Circumstances sit uneasie upon me, (and for thy Comfort *Tom*, we Poets have our Plagues in this World, as well as we had in yours) when my Landlord persecutes me for Rent, my Sempstress for my Linnen, my Taylor for Cloaths, or my Vintner for a long Pagan-score behind the Bar, I immediately read but half a dozen Lines of thy admirable *Ode*, and sleep as heartily as the Monks in *Rabelais*, after singing a Verse or two of the seven *Penitential Psalms*. All I am afraid of, is, that when the Virtues of it are known, some body or other will be perpetually borrowing it of me, either to help him to a Nap, or cure him of the Spleen, for I find 'tis an excellent Specifick for both; therefore I must desire thee to order trusty *Sam*. to send me as many of them as have escap'd the Pastry-Cook, and I will remit him his Money by the next Opportunity. If *Augustus Caesar* thought a *Roman*

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Gentleman's Pillow worth the buying, who slept soundly every Night amidst all his Debts, can a Man blame me for bestowing a few transitory Pence upon thy Poem, which is the best opiate in the Universe? In short, Friend *Tom*, I love and admire thee for the Freedom thou hast taken with me, and this I will say in Commendation, that thou hast in this Respect done more than even *Alexander the Great* durst do. That mighty Conqueror, upon the taking of *Thebes*, spared all of my Family, nay, the very House I lived in: But thou, who hast a Genius superior to him, hast not spared me, even in what I value most, my Versification and good Name, for which *Apollo* in due time reward thee.

Farewel.

King JAMES II. LETTER to LEWIS XIV.
By *Mr. BOYER.*

Dear Royal Brother and Cousin,

TH O' I have travest the vast Abyss that lies betwixt us; and am now at some hundred millions of Leagues distance from you, yet do I still remember the Promise I made you before my Departure, to send you an account of my Journey hither. Know then, that all the Stories you hear of the Mansions of the Dead, are Flim-flams, invented by the Crafty, to terrifie and manage the Weak. Here's no such thing as *Hell* or *Purgatory*; no *Lake of Fire and Brimstone*; no *Cloven-footed Devils*; no *Land of Darkness*. This Place is wonderfully well lighted by a never decaying Effulgence, which flows from the Almighty; and the Pleasures we Dead in enjoy, and the Torments we endure, consist in a full and clear View of our past Actions, whether good or bad; and in being in such or such Com-
pany

pany as is allotted us. For my part, I am continually tormented with the Thoughts of having lost three goodly Kingdoms by my Infatuation and Bigotry; and to aggravate my Pain, I am quarter'd with my honour'd Royal Father *Charles I.* my honest well meaning Brother *Charles II.* and the subtle *Machiavel*; the first Reproaches me ever and anon, with my not having made better use of his dreadful Examples; the second, with having despis'd his wholesome Advice; and the third, with having misapply'd his Maxims, through the wrong Suggestions of my Father Confessor. Oh! that I had as little Religion as your self, or as *S——M——R——H——* and some other of my Ministers and my Predecessors! Then might I have reign'd with Honour, and in Plenty over a Nation, which is ever loyal and faithful to a Prince who is tender of their Laws and Liberties; and peacefully resign'd my Crown to my lawfully begotten Son; whereas through the Delusions of Priest-Craft, and the fond Insinuations of a biggotted Wife, I endeavour'd to establish the Superstitions of *Popery*, and the fatal Maxims of a despotick, dispensing Power, upon the Ruins of the Protestant Religion, and of the fundamental Laws of a free People, which at last, concluded with my Abdication and Exile. I am sorry you have deviated from your wanted Custom of breaking your Word; and that you have punctually observ'd the Promise you made me at my dying Bed, of acknowledging my dear Son as King of *Great-Britain*; for I fear my *quondam* Subjects, who love to contradict you in every thing, will from thence take an occasion to *Abjure* him for ever; whereas had you *disown'd* him, they would perhaps have *acknowledg'd* him in meer spite. Cardinal *Richlieu*, who visits me often, professes still a great deal of Zeal and Affection for your Government, but is extremely concern'd at the wrong Measures you take to arrive at *universal Monarchy*. He has desir'd me to advise you, to keep the old Method

Method he chalk'd out for you, which is, to trust more to your *Gold*, than to your *Arms*. I cannot but think he is in the right on't, considering the wonderful Success the first has lately had with the Archbishop of *Cologne*, and some other *German* and *Italian* Princes, and the small Progress your Armies have made in the *Milaneze*. But the Wholesomeness of his Advice is yet better justify'd by your Dealings with the *English*, whom you know, you have always found more easily *brib'd* than *bullied*. Therefore, as you tender the Grandeur of your Monarchy, and the Interest of my dear Son, instead of raising new Forces, and fitting out Fleets, be sure to send a Cart-load of your new-coin'd *Lewis d'Ors* in *England*, in order to divide the Nation, and set the *Whigs* and *Tories* together by the Ears. But take care you trust your Money in the Hands of a Person that knows how to distribute it to more Advantage than either Count *T——d* or *P——n*, who, as I am told, have lavish'd away your Favours all at once upon *insatiable* *Cormorants*, and *extravagant* *Gamesters* and *Spendthrifts*. 'Tis true, by their Assistance, and the unwearied Diligence of my loyal *Jacobites*, you have made a shift to get the *Old Ministry* discarded, and to retard the grand Alliance; but let me tell you, unless you see them afresh, they will certainly leave you in the Lurch at the next Sessions; for *Ingratitude* and *Corruption* do always go together. Therefore to keep these mercenary Rogues to their Behaviour, and in perpetual Dependance, you must feed them with small Portions, as weekly, or monthly Allowance. Above all, bid your Agents take heed how they deal with a certain *indefatigable* *Writer*, who, as long as your Gold has lasted, has been very useful to our Cause, and boldly defeated the dangerous Counsels of the *Whigs*, your implacable Enemies; but who, upon the first withdrawing of your Bounty, will infallibly turn *Cat in Pan*, and write for the House of *Austria*.

I could

I could give you more Instructions in Relation to *England*, but not knowing whether they would be taken in good part, I forbear them for the present. Pray comfort my dear Spouse with a Royal Kiss, and tell her, I wait her coming with Impatience. Bid my beloved Son not despair of ascending my Throne, that is, provided he shakes off the Fetters of the *Romish* Superstition; let him not despond upon Account of my unfaithful Servant *Fuller's* Evidence against his Legitimacy, for the Depositions of my Nobility, which are still upon Record in the *Chancery*, will easily defeat that *Perjur'd* Fellows pretended Proof, with all honest considering Men. And as for the numerous Addresses, which I hear, are daily presented to my Successor against him, he may find as many in my strong Box, which were presented to me in his Favour, both before and after his Birth. The last Courier brought us News of a pretended Miracle, wrought by my Body at the *Benedictine's* Church; I earnestly desire you to disabuse the World, and keep the Imposture from getting Ground; for how is it possible I should cure Eye-Fistula's, now I am dead, that could not ease my self of a troublesome Corn in my Toe when living? My Service to all our Friends and Acquaintance; be assur'd that all the *Lethean* Waters shall never wash away from my Memory the great Services I have received at your Hands in the other World; nor the inviolable Affection, which makes me subscribe my self,

Dear Royal Brother and Cousin,

Your most obliged Friend,

JAMES REX.

LEWIS

LEWIS XIV. ANSWER to King JAMES II.
By the same Hand.

Most beloved Royal Brother and Cousin,

YOur's I received this Morning, and no sooner cast my Eyes upon the Superfcription, but I gueſt it to be written by one of my *Fellow Kings*, by the *Scrawl* and *ill-spelling*. I am glad your Account of the other World agrees ſo well with the Thoughts I always entertained about it: For, between Friends, I never believ'd the Stories the Priests tell us of Hell and Purgatory. *Ambition* has ever been my Religion; and my *Grandeur* the only *Deity* to which I have paid my Adorations. If I have persecuted the Proteſtants of my Kingdom, 'twas not becauſe I thought their Perſwaſions worſe than the *Romiſh*, but becauſe I look'd upon them as a ſort of dangerous *Antimonarchical* People; who, as they had fixed the Crown upon my Head, ſo they might as eaſily take it off, to ſerve their own Party; and becauſe by that means, I ſecur'd the *Jefuits*, who muſt be own'd the beſt Supporters of Arbitrary Power. Nay, to tell you the truth, my Deſign in making you, by my Emiſſaries, a ſtickler of Popery, was only to create Jealouſies betwixt you and your People, ſo that ye might ſtand in need of my Aſſiſtance, and be tributary to my Power. I am ſorry you are in the Company of the three Perſons you mention. To get rid of their teasing and reproaching Converſation, I adviſe you to propoſe a match at Whiſk, and if by caſting *Knaves* you can but get *Machiavel* on your ſide, I am ſure you will get the better of the other two. Since you mention my owning the Prince your Son as King of *Great Britain*, I muſt needs tell you, that neither he nor you, have reaſon to be beholden to me for it: For what I did was not to keep my Promise to you, but only to ſerve

serve my own Ends, I considered, that an Alliance being made between the *English*, the *Emperor* and the *Dutch*, in order to reduce my *Exorbitant Power*, a War must inevitably follow. Now, I suppose, that after two or three Years fighting, my Finances will be pretty near exhausted, and that I shall be forced to condescend to give Peace to *Europe*, as I did four Years ago. The *Emperor*, I reckon, will be brought to Sign and Seal upon reasonable Terms, and be content with having some small share in the *Spanish Monarchy*; as will the *Dutch* also with a Barrier in *Flanders*. These two less considerable Enemies being quieted, how shall I pacifie those I fear most, I mean the *English*? Why, by turning your dear Son out of my Kingdom, as I formerly did you and your Brother. Not that I will wholly abandon him neither: No, you may rest assured that I will re-espouse his Quarrel, as soon as I shall find an Opportunity to make him instrumental to the advancement of my Greatness. I am obliged to Cardinal *Richlieu* for the Concern he shows for the Honour of *France*, and will not fail to make use of his Advice, as far as my running Cash will let me. But I am somewhat puzzled how to manage Matters in *England* at the next Sessions; for my Agent P——n, by taking his leave in a publick Tavern, of three of our best Friends, has render'd them suspected to the Nation, and consequently useless to me. I wish you could direct me to some trusty *Jacobite* in *England*, to distribute my Bribes; for I find my own Subjects unqualified for that Office, and easily bubbled by the sharp mercenary *English*. However, I will not so much depend upon my *Lewis d'Ors*, as to disband my Armies, and lay up my Fleets, as you and Cardinal *Richlieu* seem to counsel me to do. I suppose you have no other Intelligence but the *London-Gazette*; else you would not entertain so despicable an Opinion of my Arms in *Italy*. I send you here enclos'd a Collection of the *Gazettes* printed this Year in my good City of
Paris,

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Paris, whereby you will find, upon a right Computation, that the *Germans* have lost *ten* Men to *one* of the Confederates. Pray fail not sending me by the next Post, all the Instructions you can think of, in Relation to *England*: For though you made more false Steps in this World, than any of your Predecessors; yet I find by your Letter, you have wonderfully improv'd your Politicks by the Conversation of *Machiavel* and *Richliu*. I have communicated your Letter to your dear Spouse and beloved Son, who cannot be perswaded to believe it came from you; not thinking it possible that so *Religious* a Man, whilst living, should turn *Liber-tine* after his Death: I cannot with Safety comply to your Desire of disabusing the World, concerning the miraculous Cure pretended to be wrought by your Body at the *Benedictine's* Church. Such *pious Frauds* being the main Prop of the *Popish* Religion; as this is of my Sovereign Authority. Your Son may hope to be one day seated on your Throne, not by turning Protestant (to which he is intirely averse, and which I shall be sure to prevent) but by the *SUPERIORITT* of my Arms, and the *EXTENSIVENESS* of my *POWER*, after I shall have fix'd my Son on the Monarchy of *Spain*. Madam *Maintenon* desires to be remembred to you, she writes by this Post to Mr. *Scarron* her former Husband, to desire him to wait on you, and endeavour to divert your melancholy Thoughts, by reading to you the third Part of his *Comical Romance*, which we are inform'd he has lately written, for the Entertainment of the Dead. I remain as faithfully as ever,

Dear Royal Brother and Cousin,

Your Affectionate Friend,

LEWIS REX.

From

From JULIAN, late Secretary to the MUSES,
to WILL. PIERRE of *Lincolns-Inn Fields*
Play-House. By another Hand.
Pandemonium the 8th of the Month of Belzebub.

Worthy and Right Well-beloved,

THAT you may not wonder at an Address from Hell, or be scandaliz'd at the Correspondence, I must let you know first, that by the uncertainty of the Road, and the forgetfulness of my old Acquaintance, all my former Letters are either miscarried, or have been neglected by my Correspondents, who, though they were fond enough of my Scandal, nay, courted my Favours when living, now I am past gratifying their Vices, like true Men, they think no more of me. The conscious *Tub Tavern* can witness, and my *Berry-street* Apartment testify the Solicitations I have had, for the first Copy of a new Lampoon, from the greatest Lords of the Court; though their own Folly, and their Wives Vices were the Subjects. My Person was so sacred, that the terrible *Scan-man* had no Terrors for me, whose Business was so publick and so useful, as conveying about the Faults of the Great and the Fair; for in my Books the Lord was shewn a *Knave* or *Fool*, though his Power defended the former, and his Pride would not see the latter. The antiquated Coquet was told of her Age and Ugliness, though her Vanity plac'd her in the first Row in the King's Box at the Play-House: And in the View of the Congregation at *St. James's Church*. The precise Countess that wou'd be scandaliz'd at a double *entendre*, was shewn betwixt a pair of Sheets with a well made Footman, in spite of her Quality and conjugal Vow. The formal Statesman that set up for Wisdom and Honesty, was expos'd as a dull Tool, and yet a Knave, losing at play his own Revenue, and the Bribes in-

cident to his Post, besides enjoying the Infamy of a poor and fruitless Knavery without any Concern. The demure Lady, that wou'd scarce sip off the Glass in Company, carousing her Bottles in private, of cool *Nants* too, sometimes to correct the Crudities of her last Nights Debauch. In short, in my Books were seen Men and Women as they were, not as they wou'd seem; strip'd of their Hypocrisie, spoil'd of their Fig-leaves of their Quality. A Knave was call'd a Knave, a Fool a Fool, a Jilt a Jilt, and a Whore a Whore. And the love of Scandal and native Malice that Men and Women have to one another, made me in such Request when alive, that I was admitted to the Lord's Closet, when a Man of Letters and Merit would be thrust out of Doors. And I was as familiar with the Ladies, as their Lap-Dogs; for to them I did often good Services, under pretence of a Lampoon, I conveying a *Billet deux*; and so whilst I expos'd their vast Vices in the present, I prompted matter for the next Lampoon. After all these Services, believe me, Sir, I was no sooner dead, than forgotten: I have writ many Letters to the brib'd Courtiers, of their Fore-runner's arrival in these Parts, but not one word of Answer. I sent word to my Lord *Squeezeall*, that his good Friend Sir *Parcimony Spareall* was newly arriv'd, and clap'd into the Bilbows for a Fool as well as a Knave, that starv'd himself to supply the Prodigality of his Heirs. But he despises good Counsel I hear, and starves both himself and his Children, to raise them Portions. I writ another Letter to my Lady *Manshim*, that virtuous Mrs. *Vizor* was brought in here, and made shroving Fritters for the Hackney Devils, for her unnatural Lusts; but *Sue Frousie* that came hither the other Day, assures me, that she either received not my Letter, or at least took no notice of it; for that she went on in her old Road, and had brought her Vice almost into Fashion; and that the practical Vices of the Town boaded an eternal Breach be-

twixt

twixt the Sexes, while each confin'd it self to the same Sex, and so threatned a Cessation of Commerce in Propagation betwixt them. In short, Sir, I have tired my self with Advices to my *quondam* Acquaintance, and that should take away your Surprize at my sending to you, who must be honest, because you are so poor; and a Man of Merit because you were never promoted; for your World of the Theatre, is the true Picture of the greater World, where Honesty and Merit starve, while Knavery and Impudence get favour from all Men. For you, Sir, if I mistake not, are one of the most ancient of his Majesty's Servants, under the Denomination of a Player, and yet cannot advance above the delivering of a scurvy Message, which the strutting Leaders of your House wou'd do much more aukardly, and by consequence 'tis the Partiality of them, or the Town, that have kept you in this low Post all this while. This perswades me, that from you I may hope a true and sincere Account of Things, and how Matters are now carried above; for Lying, Hypocrisie and Compliment, so take up all that taste of Fortune's Favour, that there is scarce any Credit to be given to their Narrations; for either out of Favour or Malice, they give a false Face to Histories, and misrepresent Mankind to that abominable Degree, that the best History is not much better than a probable Romance; and *Quintus Curtius*, and *Calprenede*, are distinguished more by their Language than Sincerity. Thus much by shewing the Motive of my writing to you, to take away your Surprize; though before I pass to remove the Shame of such a Correspondence, I must tell you, that your Station qualifying you for a right Information of the Scandal of the Town, I hope you will not fail to answer my Expectation: Behind your Scenes come all the young Wits, and all the young and old Beaux, both Animals of Malice, and wou'd no more conceal any Woman's Frailty, or any Man's Folly, than they

will own any Man's Sense, or any Woman's Honesty.

I know that Hell lyes under some Disadvantages, in the Opinion even of those who are industrious enough to secure themselves a Retreat here. They play the Devil among you, and yet are ashamed of their Master, and rail at his Abode, as much as if they had no right to the Inheritance. The Miser, whose daily Toils, and nightly Cares and Study is how to oppress the Poor, cheat or over reach his Neighbour, to betray the Trusts his Hypocrisie procured; and in short, to break all the positive Laws of Morality, cries out, *Oh Diabolical!* at a poor harmless double Meaning in a Play, and blesses himself that he is not one of the ungodly; rails at Hell and the Devil all the while he is riding Post to them. The holy-Sister, that Sacrifices in the Righteousness of her Spirit, the Reputation of some of her Acquaintance or other every Day; that Cuckolds her Husband in the Fear of the Lord with one of the Elect; rails at the Whore of *Babylon*, and Lawn-sleeves, as the Diabolical Invention of *Lucifer*, though she is laying up Provisions here for a long Abode in these Shades of Reverend *Satan*, whom she so much all her Life declaims against. The Lawyer that has watched whole Nights, and bawl'd away whole Days in bad Causes, for good Gold; that never car'd how crasie his Clients Title was, if his Bags were full; that has made a hundred Conveyances with Flaws, to beget Law-Suits, and litigious Broils; when he's with the Devil, has the Detestation of Hell and the Devil in his Mouth, all the while that the love of them fills his whole Heart; and so thro' the rest of our false Brothers, whose Mouths bely their Minds, and fix an Infamy on what they most pursue.

This is what may make you ashamed of my Correspondence, but when you will reflect on what good Company we keep here, you will think it more an Honour than Disgrace; for our Company
here

here is chiefly composed of Princes, great Lords, modern Statesman, Courtiers, Lawyers, Judges, Doctors of Divinity, and Doctors of the Civil-Law, Beaux, Ladies of Beauty and Quality, Wits of Title, Men of noisy Honour, gifted Brothers, Boasters of the Spirits supply'd them from hence: In short, all that make most Noise against us: Which will I hope, satisfy you so far, as to make me happy in a speedy Answer; which will oblige,

Your very humble and

Infernal Servant,

JULIAN.

WILL. PIERRE'S ANSWER. *By the same Hand.*

Behind the Scenes, Lincolns-

Inn Fields, Nov. 5. 1701.

Worthy Sir, of venerable Memory.

YOur's I received, and have been so far from being surpriz'd at, or asham'd of your Correspondence, that the first I desired, and the latter was transported with. My Mind has been long burden'd, and I wanted such a Correspondent to disclose my Grievances to, for there is no Man on Earth that wou'd give me the hearing! for Popery makes a Man of the best Parts a Jest, and every Fool with a Feather in his Cap, can overlook a Man of Merit in Rags. Wit from one out at Heels, sounds like Nonsense in the Ears of a gay Fop, that knows no other furniture of a Head, but a full Wig; and he that would split himself with the half Jest of a Lord he wou'd flatter, is deaf to the best thing from the Mouth, of a poor Fellow he

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can't get by. These Considerations, Sir, have made me proud of this Occasion, of replying to your obliging Letter, in the manner you desire. For as Scandal was your Occupation here above, you like Vintners and Bawds living on the Sins of the Times; so a short impartial Account of the present State of Iniquity and Folly, cannot be disagreeable to you.

Poetry was the Vehicle that conveyed all your Scandal to the Town, and I being conversant about the Skirts of that Art, my Scandal must dwell chiefly thereabouts; not omitting that scantling of general Scandal of the Town, that is come to my Knowledge; for you must know, since your death, and your Successor *Summerton's* Madness, Lampoon has felt a very sensible Decay, and seldom is there any attempt at it, and when there is, 'tis very heavy and dull, cursed Verse, or worse Prose: So gone is the brisk Spirit of Verse, that us'd to watch the Follies and Vice of the Men and Women of Figure, that they could not start new ones, faster than Lampoons expos'd them. This Deficiency of Satyr is not from a scarcity of Vices, which abound more than ever, or Follies more numerous than in your time, but from a meer Impotence of Malice, which tho' as general as ever, confines it self to Discourse; and Railing is its utmost Effort, defaming over one Bottle, those they care for over another. Every Man abuses his Friend behind his Back, and no Man ever takes notice of it, but does the same thing in his Turn: And for Sincerity, Women have as much: The Women grow greater Hypocrites than ever, lewder in their Chamber Practice, and more formal in Publick; they rail at the Vices they indulge; they forsake publick Diversions, as Plays, &c. to gain the Reputation of Virtue, to give a greater loose to the domestick Diversions of a Bottle and Gallant; and Hypocrisy heightens their Pleasures. The Mode now is not as of old, in all amorous Encounters, every Man

to

to his Woman, but like Nuns in a Cloyster, every Female has her *Privado* of her own Sex; and the honefter part of Men, must either fall in with the modish Vice, or live chafly; to both which I find a great many extreamly averfe. There has a terrible Enemy arofe to the Stage, an abdicated Divine, who when he had escaped the Pillory for Sedition, and Reforming the State, fet up for the Reformation of the Stage. The Event was admirable, *Fanaticks* presented the *Nonjuror*, and Misers and Extortioners gave him bountiful Rewards; one grave Citizen, that had found the Character too often on the Stage, and famous for the Ruin of some hundreds of poor under-Tradesmens Families, laid out Threescore Pounds in the Impreffion, to diftribute among the Saints, that are zealous for God and Mammon at the same time: Bullies and Republicans quarrell'd for the *Passive Obedience* Spark; grave Divines extoll'd his Wit, and *Atheists* his Religion; the *Fanaticks* his Honesty, the Hypocrite his Zeal, and the Ladies were of his fide, becaufe he was for *submitting to Force*. There is yet a greater Mischief befall'n the Stage; here are Societies fet up for *Reformation of Manners*; Troops of *Informers*, who are maintain'd by Perjury, ferve God for *Gain*, and ferret out Whores for Subfiftence. This noble Society confifts of Divines of both Churches, *Fanatick* as well as Orthodox Saints and Sinners, Knights of the Poft, and Knights of the Elbow, and they are not more unanimous againft *Immorality* in their *Informations*, than for it in their *Practice*; they avoid no Sins in themfelves, and will fuffer none in any one elfe. The *Fanaticks*, that never preached up Morality in their Pulpits, or knew it in their Dealings, would feem to promote it in the ungodly. The *Churchmen*, that would enjoy the Pleasure of Sinners, and the Reputation of Saints, are for punifhing Whores and drinking in all but themfelves. In fhort, the Motive that carries the Popifh Apoftles to the richer Continents,

makes these Gentlemen so busie in our Reformation Money. Nay, Reformation is grown a staple Commodity, and the Dealers in it are suddenly to be made into a Corporation, and their Privileges peculiar are to be *Perjury* without *Punishment*, and *Lying* with *Impunity*. The Whores have a Tax laid on them towards their Maintenance, in which they share with Captain *W* ———, and the Justices of the Peace; for *New-Prison* knows them in all their Turns, and twenty or thirty Shillings gives them a License for whoring, till next Pay-day; so that the Effect of their Punishment only, raises the Price of the Sin, and the Vices of the Nation maintain the *Informers*. Drinking, swearing and whoring are the Manufactures they deal in; for should they stretch their Zeal to *Cozening*, *Cheating*, *Usury*, *Extortion*, *Oppression*, *Defamation*, *secret Adulteries* and *Fornication*, and a thousand other of these more crying Immoralities, the City would rise against these Invaders of their Liberties, and the Cuckolds one and all, for their own and their Wives sakes, rise against the Reformers. These worthy Gentlemen, for promoting the Interest of the *Crown-Office*, and some such honest Place; pick *harmless words* out of Plays, to indict the Players. and squeeze twenty Pound a Week out of them, if they can, for their exposing Pride, Vanity, Hypocrisie, Usury, Oppression, Cheating, and the other darling Vices of the Master Reformers, who owe them a Grudge, not to be appeas'd without considerable Offerings; for Money in these Cases wipes off all Defects.

There are other matters of smaller Importance, I shall refer to my next, as who kisses who in our Dominions; that Hypocrisie has infected the Stage too, where *Whores with great Bellies* wou'd thrust themselves off for *Virgins*, and *bully* the Audience out of their Sight and Understanding; where *Maids* can talk *bawdy for Wit*, and *Footmen* pass on Quality for *Gentlemen*; *Fools* sit as Judges on *Wit*, and the *Ignorant* on Men of *Learning*; where the Motto is
Vivitur

Vivitur Ingenio, the dull Rogues have the Management and the Profits; where Farce is a Darling, and good Sense and good Writing not understood: And this brings to my Mind a thing I lately heard from a false smatterer in Poetry behind the Scenes, and which if you see *Ben. Johnson*, I desire you to communicate to him. A new Author, says one, that has wrote a taking Play, is writing a *Treatise of Comedy*, in which he mauls the learned Rogues, the Writers to some Purpose; he shews what a Coxcomb *Aristotle* was, and what a Company of senseless Pedants the *Scaligers*, *Rapines*, *Vossii*, &c. are; proves that no good Play can be Regular, and that all Rules are as ridiculous as useless. He tells us, *Aristotle* knew nothing of Poetry, (for he knew nothing of his Fragments so extoll'd by *Scaliger*) and that common Sense and Nature was not the same in *Athens*, as in *Drury-Lane*; that *Uniformity* and *Coherence* was *Green-sleeves*, and *Pudding-Pies*, and that *Irregularity* and *Nonsense* were the chief Perfections of the *Drama*. That the *Silent Woman*, by consequence was before the *Trip to the Jubilee*, and the *Ambitious Step-mother*, better than the *Orphan*: That *Hiccius Doctius* was *Arabick*, and that *Bonny-clabber* is the *black-Broth* of the *Lacedæmonians*; and thus he runs on with Paradoxes as new as unintelligible; but this noble *Treatise* being yet in *Embrio*, you may expect a farther Account of it in the next, from,

Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

WILL. PIERRE.

D 5

ANTIOCHUS.

ANTIOCHUS, to LLWIS XIV. By Mr. HENRY BARKER.

Dear Brother,

YOU will be surprized I know, to receive this Letter from a Stranger; and of all the damn'd, perhaps, I am the only Man from whom you least of all expect any News; because I have always pass'd for so impious and cruel a Prince, and my Name has given People such horrid Ideas of me, that they think me insensible of Pity, as having never practis'd any in my Life-time.

When I sat upon the Throne of Syria, having no more Religion than your *Most Christian Majesty*, I stifled all the Dictates of my Conscience, pillag'd the Temple of the *Jews*, carous'd with their Blood, and running from one Crime to another, drew infinite Desolations every where after me. But after I had exercis'd my Tyranny on the innocent Posterity of several great Kings, and left a thousand Monuments of my Barbarity; I found to my Sorrow, that I was mortal, and oblig'd to submit to that Fate, whose Attacks feeble Nature cannot resist. I then fell into an Abyss, which is enlightn'd only by those Flames which will for ever roast such Monsters as we; and where I was loaded with much heavier Irons than any I had plagued poor Mortals with above. To bid me welcome into this Place of Horror, and refresh me after my Voyage, I was plung'd into a Bath of Fire and Brimstone, cupt by a Master Devil, rubb'd, scrubb'd, &c. by a parcel of smoaking, grinning Hobgoblins, and afterwards presented with a musical Entertainment of Groans, Howling and gnashing of Teeth. I soon began to play my part in this hideous Consort, where Despair beat the Measure; and because my Pains were infinitely greater than those of others, I immediately asked the Reason of my Torments, and was told it was for having hindred the peopling of Hell, by the

the multitude of Martyrs my long Persecutions had made, and of which you cannot be ignorant, if you delight in useful reading. Since I have been in this Empire of Sorrow, where I found the *Pharaohs*, *Ababs*, *Jezebels*, *Athaliahs*, *Nebuchadnezzars*, &c. and where I have seen arrive the *Neroes*, *Dioclesians*, *Decii*, * *Philips of Austria*, * *Kings of Spain*, *Charles of Valois*, whose Names wou'd fill a Volume; the Recruits of *Loyola* arrive every Day in search of their Captain, but in some Confusion, for fear of meeting *Clement* and *Ravaillac*, who never cease cursing them. Your Apartment, *Most Christian Hero*, has been some fifty Years a racing, but now they redouble their Care, your coming being daily expected; I give you timely notice of it, that you may take your measures accordingly. Perhaps you will be offended at this familiarity, and tell me no Man can deserve Hell for fighting against Hereticks, under the command of an *infallible General*; but if you know the present State of those *Miser'd Leaders*, it would not a little terrifie you. *Lucifer* has turned them into several Shapes, and peopl'd his back-Yard with them; the Place 'tis true, is not so delightful as your *Menagerie* and *Trianon* at *Versailles*, but much excells it in variety and number of Monsters. Your Cell is in the same Yard, that you may be near your good Friends, who advis'd you to make the Habitation of the Shades a Desert; for which the *Prince of Darkness* hates you mortally, and designs you something worse than a *Fistula*, or the *Bull of Phalaris*. Your ingenious Emissaries, *Marillac*, *la Rapine* and *la Chaise*, will meet in the Squadrons of *Pluto* with more invenom'd *Dragoons*, than those they let loose against their poor Country-men in *France*: 'Twill be their Employment to keep this *Menagerie* clean, whose Stench wou'd otherwise poison the rest of Hell. That Renegado *Pelisson* too makes so odious a Figure here, that he frights the boldest of our *Jaylors*;

lors; and his Eyes red with crying for his Sins, which were so much the greater, because they were voluntary, make him ashamed to look any one in the Face. Our learned think him profoundly ignorant; yet you must be the *Trajan* of that *Pliny*, for he is now writing your History in such a terrible manner, that it will but little resemble that which your Pensionary Wits are Composing. The Voyage having made him lose some part of his Memory, and forget the particulars of your Virtues; he will therefore take me for his Model, and draw my Life under your Name. Tho' your dear * *Dulcinea*, whose Head he dresses like a Girls, at the Age of threescore and ten, makes the Court of *Proserpine* rejoice before-hand; yet the deformed † Author of the *comical Romance*, cannot laugh, as facetious as he is. I will tell you no more, because some may think I give this Counsel out of my private Interest; for having been always ambitious, it would doubtless grieve me to see a more wicked and cruel Tyrant than my self; but on the Faith and Word of one that endures the sharpest of Torments, 'tis pure Compassion.

* *Madam Maintenon*.

† *Scarron*.

I am yours, &c.

LEWIS the XIVth's ANSWER.

I Just now receiv'd your's by a Courier, who, had he not been too nimble for me, had been rewarded according to his Deserts for his impudent Message. But are you such a Coxcomb as to imagine that the most ambitious Monarch upon Earth, whose Power puts all the Princes and States of *Europe* into Convulsions, can be frighted at the Threats of a Wretch condemn'd to everlasting Punish-

Punishments? The Insolence of your Comparison, I must confess, threw me into a Rage; and not reflecting at first on the Impossibility of the Thing, I sent immediately for *Boufflers* to Dragoon you. But Villain! Because your Malice has been rampant for so many Ages, must you now level it at the eldest Son of the Church, whom the godly *Jesuits* have already Canoniz'd? I am not so ignorant of the History of *Asia*, though I never read any of the Books of the *Maccabees*; but I know you were both Judge and Executioner, and that there is not in the Universe one Monument consecrated to your Glory. Thanks to the careful *Jesuits*, *la Place des Victoris*, is a sufficient Proof that my Reputation is no *Chimera*, and my Name, which is to be seen in golden Characters over several Monasteries, assures me of a glorious Immortality. 'Tis true, to keep in favour with the Church; I have compell'd a handful of obstinate Fools to leave their Country and Estates, by forcing them to renounce their God, and implicitly take up with mine. Therefore the World has no Reason to make such a Noise about it. Are you mad to call *Pelisson*, who has read more Volumes than a *Rabbi*, and cou'd give Lessons of Hypocrisie to the most exquisite Sect of the *Pharisees*, a Block-head? Your Torments are so great, you know not on whom to spit your Venom, and my poor * *Mistress*, forsooth, must suffer * *Maintenon* from your Malice: Is she the worse for being born in the Reign of my Grand-father? Pray ask *Boileau*, whose Sincerity has cost him many a Tear, what he thinks of her. All the World knows her Virtues, and that she is grown gray in the School of Dissimulation and Lewdness, which have render'd her so charming in the Feats of Love, that she pleases me more than the youngest Beauty; therefore are her wrinkles the Objects of my wonder, and the Provocatives of my enervated Limbs, instead of being Antidotes; and I would
not

not give a Saint a Wax-candle to make her younger. Though I am seiz'd by a Cancer on the Shoulder, yet I am under no Apprehensions, for I have given a Fee to St. *Damian*, who will cure me of it, as well as of that nauseous Malady of *Naples*: And I have Plenipotentiaries now bribing Heaven for its Friendship, and a new Term of Years. There 'tis in vain for *Lucifer*, or you ever to expect me; and when I must leave this terrerstial *Paradise*, 'twill be with such a Convoy of *Masses*, as will hurry me by the very Gate of *Purgatory*, without touching there. In the mean time correct your saucy Liberty, and let a Monarch who wou'd scorn to entertain such a pitiful Wretch as thou art for his *Pimp*, still huff the World, and sleep quietly in his *Seraglio*.

Versailles, July 14.

LEWIS R.

CATHARINE *de Medicis*, to the Dutcheſs of
ORLEANS.

Madam,

I Have long bewailed your Condition, and though I am in a Place of Honour, yet I should think my self in some measure happy, if I knew how to deliver you from those Anxieties which torment you. We have some body or other arrives here daily from *Versailles*, and as my Curiosity inclines me to enquire after your Highness, I have received so advantageous a Character of your Goodness from all Hands, that I think every one ought to pity you. Your Life Madam, has been very unhappy, for you were married very young to a jealous ill-natur'd Prince, who had no love for you; though no Person in the World was fitter either to inspire or receive it than your self: However, you have had better luck than his former
Wife,

Wife, which I take to be owing to your Prudence, and not his Generosity. The Desolations of the *Palatine*, and Persecution of a Religion you once approved, must infallibly have given you many uneasie Moments, but your Misfortunes did not stop here, for even your domestick Pleasures have been prison'd by the Dishonour and Injustice of the Court you live in. In short, though I was very unfortunate, yet I think you much more worthy of Compassion: When I married *Henry II.* I was both young and handsome, yet his doting on the haughty Dutches of *Valentinois*, who was a Grandmother before *Francis II.* was born, made me pass many melancholly Nights. Notwithstanding the Injustice as well as Cruelty of keeping a saucy Strumpet under my Note, yet with the Veil of Prudence and Religion, I easily cover'd my Inclinations, because the pious *Cardinal of Lorrain*, who had an admirable Talent to comfort an afflicted Heart, commiserating my Condition, gave me wonderful Consolation. As the refreshing Cordials of the Church soon made me forget the King's ill Usage of me, so Madam, it is not so much the Infidelity of your Husband, as the cruel Constraint and Jealousie, that makes me think your Life to be miserable; for how great soever your Occasions are, you dare not. I know, accept of those Assistances I daily receive from a plump agreeable *Prelate*, and I am heartily sorry for it. To divert this Discourse, which may perhaps aggravate your Uneasiness, by renewing your Necessities, you'll tell me I suppose, that I shou'd have had as much Compassion, when *France* was dyed with the Blood of so many thousand Victims, and that I might easily have moderated the Fury of my Son, and of the House of *Guise*; but besides, you must consider, I was a zealous Papist; and they you know, think the cutting of poor Hereticks Throats, is doing Heaven good Service; so that I beheld the dreadful Massacre of *St. Bartholomew* with as much Satisfaction as ever I did

did the most glorious and solemn Festival, I am not for it at present, Madam, and could I have been so sooner, it would have been much more for my Ease. All my Comfort is, that I am not my self in a strange and unknown Country: For the *old Dutchess*, who robbed me of my due Benevolence in the other World, continually follows me to upbraid me; the *Guises* rave, brandishing bloody Daggers in their Hands; and every Hour I meet with numbers of my former Acquaintance and nearest Relations, but I avoid their Company as much as I can, for the Love of my dear Cardinal, who continues as great a Gallant as ever. I ask no Masses of you, for the Dead are not a Farthing the better for them. But, Madam, since all the World has not so good an Opinion of me at *Brantome*, let me conjure you not to let my Memory be too much insulted. Some may say I was as cunning as *Livia*, that I was even with my Husband, and govern'd my Children; but their Fate did not answer my Care: For *Francis* liv'd but a little time, *Elizabeth* found her Tomb in the Arms of a jealous Husband, the Queen of *Navarre* was a wandering Star, *Charles* a cautious Coxcomb, that sacrificed all to his Safety; and *Henry*, on whom I had founded all my Hopes, a dissolute Debauchee, whom the Justice of Heaven would not spare. You know his History, and if you shou'd see a Tragedy, of the like nature acted on your Stage, let your Constancy, which makes you respected even in Hell support you. Let old † *Messalina* enjoy the infamous Honour of the Royal-Bed; you need not blush at it, since all the Word esteems you as much as they.

* Madam Maintenance.

The ANSWER of the Dutcheſs of ORLEANS
to CATHARINE de Medicis.

‘T WAS with much reason you pity me ; and tho’
I have ſaid nothing all this while, yet I have
not thought the leſs. If the Practice of our Court
did not teach me to diſſemble, I ſhould give my ſelf
ſome Eaſe, by imparting many things to you, which
would fill you with Horror ; and then you would
find that the Cruelties of your Sons were Trifles in
Comparison of theſe. The moſt impartial Cenſures
of Barbarity, maintain that the Maſſacre of St.
Bartholomew was milder than the preſent Perſecu-
tion of the Proteſtants : Ambition was the chiefſt
Motive of the *Guiſes* ; but now their Cruelties are
covered with the Cloak of Religion ;
for the virtuous Favourite † *Sulta-* † *Madam Main-*
neſs, with the pitious * *Muſſi* in *tenon.*
waiting, are reſolved to cauſe the * *Faſter la Chaiſe.*
Chriſtians to be more cruelly perſecuted than they
were at *Algiers*, and the *Roman Church* is reſolved
at any Rate to merit the Name of the Blood-thirſty
Beaſt. They value not expoſing the Reputation of
Princes ; I bluſh for my Race, and am often obliged
to ſwallow my Tears. I believe the Efficacy of Maſ-
ſes no more than you, therefore I will not offer you
any. I am very glad to hear the *Cardinal of Lorrain*
proves ſo conſtant ; for a Prelate of his Talent and
Conſtitution muſt certainly be a great Conſolation
to a diſtreſſed Princeſs. *Brantome* who has ſo
much flatter’d you, may do it again ; and though
Sancy has been too ſincere, yet he dares not contra-
dict him in your Preſence. I hope to ſee the Ruins
of my Country rais’d up again ; for tho’ our am-
bitious Monarch huffs and heſtors all *Chriſtendome*,
yet his Game to me ſeems very deſperate, and I
believe he’ll prove the Dog in the Fable ; ſince he
has ſo depopulated and impoveriſh’d his Dominions
by

by Persecutions, that those pious Drones the *Monks*, only can support the Church's Grandeur in their Faces, with three story-Chains; the rest of his People being reduc'd to wooden-Shoes and Garlick. Tho' our *Gazettes* are little better than Romances, yet they will serve to divert you and your *Cardinal*, when not better employ'd; and I wish I could send them to you Weekly. 'Tis true, great numbers set out daily from hence, for your Country; and among them, People of the best Quality, but I carefully avoid all Commerce with them; and tho' I have a wonderful Esteem for you, take it not amiss, Madam, if I endeavour never to see you.

Cardinal MAZARINE, to the Marquiss D'BARBASIEUX.

I Am surpriz'd to think you have profited so little by your Father's Example: As great a Beast as he was, he govern'd himself better than you; for contenting himself with pillaging all *France*, according to our Maxims, he never attempted the Life of any Man, nor ever set any * *Ravillac's* to work. Is it not a horrible thing to see the † Servant of a Minister of State suffer upon the Wheel, and publish the shame of him that set him to Work? You were mightily mistaken in the Choice of your Villain; for whenever you have a King to dispatch, you must employ a *Jesuit*, or some Novice inspired by their *Religious Society*; and had you been so wise, the Prince * you had a Plot against wou'd not be now in the way, to hinder the Designs of a † King, for whom I have the Tenderness of a Father, who was always under my Subjection, and wou'd have married my Niece, if I had pleas'd. I fell into

* *The Murderer of Henry IV.*

† Grandval; hang'd in Flanders, for attempting to kill K. W.

* K. William.

† Lewis XIV.

into a cold Sweat even in the midst of my Fire and
 Brimstone, at the News of your Conspiracy; be-
 cause it so severely reflected on his Reputation.
 Ought you to have expos'd his Credit in so dubi-
 ous an Enterprize? Is it not suf-
 ficient that Poets set upon him † † *A place out of*
the reach of Cannon
Mont Pagnotte, whilst other Princes
 gave glorious Examples at the Head
 of their Troops? That they Reproach him with
 Incest, Sodomy, Adultery, and an unbridled Pas-
 sion for the Relict of a poor * Poet,
 who is a Turn-spit here below, and * Scarron.
 who had nothing to keep him from
 starving when upon Earth, but the Pension which
 the Charity of *Anne of Austria* granted to his Infir-
 mities, rather than his Works, tho' very diverting.
 What was your Aim in this cowardly Design?
 Wou'd you have more Servants, and more Whores?
 Or, ought you to effect that, to revive those Scenes
 of Cruelty and Treachery which we banish'd after
 the Death of the most eminent Cardinal *Richlieu*?
 All the Wealth you can raise, will never amount to
 the Treasures I was Master of; and how much is
 there now left, ask the Duke of *Mazarine*, and my
 Nephew of *Nevers*; one has been the Bubble of the
 Priests, and the other of his Pleasures. So that
 the Children of the first will hardly share one Year
 of my Revenue. His Wife for several Years was
 no Charge to him, she for her Beauty, being kept
 by Strangers; whilst he fool'd away those vast
 Riches he had by her. In short, you see the pray-
 ing Coxcomb I made Choice of, which I must con-
 fess, I did when I was in my Cups, has through his
 Zeal and Bigotry ruin'd all, even my most beauti-
 ful Statues; and that there is a Curse entail'd upon
 such Estates as begin with a Miracle, and end
 with a Prodigy. I was born at *Mazare*, without
 any other Advantage than that of my Beauty;
 but as a young Fellow can scarce desire a better
 Portion than that, in *Italy*, so it mov'd Cardinal
Anthony

Anthouy to lead me lovingly from his Chamber to his Closet, where on a soft easie Couch, he preach'd to me Morals after the *Italian* Fashion; by which, and some other virtuous Actions of the same Stamp, I became the richest Favourite in the Universe. You may as well as I, heap a mighty Treasure, and loose it foolishly. Do not be guilty then of Murder, for things so uncertain in the Possession. Poor *Louvois*! who left you all, who drank more than *Alexander*, and thiev'd better than *Colbert*, or I, has not now water to quench his Thirst. You will undoubtedly meet the same Destiny; for this is the Residence of Traitors, Murderers, Thieves, and all other notorious Villains.. 'Tis not altogether so pleasant a Place as † *Meudon* and *Chaville*; for we drink nothing but *Aqua-fortis*, and eat burning *Charcoal*; all Happiness is banish'd, Misery only triumphs; and notwithstanding all those lving Stories the Priests may tell you, yet you'll be strangely surprized, when you come to judge it by your own Experience.

† *Great Houses*
near *Paris*.

The ANSWER of *Monsieur le Marquis de BARBASIEUX*, to *Cardinal MAZARINE*.

YOUR Eminence I find, is in a great Passion, because my Father did not get an Estate in your Service: Must you therefore abuse him, and turn that as a Crime upon me, which has been practis'd ever since there have been Kings in the World? If your Talent only lay in Pillaging and Plundering, must it therefore prescribe to mine? And do you think the Glory of taking away by Dagger or Poison, the Enemies of ones Prince, deserves less Immortality, than of ruining of his Subjects? You have I confess, very meritoriously eterniz'd your Name by that Method, for which Reason you ought

in

in Conscience to allow me the liberty to find out another. You are much in the wrong en't, to complain of the Duke of *Mazarine*, who did you the Honour to think you were only in Purgatory, and lavish'd your Treasures upon Bigots, in hopes to pray you out of it. If he in a holy Fit of Zeal, dismembred your fine Statues, which perhaps too often recall'd to your Memory the pious Sermons of Cardinal *Anthony*; he is severely punish'd in a Libel made against him, in Vindication of your beautiful Niece. If that Satyr reaches your Regions below, you'll soon be convinced what a Coxcomb you were when you chose the worst of Men, to couple with the most charming of Women. This, with several other Passages of your Life, makes me not much wonder at your condemning me by your Cardinal's Authority, to drink *Aqua-fortis*, and eat burning *Charcoal*: It may perhaps be a proper Diet for *Episcurean Cardinals* and *Italians*, who love hot Liquors, and high-season'd Ragoos; but the Lords of *Chaville* and *Meudon* desire your Entertainments, How do you know I beseech you, but I may take the Cell of the young *Marquiss D'Ancre* at * *Mont Velarine*, there by a long Penitence to Paris. * *Hermitage near* purge me of those Sins you say I have committed? Therefore if you reckon me in the number of those Reprobates, doom'd to people the infernal Shades, time will at last make it appear, that your Eminence has reckon'd without your Host.

MARY of ENGLAND to the POPE.

Most Holy Father,

THE malignant Planet that govern'd at my Birth, so influenc'd all the Faculties of my Soul, that I was the most outrageous and barbarous Princess

Princess that till time mounted the *English* Throne; and as it is no extraordinary thing to continue in the same Temper, in a Country inhabited only with Tyrants, and the Butchers of their Subjects, so you ought not to be surpriz'd, if I am not now dispossest of it. I had not long

* *Queen Catharine of Spain.*

troubled the World before my * Mother was Divorc'd, and I my self declar'd incapable of succeeding

Henry VIII. Ann of *Bulloign* was then brought to the Royal Bed; and what was worse, with her was introduc'd a Religion so conformable to the Laws of God, that it never suited with my Inclinations. The proud Rival of *Catharine*, was afterwards sacrific'd to the Inconstancy of her voluptuous Husband; but that insipid Religion to my Grief, was not confounded with her; for the young and simple *Edward* countenanc'd it during his Reign. But then came my Turn, and you know, *Sovereign Pontiff*, with what Pride and Malice I mounted the Throne; the Means I us'd to destroy that cursed Heretical Doctrine; the Pleasure I took in shedding my Subjects Blood; what Magnificence and Splendour I gave to the Mass; how barbarously I treated that innocent and beautiful Princess *Jane Suffolk*; with what Severity I us'd my Sister *Elizabeth*, and also the immoderate Joy that seiz'd my precious Soul, when I married a Prince, who had as well as I, the good quality of being cruel to the highest Degree, is not unknown to you. Notwithstanding what I said in the beginning of my Letter, you may perhaps think my Sentiments now alter'd, but I assure you the contrary, and that I cannot behold with Patience your present Insensibility and Mildness. Is it possible you can suffer a Religion, destitute of all Ornaments, that has nothing but Truth and Simplicity to recommend it, to get the Advantage of your *Rome*, which reigns in Blood and Purple, subsists by Falshood and Idolatry, and sets up and pulls down

Kings?

Kings? How can you endure it? What a horrid Shame and Weakness is this? Are there no more *Ravailleurs*? Is there neither Powder nor Daggers in the *Arsenal* of the *Jesuits*? Have they forgot how to build Wheels, Gibbets and Scaffolds? Or is your Malice, Envy, Hatred and Fury seiz'd with a Lethargy? 'Sdeath, holy Father! I am distracted when I think that nothing succeeds in *England*, where I took so much Pains, and practis'd so much Cruelty to establish Popery, and root out the Doctrine of the Apostles; and where your pious Emissaries following my Zeal, had invented most admirable Machines to Sacrifice, with *James I.* all the Enemies of your *Anti-christian Holiness*! Do you sleep? and must *France* only brandish the glorious Flambeau of Persecution? Consider I pray, that I employ the best of my time in Imprecations against the Deserters from your Church; that I so inflam'd my Blood in those Transports, that it threw me into a Dropsie, which hurried me to the Grave. My Husband, who was too much of my Temper, to love me, was very little concern'd, In short, that filthy Disease stifled me, a certain Presage of the continual Thirst I now suffer. But I once more beseech you, most holy Father. to reinforce your Squadrons, to join them with the most *Christian King's*, and with your holy Benediction, give them strict Orders to grant no Quarters to the Disciples of *St. Paul*. You will infinitely oblige by it both *me and Lucifer*, who is now as zealous a *Romanist* as your eldest Son, and who like him, wou'd not willingly suffer any but good *Papists*, the Friends and Pensioners of *Versailles*, those sworn Enemies of *Liberty* and *Property* in his Dominions. I am so ill-natur'd, that my Husband *Philip* is as cautious of Imbracing me, as he was in the other World; but that's no Misfortune either to Earth or Hell, for we could produce nothing but a Monster between us, which wou'd be the Terror of Mankind, and Horror of Devils.

The

The POPE's Answer to MARY of ENGLAND.

YOU are too violent, dear Madam, and Men of my Age and Grandeur require more Moderation. I'm acquainted with your History, and know your Zeal, by the same Token, you need not waste your Lungs to acquaint me with either the one or the other. To be free with you, I am not of the Humour to espouse madly other Peoples Passions, tho' I should leave the *Triple Crown* destitute of all Pomp and Greatness. But I will make the *Hereticks* blot out of their Writings, if possible, the Names of *Antichrist*, *devouring Dragon*, *Wolf disguised in Sheeps-skin*, and several others as abusive. Do you not believe People are weary of paying a blind Obedience to the See of Rome? *Imperious France* has made us sensible of it; and 'tis not the Fault of the *eldest Son of the Church*, if he does not dethrone his Mother. Ecclesiastical Censures are now out of Fashion, and no more minded than *Paquinades*. We were scorn'd and ridicul'd in your Father's Time; and tho' you were as handsome as my quondam Mistress, *Donna Maria di S. Germano*, you wou'd not oblige me to put up fresh Affronts for your sake. Your Husband is to blame, to treat you with such Indifference, and I think it very ill for an infected Worm-eaten Carcass to despise so devout a Queen. But I cannot imagine why the *Popes*, who live all under the same Zone with you, suffer such Coldness. Suppose your Husband shou'd like a *Heretick*, despise their Exhortations, one of their Degrees has power enough to Divorce you; which in time I hope, may advance your Grandeur. For we hear *Pluto* is in Love with you for your Zeal, and *Proserpine* is given over by the Physicians. Therefore take my Advice, and drink as little Water as you can; for being dropical, the Water of *Styx* must needs be prejudicial to you, and the Church wou'd lose an admirable good Friend.

Friend. I offer you no Indulgences, they are pure Mountebank Drugs ; and were you got no farther yet than Purgatory, have not the Virtue to bring you out. But grant they had that Power, as your Amours stand now, I suppose you wou'd not desire it ; so till I have the Happiness of wishing your Imperial Majesty much Joy.

I am, &c.

HARLEQUIN to Father la CHAISE.

Since we were of the same Trade, with this difference only, that I compos'd *Farces* to make the World laugh, and that you invent Tragedies that gave them Horror ; I believe, Reverend Father, you will not condemn the Liberty I take of writing to you.

In the first Place, I beseech your Reverence, not to put your *Penitents* out of Conceit with those harmless Diversions which make me and my Brother-Players live so plentifully ; but be pleased to take our small Flock into your Protection : That Power lies in the Breast of you and your pious Society : And who wou'd grudge it to such holy Men, who have no other Aim than settling and satisfying Mens Consciences, by clearing all the controverted Difficulties of Christianity, and rendring Religion so plain and easie, that our Enemies cannot find the least Doubt or Difficulty in it. Nay, like dexterous Artiss you can, with your admirable Morals, remove the justest Scruples ; for they give so pious an Air, so devout a Shade to the greatest Crimes, that they inchant the World, and hide their Deformity, without opposing the Licentiousness of Passions, or destroying their Pleasures or Intention. These admirable Talents, *most holy Confessor*, open to your Society the Closets and Hearts of *Princes*, and bring

all the Lovers of Voluptuousness and Barbarity to be your *Confessionaries*. Truly, *Reverend Father*, your Fame is infinite, and the great *St. Loyola* may be proud of having so many *righteous Disciples*. But these Miracles make the World believe him something related to *Simon Magus*; for without Inchantments, 'tis impossible to do so many Prodigies. The Lameness in his Feet, and Megrim he's daily troubled with, by being too near a hot Furnace of Brimstone, makes him so peevish and out of Humour, that he cannot write to any of you; therefore look upon me as his Secretary, and not a jot the lesser *Saint* for having been upon the Stage; all *Paris* can witness for me, that as soon as I laid aside my comical Mask and Habit, I cou'd upon Occasion, look as demure and devout as a fresh pardoned Penitent; so that the Employment is neither above my Gravity, nor I hope above my Sincerity and Capacity; for I have often had the Honour of shewing my Parts before his *most Christian Majesty*, in his *Seraglio*, to make him more Prolifick, and more disposed to the mighty Work of Propagation. But, *Reverend Father*, 'tis time now to tell you, as a good Catholick and your Friend, that we are so scandalized here at his Conduct, that we cannot believe he follows your holy Advice; and were it not for this Doubt, and our Sollicitations, *Lucifer* had last Summer sent *Loyola* under the Command of *Monsieur Luxembourg*, to Dragoon you. Zounds! says he, *is the Order that daily sent me so many Subjects revolted?* 'Tis true, the Rogues *Ravillac* and *Clement* have a little disgrac'd you, but we don't value now what they say, for the Wits have espoused your Quarrel, and blinded the Eyes of Detraction. Indeed it is no wonder to us, since they sing to *Apollo's Harp*, which had the Power to claim the Transports of *Jupiter*. Is there any thing so charming as the Discourse of * *Ariste* and

* *Father B. hours*,
Father le Moine.
Jesuits.

Eugene, and that little *Je ne sçai quoi*, they speak so wittily of? Who can resist the Art of good Inven-

tion in the work of Wit, or an exquisite Choice of good Verses? And who would not be charm'd with all those *Panegyrics* upon the Ladies? Is not once reading of them a thousand times more diverting, than those profound Writings you so prudently forbid your Penitents the perusal of? I own indeed, that this Conduct is not altogether so Apostolical, but 'tis much easier than to be always puzzling and hammering out *Parables*. 'Tis certain, *most Reverend Father*, thou'd you leave the *sacred Writ* open to all Readers, it would fare with a thousand good Souls, as with King *Abasuerus*, who became favourable to the true Religion, by reading a true Chronicle. How many blind Wretches think ye would see clear? How many *Favourites* wou'd be hang'd, and *Mordecaï's* raised to Honour? And how many *Jesuits* would be treated as the Priests of *Baal*? But you, I'm sure will take care to hinder that; for truly 'twou'd be contrary to your Ecclesiastical Prudence; and it is much safer for you to darken the divine Lights, and confound by *Sophisms* the sacred Truths of Holy Writ; for what would become of your Church, if the Clouds were once dispersed; since it flourishes by their Favour, and the Protection of Ignorance? Nothing can keep up the Credit of a *repudiated Cheat*, whose Shams are so notorious, and whose Equipage so different from that of the *Legitimate Spouse of Jesus Christ*, that neither he, nor any of his faithful Servants know or own her, but Ignorance and Falshood. I ask your Pardon, *most Reverend Father*, these Expressions flow so naturally from my Subject, that they have escaped my Sincerity; and I own this is not the Style of a Flatterer. But to atone for my Fault, I will give you some wholesome Advice, which is, *to make Hay while the Sun shines*, for you must not expect much fair Weather in these doleful Quarters. Those worthy Gentlemen called *Confessors*, being looked upon here to be no better than so many *Ignes Fatui*, that lead their Followers into Precipies; for which Reason they

are not allowed Ice with their Liquor. This I can assure you to be true, *in verbo Histrionis*: Therefore since you know what you must trust to, I need not advise a Person of your profound Parts, what Measures to take, *Amen.*

Father la CHAISE's Answer to HARLEQUIN.

TH O' you convers'd with none but impudent lousie Rhimers, yet you are not ignorant, you little Jack-Pudding of the Stage, that all Comparisons are odious; and that there can be none between the *Confessor of a Monarch*, and a *Buffoon*. But to answer your Letter with the Moderation and Prudence of a *Jesuit*, I will suppose the first Part of it not meant to me. And now to take into Consideration the essential Points in it: Have we not prescribed *Herese* by sound of Trumpet? And notwithstanding all the pretty Books we have published, and the cajoling Tricks we have used, is not *Herese* still the same? But to be serious, *Harlequin*, good *Roman Catholicks* must follow no other Lights than those of Tradition; and they, who are so incredulous and obstinate as not to believe it, must have their Eyes opened with the Sword. 'Twou'd be a fine Enterprize, wou'd it not, and very profitable to the Church, to condemn *Images*, *Candles*, *Holy-water*, *Beads*, *Scapularies*, *Relicks*, with an hundred others, which are so many golden Mines, and offer only to Bigots the slovenly Equipage of *Calvin's* Reformation? Devotion meerly Spiritual, is too flat and insipid; therefore we must set it off with *Jubilees*, *Pilgrimages*, *Processions*, *Drums*, *Trumpets*, *Crosses*, *Banners*, and all the Mountebank Tricks, and noble Knick-knacks of *St. German's Fair*. If I did not know that jesting was an habitual Sin in you. I wou'd never Pardon you; for the *Society of Jesus* does

does not teach us to forgive Injuries. Tell St. *Loyola*, the first of us that shall be sent Post to mighty *Lucifer*, to desire his Assistance in those important Affairs our great Monarch has undertaken by his Intigation, and which are too tedious now to relate, shall put into his Portmantle some Ice to refresh him, Plaisters for his Megrim, and Ointment for his Burns: Tell him also, that the Memory of the glorious Prophet *Mahomet*, is not more respected than his; and that I am,

His most Zealous,

and very humble Servant,

La CHAISE.

The Duke of ALVA to the CLERGY of FRANCE.

I Believe, worthy Gentlemen, you are very well satisfied that I am Damn'd; and--indeed there was little Likelihood that such a Monster as myself should enjoy Happiness, after having committed so much Wickedness, and taken so much Pleasure in it. I took a Fancy to Acts of Cruelty from my very Cradle, and with great Fidelity serv'd *Philip II.* The celebrated Apostle of the *Gentiles* never made so many miserable Wretches, when he was a violent Zealot of the Law, I like him, made use of *Chains, Racks, Fire*, and all that an ingenious Fury cou'd imagine most tormenting; but it was never any part of my Destiny to be converted at last like him. Thus I went on in my Iniquities, and became the strongest Brute that Bigotry ever debauch'd; so that at my first arrival to Hell, there was never a Devil of the whole Pack but fell a trembling, though he had been never so much accus-

ed to such Company before. But, Gentlemen, why are you not become wise by my Example? For you must not flatter your selves, that the difference of our Professions makes any in our Crimes. You are Warriours when you please; for the *Monastick Sol-diers* follow'd the Duke of *Mayenne's* Standard during the *League*; crowned themselves with immortal Shame at the barbarous Triumph of *St. Bartholomew*; and shouldred the Musket after they had preached those bloody Sermons, which made Christians treat their Fellow Creatures like Beasts of Prey. I confess, I never troubled my Head about Scruples of Conscience, and if I have not obeyed that Article of the Decalogue, *Thou shalt not kill*, I never roared out with a wide Mouth, as the Priests of the *Roman Church*, *Persecute, Imprison, Kill, Destroy, force them to Obey*. My Fury came only from your Brethren, who had so thoroughly corrupted me, that I thought Heaven wou'd be my Reward, if I butcher'd all they were pleased to stigmatize with *Heresie*. So I gave a loose to my Passions, as you may read in History, where I think they have used me but too kindly. To seduce Men of weak Understandings is no extraordinary Matter; but that *Princes*, who ought to have a competent Knowledge of every thing, shou'd be cheated by you, is a Miracle to me. No Age of the World ever saw a greater Example of it, than in my Master *Philip*, whose natural Sloth, and besotted Bigotry, gave so fair a Field to these Ecclesiastical Impostors, so fair an Opportunity to manage him as they pleased; and his * Father's

Charles V.

Ashes are a sufficient Proof of it. Instead of setting before his Eyes the Examples of that invincible Prince, these sanctify'd Villains only plunged him deeper in Superstition and Idolatry. And as a domineering lazy Lord of a Country Village, will never go out of his own Parish, so he never travelled farther than from *Madrid* to the *Escorial*. His Wife, Father,
Son,

Son and Brother felt the Effects of their barbarous Doctrine. And, to leave behind him a pious Idea of his Soul, when he was dying, he ordered his Crown and Coffin to be set before him. This was Hypocrisie with a witness, but that is no Crime in a Zealot. You'll tell me perhaps, I direct my Discourse to improper Persons, who know not the History of *Philip of Austria*; Ignorance being common enough in those of your Fraternity; yet let me tell you, I am not mistaken; for the diabolical Spirit that now possesses you, is the very same that influenced the Priests of my Time; and I may safely Affirm, that *France* is the Theatre of Cruelty, and Iniquity. Your Monarch, who is much such an another Saint as my Master, spares the poor Protestants Lives, for no other Reason but to make by his inhuman Torments, Death more desirable to them. These and a thousand more unjust Actions does he commit, to satiate your hellish Vanity, which would for ever domineer in the City built on seven Mountains. To this you will answer, What doth it signifie if we make him Prosecute the Protestants, murder their Kings, and keep no Faith or Treaties with them, since it increases our Power, and Propagates our Religion? But Gentlemen, when you come to be where I am, you will I'm certain, sing to another Tune.

*The Answer of the CLERGY of FRANCE, to
the Duke of ALVA.*

HAD you made as sincere a Confession in the Days of Yore, as you do now you might, for your Zeal in persecuting Heresie, have obtained an ample Absolution of all your Sins, though they had been never so numerous and black; and been a glorious Saint in the *Roman* Calender; which induces us to believe, your Zeal tended rather to-

SO LETTERS from the DEAD

wards the Propagation of your own Power and Interest, than that of the Church. Thus in cheating us, you likewise cheated your self, and we are not sorry at your Calamities. But does it become you, who once fill'd *Flanders* and *Spain* with Horror, to reproach the *Apostolick Legions* with the noble Effects of their Fervency? And was it not absolutely necessary, after we had once preached the Destruction of the *Protestants*, that *Lewis* the Great, to compleat his Glory, and our Satisfaction, should send his holy Troops to burn, ravish, and pillage at Discretion; that he might say with an Emperor of *Rome*, whom he very much resembles, *Let them hate, so they fear me*? Where, Sir, do you find us commanded to keep Faith with *Heresicks*, or suffer their Princes to live, when 'tis against our Interest? Does not the *Roman Church* dispense with these little *Peccadillos*, and are not those who wear her Cloth, and eat her Bread, obliged to obey her Precepts? What pleases us most, is to hear a whining Recreant as thou art, sing *peccavi* at this time of Day, and pretend to remorse of Conscience. For your Comfort, you may desire *Cerberus*, if you please to join in the Confort with you; but rest assured, that if you had three Mouths like that tripple-headed Cur, your Barking would be all in vain.

PHILLIP of AUSTRIA to the DAUPHIN.

WHAT do you mean, worthy Kinsman, by pretending to be a Man of Honour? Does it become a Person of your Birth? Do you find any Precedent for it in your Family? Did your Father make himself formidable by it? Or do you find in History, that any merciful or generous Prince made himself so great, or reigned so prosperously for almost sixty Years, as your debauched and perjured Father has done, who is now the
Terror

Terror and Scourge of Europe, and will be its Tyrant, if Treachery and Gold can prevail? But do you think those things to be Crimes in *Sovereigns*? If he has indulg'd his Lust, does he not severely persecute Heretic? And besides, does not his * *Mistress* constantly pray and offer Sacrifice? You know she's old enough to be prudent, and lives upon the gravity of her Age, since she stretches her Devotion even to the Stage, by the same Token she will suffer none of her * Husband's diverting *Farces* to be acted there any more. Thank Heaven therefore for sending you that bountiful *Patronness* from the † New World, who is the Comfort and Preservation of your Father and his Kingdoms; and though your Mother was my near Relation, yet I am not ashamed to see so pure and zealous a Saint supply her place in the Royal-Bed. I wonder she has not yet prevailed with you to have more regard for the Interest of the *Roman Church*; to promote the Grandeur, whereof I destroyed many thousands of its Enemies, by the Ministry of the Duke of *Alva*, and ordered my Father's Bones to be dug out of the Ground and burnt, for having tolerated *Luther's* Heretic. Otherwise I should never have concerned my self about it, supposing none but *Flegmatic Coxcombs* wou'd espouse a Church which does not keep open House all the Year round and won't pardon the greatest Crimes for Money. You know I don't doubt, what my Jealousie cost my * Son and † Wife, and how I treated the ‡ Conqueror at *Levanto*; To balance that Account with Heaven, I gave largely to the *Priests*, built *Monasteries*, went to *Processions*, was loaded like a Mule with *Beads* and *Relicks*, and by this Means passed for a Saint. And this I think may properly enough be called a good Religion.

* *Madam Maintenon.*

* *Scarron.*

† *Madam Maintenon was born in Martenico.*

* *Don Carlos.*

† *Elizabeth of France.*

‡ *Don John of Austria.*

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Religion. 'Tis true, I never saw any Engagement but in my Closet, or at distance, like your prudent Father: What then, does the World talk less of me, or him for that? The end of my Life, I must confess, was something singular, for the Worms serv'd an Execution upon my Carcase before the time; and so we hear they do his. But what does that signifie, so a Man satisfies his own Humour? Be not infatuated then with vain Glory; for if they, who are exempt from the *Flames of Hell*, boast of having *Angels, Saints and Martyrs* for their Companions, we can brag of having *Popes, Cardinals, Emperors, Kings, Queens, Jesuits, Monks and Priests* in abundance. I must own our Walks have not the charming Fountains and Shades of
 * *Versailles*, and the *Escorial*; and
 † *The two Royal Houses of France and Spain.* that it is always as hot Weather with us here, as with the good Folks under the *torrid Zone*: But such a Trifle as this, ought not to make you shun the Company of so many choice Friends, as have an entire Affection for you.

• The DAUPHIN'S Answer to PHILIP of AUSTRIA.

NEither the Examples you have quoted, nor those which are daily before my Eyes, have Power enough to pervert me; I have a Veneration for Virtue, which you, forsooth, call the quality of a Coxcomb; and an Abhorrence for all that bears the Stamp of Vice, though you have illustrated it with the prosperous and glorious Reign of the *French Monarch*. But were the first unknown to me, I would not look for it in your Life; since according to your best Friends, it is a thing you never practised. As Sons have no Authority condemn the Conduct of their Fathers, so I will not presume

presume to examine into that of *Lewis XIV.* But tell me I beseech you, what Advantages you reaped from your Bigotry and Superstition? For my part, had I some of the Ashes of every Saint in the *Roman Calender* in my Snuff-box, and carried Beads as big as Cannon-bullets about me, I should not believe my self either a better Christian, or less exposed to Danger. But to what Purpose did you, who never exposed your Royal Person in Battle, arm your self with all those imaginary Preservatives? Or can you say they defended you from being devoured alive by Millions of Vermine, that punished you in this Life, for the Iniquities you daily committed, and were only the Prelude to more terrible Punishment. Let not my indifference for the Church of *Rome* break your Rest; I have no Power at present, and I can't tell what my Sentiments would be had I a Crown on my Head: But it now cruelly troubles me, to see *France* so weakned by the Dispersion of so many thousand innocent People; and did my Opinion signifie any more in our Councils than Wind, I would advise the recalling of them. But the *Nymph* you see with so much Satisfaction supply the place of your *Grandchild*, and who has more Power now than ever, is there as absolute as a *Dictator*. The *French Monarchy*, which has subsisted for so many Ages, might be still supported without her; she being good for nothing that I know of, but to instruct Youth in the nicest ways of Debauchery; therefore I could wish the King would transport her to her native Soil, and make her *Governess of the American Monkies*; a fitter Employment for her than that she usurps over our *Princesses*. To deal plainly with you, I have no Ambition to see your Majesty, being satisfied with knowing you from publick Report; so will carefully avoid coming near your *Torrid Zone*, if 'tis possible for a Man to be any time a *King of France*, without it.

JUVENAL to BOILEAU.

SINCE we don't dispatch Couriers every Day from the *Kingdom of Pluto*, you ought not to be surpris'd, that I have not had an Opportunity till now, of telling you what sticks in my Stomach. I thought your first Satyrs very admirable, your Expressions just and laboriously turn'd, yet charming and natural. Were the Distribution of Rewards in my Power, I should certainly give you something for your *Art of Poetry*: But for your *Lutrin*, that Master piece of your Wit, that highest Effort of your Imagination, I see nothing in it worthy of you, but the Versification. Every one owns you can write, nay, your very Enemies allow it; but you know a Metamorphosis requires an entire Change, therefore since you resolve to imitate *Virgil*, you should have made Choice of noble *Heroes*. He that travestied the *Æneis*, understood it better than you, and did not fatigue himself so much; and as he was a Man of clear and good Sense, has judiciously remark'd, that his Queen disguised like a *Country-Wench*, is infinitely beyond your *Clock-maker's Wife* dress'd like an *Empress*. But let us leave this Subject, which now it is too late to amend, since what is done, cannot be undone. What did you mean, you I say, who have been accused of stealing my Lines, and who to deal honestly with you, have often followed the same Road I have traced? What did you mean, I say, by reflecting on particulars in your Satyr against Women: Did I ever set you that Example? Is not my Sixth Satyr against the Sex in general, and when I look back as far as the Reigns of *Saturn* and *Rhea* for * Modesty, do I pretend the least Shadow of it is left upon the Earth? Unthinking Fool! those different Characters you have drawn, will make you so many particular Enemies; and I question, if the *Patrones* you

* *Credo pudicitiam
Saturno Rege mo-
rsum.*

you have chosen can secure you from their Claws. If an affected Zeal inspires you with so much Veneration for a *Saint of the Italian Fashion*, in truth, you ought to have burnt your *Incense* so privately, that the Smoke might not have offended others. How can the *Bard* that boasts of eating no Flesh in *Lent*, that would frankly discipline himself in the Face of the godly, like one of the
 † *Militia of St. Francis*, adore a † *Monks*
golden Cow, and adorn an *Idol* each
 blast of Wind can overthrow, with those *Garlands* which thou'd be preserved for the *Statues of the greatest Heroes* ! She is, 'tis true, very singular in her Kind ; but will you stain your Name of *illustrious Poet*, by creeping before a walking Mummy of her superannuated Gallantry ? Your sordid Interest has made you a Traytor to *Satyr* ; and thereby you occasion here continual Divisions, † *Chaquelian* and *St. Amant* have been at Cuffs with * *Molier* and *Cornielle*, because you have not treated them so civilly as your † *Urgande*. The two first ridicule your sordid covetous Humour, and say you learnt that Baseness while you belong'd to the *Register's Office*. The other two, who were perhaps of your Trade, defend the Honour of your Extraction. But *St. Amant*, † who will never forget the unworthy Character you have given him concerning his Poverty, which he swears is false ; and submitting his Verses to the Judgment of unprejudiced Persons, for which you ridicule him, said in a haughty Tone, (which set us all a laughing) that when he was a Gentleman of the Chamber in Ordinary to the Queen of Poland, and Ambassador Extraordinary at the Coronation of the Queen of Sweden, he kept several Footmen of better Quality than your self. *Chaquelian*, who cannot say so much for himself,

† *Two Ancient Poets.*

* *Two Modern Poets.*

† *Madam Main-tenon.*

† *A French Poet, whom Boileau makes free with in his first Satyr, and else where.*

self, is content with singing the terrible Valour of the Duke de Nevers Lackeys, who kept time with their Cudgels on your Shoulders. We were forc'd to call for a Bottle to appease this War; and St. *Amant* taking the Glass in his Hand, swore by his Maker, he had rather you had call'd him *Drunkard* than *Fool*, though he drinks very moderately in this Place, where 'tis no great Scandal to be thirsty. Be not concerned at this Paragraph, because the rest of my Letter sufficiently testifies the Esteem I have for you, and my Concern for your Welfare: Therefore to preserve both, renounce your sordid way of praising Vice, and employ your happy Talent in teaching good Manners, and correcting the Bad, which will be an Employment worthy of your great Genius, and is the only way to recomend you to the good Opinion of the *learned Ancients*.

BOILEAU'S Answer to JUVENAL.

Illustrious Ghost,

A Message from the *Muses* never fill'd me with so much Transport, as the first sight of your Letter; but I had not read six Lines, before I wish'd you had never done me that Honour. To praise my *Satyrs*, and fall foul upon my *Lutrin*, which made me sweat more drops of Water, than your Drunkard St. *Amant*, (since I must call him so) ever drank of Wine, is no Favour. After many laborious and fruitless Endeavours, finding to my great Grief and Distraction, I could match you in Wit, I resolv'd if possible, to out-do you in Malice, which made me take the Liberty of romancing a little on St. *Amant*, falling foul upon Peoples Characters and Manners, and treating several Scurvy Poets more roughly, than you did the *Theseis* of *Codrus*, when you sang,

Scemper

*Semper ego auditor tantum nunquamne reponam?
Vexatus toties rauci Therseide Codri?*

Thus suffering the Gall of my Heart to flow thro' the Channel of my Pen. I procur'd my self Enemies in abundance, and since I must confess all to you, some Stripes with a Bull's-Pizzle, which was a most terrible Mortification to my Shoulders; but I bore all this with the Patience of a Philosopher, as will appear by the following Lines.

*Let Codrus, that nauseous pretender to Wit,
Condemn all my Works before Courtier and Cit;
I bear all with Patience, whatever he says,
And value as little his Scandal as Praise.
Vain-glory no longer my Genius does fire,
'Tis Interest alone tunes the Strings of my Lyre.
Integrity's nought but a plausible Sham,
For Money I Praise, and for Money I Damn.
Old politic Bards, for Fame have no itching,
The Apollo I court, is the Steam of a Kitchen.*

The four first Lines I must own, are something against the Grain, and the natural Inclination I have to Rail, and be thought an *excellent Poet*, gives my Tongue the Lie; but the four last, which shew more Prudence than Wit, reconcile that Matter. 'Tis certainly, *illustrious Bard*, more difficult to please the World now than it was in your Time; for if I write *Satyr*, I'm beaten for it; if I praise, I'm call'd a *mercenary Flatterer*, which so disheartens me, that I address my self now to my Gardener only; and don't doubt but some busie *nice Critick*, will be censuring this *Poem* also. Not being in the best Humour when I writ it, perhaps it may appear something dark and abstruse; but I can easily excuse that, by maintaining that 'tis impossible for the best Author in the World to keep up always to the same Strain. Have you ever heard

of

of the Tales of the *Peau d'Asne*, & *Griselidis*? If *Proserpina* had any little Children, 'twould be a most agreeable Diversion for them, and I wou'd send it 'em for a Present. Tho' that *Author* furnishes you with sufficient Matter to laugh at me, yet I must confess he has found the Art of making something of a *Trifle*. Every one here learns his Verses by Heart; and in spite of my Translation of *Longinus*, which makes it so plainly appear, I understand *Greek*, and know something of *Poetry*, my Book begins to be dispis'd. Wou'd it not break a Man's Heart to see such impertinent *Stuff* preferr'd before so many *sublime Pieces*? But, as for your Glory, that will eternally subsist, and nothing can destroy it, since time has not already done it.

* DIANA of POICTIERS to
Madam MAINTENON.

* *Mistress to King*
Hen. II. of France.

SINCE the Spirit of Curiosity possesses us here in this World, no less than it did in your's, 'tis an infinite trouble for 'those Persons, *Madam*, who were acquainted with every thing while they liv'd, not to know all that passes after their Death; and of this you'll one Day make an Experiment. I am not desirous to know, *Madam*, what you have done to succeed the greatest Beauties of the Earth, in the Affection of an old libidinous Monarch, nor what Charms you make use of to secure the Possession of his Heart, at an Age you cannot please without a Miracle. My Planet, dear *Madam*, has rendred me somewhat knowing in these Affairs, for *Henry II.* was my Gallant as long as he liv'd; and tho' I was a little handsomer than you, I was not, I think much younger. But I must tell you, I cannot comprehend what procures you those loud Commendations and Applauses which

which reach even to our Ears, and are by their Noise most horribly offensive to us. The Advantages of my Birth were great; and it is well known my Charms so captivated *Francis I.* that they redeem'd my Father from the Gallows. I married a very considerable Man, and the Name of *Breze Reneschal of Normandy*, sounds somewhat better than that of *Scarron the Queen's Ballad-maker*. The House of *Poitiers* too, from which I was descended, may surely take place of those Monarchs from whom that mercenary Fellow *Boileau* derives your Extraction; and lastly, if I had a few particular Enemies, I did nothing to make my self generally odious. Yet for all this, I was neither canoniz'd nor prais'd, but openly laugh'd at, and by one of my own Profession, I mean the Dutchesse of *Eslampe*, who was Mistress to the Father of my Lover, and said *she was born on my Wedding-Day*. Blundering imprudent *Bayard* was banish'd for speaking too freely of me; and tho' it was said, *that for me alone Beauty had the Privilege not to grow old*, the Compliment was so forc'd, that I was little the better for it. Ragged *Marot* was the only Poet that ever pretended to couple Rhimes in my Praise, and I will appeal to you if he did not deserve to go naked.

*I dare not, (were't to save my Ransom)
Affirm your Ladyship is Handsome;
Nor without telling monstrous Lies,
Defend the Lighbining of your Eyes;
For, Madam, to declare the Truth,
You've neither Face, nor Shape, nor Touth.*

*Howe'er, all Flattery apart,
You've plaid your Cards with wondrous Art.
When young, no Lover saw your Charms,
Or prest you in his eager Arms:
But Triumphs your old Age attend,
And you begin where others end,*

What

What think you, Madam of this, is it not rather *Satyr* than *Praise*? Shou'd the *Bard*, that sings your Virtues from the top of *Parnassus*, down to the *Market-plate* be as sincere, how wou'd you reward him? Tho' I know he has more Prudence, yet I cannot believe he compares you to *Helen* for Beauty, to *Hebe* for Youth, for Chastity to *Lucretia*, for Courage to *Clelia*, and for Wisdom to *Minerva*, as common Report says; because were it true, it is not to be suppos'd you wou'd have but a poor deform'd Poet in Possession of such mighty Treasures. For were there not *Scepters* and *Crowns* then enticing? Were not then the Eyes of *Princes* open? Did you chuse an *Author* for your Love, out of *Caprice* or *Despair*? Did you take his wicker-Chair for a Throne? Or did the Love of *Philosophy* draw you in? Had the latter wrought upon you, you wou'd not have been the first, I must confess; for the famous *Hirarchia*, Handsome, Young and Rich, preferr'd poor crooked *Crates* before the wealthiest and most beautiful Gentleman of *Greece*.

I am unwilling to judge uncharitably, but I cannot be perswaded that such an Alliance cou'd be contracted without some pressing Necessity. When I reflect on the Beginning, Increase and Circumstances of your Fortune, I am astonish'd! for neither your Hair, which was grey when you began to grow in Favour, nor the Remembrance of * a *Vastal* once adorn'd, nor the Idea of a † blooming Beauty, whom cruel Death suddenly snatch'd away by the help of a little Poison; nor the Presence of a † *Rival*, by so much the more

* *Madam la Valiere*.

† *Madam de Fontange*.

† *Madam de Montespan*.

dangerous, because she had triumph'd over several other, could prove any Obstacles to your Prosperity. The beautiful Lady that brought you out of your mean Obscurity; and in whole Service you thought your self happy, is now content if you let her enjoy the least shew of her former Greatness.

In

In this Chaos I lose my self, *Madam* ; but if you will bring me out of my Confusion, I faithfully promise to give you an exact Account of all that concerns me, when I shall have the Pleasure of embracing you. I exceedingly commend your prudent Conduct ; for those young *Plants* you cultivate in a * *terrestrial Paradise*, will one Day produce Flowers to crown you ; and the Zeal you profess for a † *The Nuns of St. Cyr.* Religion which began to act furiously in my Time, must stop the Mouths of the nicest Bigots, and make the tribunal of Confession favourable to you ; tho' perhaps. dear *Madam*, it may make that of *Minos* a little more severe.

Madam MAINTENON's Answer to DIANA of POICTIERS.

CURIOSITY, *Madam*, being the Character of the Great and Buñe, I will answer you according to your Merit and Birth, tho' you have not treated me so, Since you know what Charms a Lover when Youth is gone, I'll dismiss that Point to come to the History of my Life, and the virtuous Actions I am prais'd for. I know you are of an ancient Family, that you married a Man of Power and Riches ; and that you were *Francis* the first's Bedfellow, before his Son fell in Love with you. As for me, I was born in the * *New World*, under a favourable Con- • *West-Indies.*stellation ; and the Offspring of a Goaler's Daughter, with whom my Father, tho' of Royal Blood, was oblig'd either thro' Love, or rather Necessity to cohabit Fortune, which never yet forsook me, first depriv'd me of my beggarly Relations, without leaving me wherewithal to cover my Nakedness, and then brought me into *Europe*, where I found a great many Lovers, and few.

few Husbands. Poor deform'd *Scarron* at last offer'd me his Hand; I had my Reasons for accepting him, and his Infirmities did not hinder me from receiving that Title which was convenient for one in my Circumstances. In short, I lost him without much Concern: And liv'd so prudently during my Widowhood, that Madam *Montespan* took me out of my Cell, to bring me into the Intrigues of the Court. Every one knows I drove my generous Patroness from the Royal Bed; and that since my being in Favour, I have been profusely liberal to all my Idolaters. Our Poets, who do not resemble *Marot*, value not Honour, provided they have good Pensions, which I generously bestow on them, and they repay me in Panegyrics; by which Means I am handsome, young, chaste, virtuous, wise, and of as noble Blood as *Alexander the Great*. Tho' I was a Protestant, the Church is not so foolish as to enquire into my Religion: Thus out of a Principle of Gratitude, and to fix her in my Interest, I have fill'd the Heart of our Monarch, with the godly Zeal of Persecution. I have also

† *St. Cyr.*

found a stately † Edifice, where I breed up a great many pretty young Virgins, who, no doubt on't will prove as modest and discreet as their Founder; and I play so well the part of a Queen, that the World thinks me so in reality. These few Hints may give you some light into my History, Madam; therefore to reward my Sincerity, if you find *Minos* dispos'd to use me severely, prepare him, I beseech you to be more favourable.

HUGH

* HUGH SPENCER the younger,
to all the Favourites and Mi-
nisters whom it may concern.

The Minion of
Edward II.

LET all those that are ambitious of the Title of Favourite learn by the History of my Life, how dangerous a Folly it is to monopolize their Prince's Smiles. A Man climbs to the top of this slippery Ascent through a thousand Difficulties; and if he is not moderate in his Prosperity, (which few are) he often falls with a more precipitated Shame into Disgrace. I acquir'd, or rather usurpt the Favour of *Edward the Second*, in whose Breast the proud *Gaveston* had before me licentiously reveal'd. To effect this, my Father lent me his helping Hand; but without growing wiser by the Examples of others, the Vanity of my Ambition made me follow that wandring Star, call'd Fortune. I no sooner had possess'd my self of the King's Ear, but I crept into the Secrets of his Heart, and infected it with the blackest Venom of mine; acting the part of a Self-interest'd, not an honest Minister. As I valued not the Glory of his Reign, or Ease of his People, provided I govern'd him, and render'd my self Master of his Treasures; so did I never move him to relieve the miserable, or reward the faithful and deserving, but endeavour'd to blacken the Merit of their greatest Actions, and so settled the first Motions of his Liberality, with Reasons of sordid Interest. If any Places of Trust were to be fill'd, covering my Treachery still with the Veil of Zeal and Love for my Country, I recommended only such as were devoted to my Service; pretending ill Management in every thing that went not through my Hands; and that the Nation was betray'd, whilst I, like some of you now, was selling it, and was in reality the worst Enemy it had. After I had sacrific'd the great Duke of *Lancaster* to my Revenue, and a hundred

hundred Persons of Quality besides, I sow'd Discord in the *Royal Family*. The Queen, with the Prince of *Wales* her Son, and the Earl of *Kent*, the King's Brother, retir'd into *France*; during which time I govern'd at my Ease, wallow'd in Luxury and Riches, and had Interest enough to hinder *Charles the Fair* from protecting his Sister. The Pope, who was of my Religion, storm'd like a true Father, Son of the Church, and so frighted the King of *France*, that in spite of their nearness of Blood, he hunted the Queen of *England* out of his Dominions. But at last the King being reconciled, the Queen returns; I was taken Prisoner, and by the Laws of the Kingdom, sentenc'd to be drawn on a Sledge, at sound of Trumpet, through the Streets of *Hereford*. The Circumstances of my Death were infamous; my Head was expos'd at *London*, my Bowels, Heart, and some other parts of my Body burn'd, my Carcass abandon'd to the Crows, in four parts of the Kingdom; the justest Reward a Villain, who had almost destroy'd both King and Country cou'd expect. This is, Gentlemen, Favourites and Ministers, a Picture you ought all to have in your Closets, to keep you from resembling it. When in Favour, banish not Justice, Clemency and Generosity, from the Thrones of your Master; and to avoid a just hatred, and make Men of Virtue your Friends, study the publick Interest. Turn over old Histories and you'll find there is scarce one, or few of us, got peaceably to the Grave, but either starv'd or rotted, or immortaliz'd a Gibbet. Not one Eye ever wept for our Sufferings, Pity it self rejoiced. Thus detested on Earth, and curs'd by Heaven, our last Refuge is to become the prey of Devils. Consider well, Gentlemen, and arm your selves against all those vicious Passions, which will certainly undo you, if you listen to them as I did. Therefore in the slippery Paths of a Court, take Prudence and Justice for your Supporters.

*The ANSWER of the Chief Minister of the
King of Iveter to HUGH SPENCER.*

TH E Picture you have drawn of your Life and Death, shews you were notoriously wicked, and rewarded according to your Deserts. But let me tell you, *Sir*, that 'tis a great mistake to believe a Minister cannot manage or steer his Prince, without abusing him and the Publick. Because you were the Horror of your Age, it is an inevitable Destiny for other Favourites to be so too? I will not here make my own Panegyrick, but leave that care to Posterity: However I will boldly maintain, that to suffer a Master to divide his Benevolence, when one can secure it all to ones self, is Folly and Stupidity. A prudent Man knows how to make a right use of his Master's weakness; and if he finds him inclin'd now and then to gratifie eminent Services, he will not seem much averse to it, provided still he loses nothing by the Bargain: But if his Prince is of a covetous Temper, Charity, which always begins at home, then bids him shut up his *Exchequer*, and reserve to himself the sole Privilege of opening it at leisure. 'Tis likewise no ill Step in our Politicks to cry down those Actions, which might otherwise by their Weight out-value ours: Upon such occasions to testify the least Zeal, Fidelity and Care, will be thought meritorious. Tho' the Escutcheons we leave our Children, have some Blots in them, what signifies that, provided we leave them rich and noble Titles, which will procure them Honour, and all sorts of Pleasures in this World, and a Saint's place hereafter, in that unerring Volume of the *Roman Almanack*.

JULIA

JULIA to the Princess of CONTI.

AS you may wonder, *Madam*, that I who lived so many Ages ago, and at present am so many thousand Leagues from you, should esteem and love you; might I wonder too, in my Turn, if you should have a good Opinion of me, after so many Historians have conspired to blacken my Reputation. But there are, *Dear Sister*, such Circumstances in our Fortunes, as ought to make us love one another, and hold a friendly Correspondence; since you are like me, the Daughter of a beautiful, treacherous Prince, who drags good Fortune at his Heels; and of a Mother who renounced the world before it did her the Injury of renouncing her. I was once the Ornament of the Court of *Augustus*, and you now shine like a Star, in that of *Lewis XIV.* I was married very young to *Marcellus*, the Hopes of the *Romans*; and almost in your Infancy, you were given to the most amiable Man that ever was of the *Bourbons*: I lost the Son of *Octavia* some Months after our Marriage, and your Forehead was bound with the fatal Sable, before *Hymen's* Garlands were in the least wither'd. You are handsome, I was not ugly; you occasion Jealousie, and I suffer'd the sharpest Darts of Destruction: I had Lovers beyond number; and who is able to reckon *Yours*? They have not perhaps been so favourably receiv'd; and I believe the Air, and want of Opportunity, not our Inclinations, to be the cause, for you never yet despis'd those Pleasures I daily enjoy'd and sigh'd after; and tho' by the Death of *Agrippa*, I came under the Tyranny of *Tiberius*, I pursu'd my Inclinations to the last. Widows of your Age generally enter the List again: But, *Princess*, the Counsel I have to give you, is, to reserve to your self the liberty of your Choice.

There

There are so many *Tiberius's* where you are, that one may easily fall to your Share, and after that nothing but Banishment will be wanting to finish the comparison. A very malignant * Planet at present commands your Destiny; and 'tis in vain to expect Justice from that jealous, ill-natur'd Fury. Now I have given you Advice which, if I could return into the World, I would follow my self, permit me to justify my Actions.

* *Madam*
Maintenance.

Historians tell you, I endeavour'd to reign in every Heart, whatever it cost me, without any regard to the Owner's Birth and Condition: But do you think that so very criminal? Does a little Kindness deserve so severe a Censure? Must Persons of Quality be always oblig'd to have an Eye on their Dignity? And did not he that made the Prince, make the *Coachman*? But what I cannot with Patience suffer, is the impudent Lye some have made concerning *Ovid*; that Versifier had a nicer Fancy in Poetry than Beauty; like your Father, *My dear Sister*, he imagin'd wonderful Charms in grey Hairs; for *Marcellus* was but newly dead when he fell in love with *Livia*. 'Twas her he celebrated under the feigned Name of *Corinna*, and when he pleas'd, disciplin'd, she, like a Child not daring to resist. Thus People being ignorant of closet Privacies, invent malicious Lies; for do you suppose I would have suffer'd such insolent Usage? And that if I had not been strong enough to have cuff'd that rhiming Puppy, I would not have found out some other way to have been even with him? You very well see my Reasons have some appearance of Truth, and I am confident, that when we meet we shall agree very well. The *Emperor* who had his private Amours, never troubled those of his Wife; and *Merena's* Spouse, proud of possessing the Affections of so great a Monarch returned in soft Embraces the Favours bestowed on her Husband. I have insensibly made you an ingenious

Confession; Do you the same, *Madam*, for Hell is so damnable tiresome, that I gape and stretch a thousand times an Hour. When your hand is in, pray send me word what they are doing in your part of the World; but above all, give me a true account of your Amours and Conquests; for those Relations tickle us, even when we have lost the Power of acting. Therefore to invite you to be very plain with me, as likewise to divert my self in my present melancholly Moments, I will give you some of my Thoughts in Metre, such as it is.

I.

*A mighty Monarch you begot,
Who's pious as the Devil;
Your Mother too, by all is thought,
To be extremely civil.*

II.

*Descended from so bright a Pair,
You both their Gifts inherit;
All your great Father's Virtue share,
And all your Mother's merit.*

III.

*When I was young and gay like you,
I lov'd my Recreation;
Mamma's dear Steps I did pursue,
And bilk'd no Inclination.*

IV.

*And, Madam, when your Charms are gone,
Your Lovers will forsake you;
They'l cry your sporting Days done,
And bid old Pluto take you.*

V.

*Thus I have given all Trading o'er,
And wisely leave off sporting;
Resolv'd to practise it no more,
After my reign of courting.*

As reproaching and talking freely is not here discouraged; so had I done any lewd Trick, your Confessor wou'd have acquainted you with it; for he keeps a strict Correspondence with the chiefest Ministers of our Monarch. You have been jealous where you ought not, and the Saints of St. *Germain* and *Versailles*, when they come to discover the Mystery of your Curiosity, will never forgive you. The many mouth'd Goddess was always easie to be corrupted, and the old Monster *Envy* prospers but too much; therefore take care of one, and prevent the other, that the Sins of others may not be imputed to you. All that the World can say against your Virtue, shall never diminish my good Opinion of it; and if you do not believe the Character I give of my self, † *The Voluminous Author of Cleopatra*. consult † *Calprinede*, who has drawn me to the Life, and was a great Master in that way, as *Apelles* in his. Farewel, fair Princess, and remember that *Julia* languishes with desire to see you.

The Princess of CONTI's Answer to JULIA:

I Did not expect to be honoured with a Letter from so famous a Princess as *Julia*: This makes my Joy so much the greater. I do sincerely declare, that I take all you say to me so reasonable, that I can do no less than applaud it: And I further assure you, that I never search'd for your Character in those disobliging Authors who magnifie the least false Step, and make an Elephant of a Mouse. I am satisfied to know you, as I find you in *Calprinede*; and the Complaisance he pretends you had for *Ovid*, does not hinder me from having a great Affection for your amiable Qualities; and believing as advantageously of your Modesty as you can desire. I am not so severe as to imagine a little Indulgence

can be a great Crime; but think those who will, for a little natural Civility, ruin the Reputation of courteous Ladies, to be malicious People, only envying those Gallantries which are addressed to others. But, *Madam*, you have strangely surpris'd me with what you tell me of *Livia*; for I always believed, that, when old Ambition was her only blind side; but am astonish'd to hear she was amorous. This Discovery confirms the received Opinion, That old Age, has a wanton Inclination, as well as Youth, tho' not so much Ability; and since the Wife of *Cesar* lov'd the Language of the Muses, I am not astonish'd that our Saints of *St. Cyr.* have been charm'd with it. But, *Dear Madam*, is it certain that *Ovid* disciplin'd her like a Child; I thought the *Roman Ladies* had not wanted that Exercise; and I believe my Gallants will never be oblig'd to come to that Extremity with me. I need not use much Precaution against the Folly of a second Marriage; for tho' I was coupled to a very charming young Man, yet I soon found my Expectations bilk'd, because the Name of Husband and Wife, and thoughts of Duty, so lessened the Pleasures of our softest Embraces, and that it made them odious. So that now I only love a Spouse for a Night, from whom I may be divorced the next Morning; and this perhaps you'll find more plainly express'd in the following Lines, as I doubt not, *Dearest Sister*, but you have made the Experiment.

I.

*Your tender Girls, when first their Hands,
Are join'd in Hymen's magick Bands.
Fondly believe they shall maintain
A long, uninterrupted Reign:
But to their Cost, too soon they prove,
That Marriage is the bane of Love.
The Phantom, Duty, damps its Fire.
And clips the Wings of fierce Desire.*

II.

But Lovers in a different Strain
Express, as well as ease their Pain:
Ever smiling, ever fair,
To please us is their only Care,
And as their Flame finds no decay,
They only covet we should pay
In the same Coin, and that you know,
Is always in our pow'r to do.

And will be always so, *Illustrious Princess*, to our great Comfort and Satisfaction. You have heard, I suppose, what the writing of a few Letters has cost me; so that I have laid aside all Commerce of that Nature at present, and am often obliged to stifle my Thoughts. Had I not fear'd *Mercury's* being searched, I would have opened my Heart a little more to you; but if the Times ever change, or *Madam Maintenon*, the Governess of *Versailles*, becomes less inquisitive, you may certainly expect to receive an Epistle, or rather a Volume from me.

I put no Confidence in the King my Father, and he is so jealous of me, that should he pack up his All for the other World, I would not trust him. I pity you for being kept so close, and having so bad Company. That you may yawn and stretch less, and laugh a little more, entertain your self with *la Fontaine's* Tales, or the *School of Venus*, both excellent Books in their kind, which I am confident will extreamly divert you; not so much upon the account of their Novelty, as by recalling to your mind some past Actions of your Life.

For my part, I highly esteem them both, and you'll oblige by telling the Author so.

DIONYSIUS the Younger, to the Flatterers of
what Degree or Country soever.

TH O' the Torments I now suffer for my former Tyrannies, are as great as they are just, yet you, *Cursed Villains*, deserve much greater, for being the Promoters of them. You, with your infernal Praises, blind the Eyes of Princes, and hurry them on headlong to their Ruin: Therefore I charge you with all the ill Actions of my Reign. I was no sooner seated on my Throne, but you so swell'd me with Pride, by applauding all my Perjuries, Oppressions and Cruelties, that I believ'd it lawful for our Race to be Tyrants, from Father to Son, with Impunity. Every one knows my Father was equally wicked and covetous, neither sparing, or fearing Men or Gods; and of this *Jupiter* and *Æsculapius* are Examples. In a Fit of Impiety, till then unpractis'd by the most desperate Villains, he stript the first of his golden *Manile*, excusing it with this Jest, *That 'twas too hot for the Summer, and too cold for the Winter*. To the second he turn'd Barbar and cut off his golden *Beard* which with great Devotion had been presented to him, alledging, *It was improper for the Son, since his Father Apollo went without one*. When his Conduct had thus rendred him odious to the World he thought it necessary to make himself secure; for which end, he ordered a large deep Ditch to be dug about his Palace; but that was no Fortification against Fear, which could creep in at every Key-hole; and his Distrust increased to that Degree, that he suspected his nearest Relations. Not so much as a *Maitenon* came near him. At last his Guards to oblige the World, cut his Throat, and sent his Soul as a Harbinger to the Devil, to provide room for his Body; and the People thinking me to be a much honest Man, without Difficulty plac'd me on his Throne. But I soon took
care

care to convince these credulous Sots, that a worse was come in his room, far exceeding him in Cruelty, I endeavoured to secure my Throne by Actions then unknown to the World. *First*, I caused my Brothers to be put to death, and when I had glutted my self with the Blood of these Victims, I made no scruple to violate the Laws, and trample upon all the just Rights and Liberties of my People. By those and a thousand other Barbarities, tiring the Patience of the *Syracusans*, they drove me into *Italy*, where the *Locrians* kindly receiv'd me; and I to requite them for their Civility, ravish'd their Women, murder'd numbers of their Citizens, and pillag'd their Country. At last, by a new contrived Treachery, I re-entred *Syracuse*, with design to revenge my self by new Desolations; but *Dion* and *Timolion*, much honest Men than either my self or you prevented me by putting me a second time to flight. 'Twas my Destiny, and I wonder Historians do not add the Epithet of *Coward*, to my just Name of *Tyrant*. I then retired to *Corinth*, where in a short Time my Misery became so pressing, that I was forced to turn *Bumbrusker* in my own Defence, a Condition which best suited with a Man that delighted in *Tyranny* and *Blood*; and as I had been one of *Pluto's* Disciples, I taught a sort of *Philosophy* which I had learned, but never practis'd. Thus was my Throne turn'd into a Desk; and my Scepter into a Ferula. Heavens! what a shameful Metamorphosis was this. But, Gentlemen *Sycophants*, with a Murrain to you, I may thank you for it. You, like the *Camelion*, can put on any Colour, can turn Vice into Virtue, and Virtue into Vice, to deceive your Masters; and under the specious Presence of Religion can commit the greatest Barbarities. But though under the Shelter of that reverend Name, you think all your Iniquities undiscovered, so you possess your *Prince* with the abominable Zeal of Persecution; yet Heaven sees and detests your Hypocrisie, and even Men at long-run

104. LETTERS *from the DEAD*

discover the Cheat. Oh! ye unworthy Enemies of Virtue, whose only Aim is to raise your own Fortunes upon the Ruin of others. How useful are you to the Devil? You matter if not, provided you compass your desired Ends, if we lay waste the Universe, and afterwards become the Hate and Scorn of all Mankind: As for Example. 'Tis

* He means the late K. James.

long of you that I have been a Pedant in Greece, and that * One of my Rank, had he not been taken to Rest, would have been forced to cover his Follies under a stinking Cow, in the house Convent of *la Trappe*. You will not fail, I know, to applaud all his Actions, and say, if he lost all, 'twas only for obliging his Subjects to take the true Road to Heaven, and give the Title of Religion to meer Necessity and Compulsion. But is it a Sacrifice to renounce thro' Despair, the Grandure we cannot maintain any longer? Is it not rather imitating the *Animal in the Fable*, that despises the Grapes which are out of his Reach? But I waste my Lungs in vain, and talk to the Deaf: However, if I have been humbled believe that you will not always be exalted. 'Tis my Comfort that you will one Day be condemn'd to turn a Wheel like *Ixion*, to roll Stones like *Sisyphus*, to be devoured like *Prometheus*, continually thirsty like *Tamalus*, and to heighten your Evils, that you will never lose the Remembrance of those Villanies you committed.

*The Answer of the NEWS-MONGERS to
Young DIONYSIUS.*

THE Flatterers have done you too much Honour, Mr. Pedant, and shou'd they believe you, and turn honest, (of which I think there is no great

great Danger) and perswade their Masters to be just to their Oaths and Treaties, wou'd not they govern in Peace and Unity? And wou'd not that very thing cast the World into such a drowzy Tranquility, that it wou'd be melancholy living in it, and starve Millions of all Degrees and Professions, who now, Lord, is very handsomely? We I'm sure, shou'd be first sensible of it, by having no variety of News to stuff our *London Gazettes*, *Mercuries* and *Slips* with; which wou'd make the *Booksellers* withdraw our *Stipends*, and by consequence oblige us to leave off tippling the generous Juice of the Grape, and content ourselves with *Geneva*, or some more Flegmatick Manufacture. Therefore keep your Harangues for your School-Boys, and do not maliciously take our daily Bread from us, and seek to ruin those Complaisant Persons, that can condescend to sooth the Vanities and Inclinations of their Princes. But to dismiss this Point, and return to your self; 'tis plain you have not a jot of Honour about you, since you pay no regard to your Father's Reputation. We easily perceive you have been a *Pedagogue* by your tatling; which Indiscretion makes you unworthy the Title of great *Pluto's* Disciple. But has your Pedantick Majesty no better Rewards to bestow on Gentlemen of Courtly breeding than *Wheels*, *Vultures*, *Millstones*, and an *eternal Thirst*? Truly 'tis very liberal, and School-Master like in every Respect; but you are desired to keep those mighty Blessings for your self, who deserve them much better than any one else; and if you were culled by those about you, talk no more on't, but keep your Weakness to your self.

CHRISTIANA *Queen of* SWEDEN *to the*
Ladies.

THAT I, who never testified much Esteem for the *Fair Sex*, shou'd at this time address myself to them, will without Doubt be thought strange; but if Necessity breaks Laws, it ought also to cancel Aversion, and excuse me for seeking Protection amongst a Sex I have so often despised, being compelled to it by a thousand Injuries done to my Memory. Therefore I now ask Pardon of the *Ladies*; and am perswaded I do them no little Honour, (since there has seldom been a more extraordinary Woman than I was) in owning my self one of the female Kind. First, I may boast of all the Advantage of a glorious Birth, being Daughter of the *Great Gustavus Adolphus*, who did not only fill the *North*, but all the Universe with Admiration; and of *Mary Elianor of Brandenburg*, the worthy Wife of such a Husband. If I was not as handsome as *Helen*, and those other Beauties, whom the Poets have from Age to Age recorded in the Book of Fame, yet all the World own'd me a Woman of incomparable Parts. I was Queen at five Years of Age, and even so early took upon me that important Trust, which but few Men are capable to Discharge, and which fewer would covet, if they knew the Troubles that attend it: Yet I supported the Weight of all Affairs with such a Grace and Prudence, that my Crown did not seem too heavy for me. As soon as Reason had made me sensible of my Power, my only Thoughts were how to make my self worthy of it. To this end, I invited to my Court those I thought the most capable of improving it; which was no sooner known by the beggarly *French*, but *Stockholme* swarm'd with Masters of all Sciences. Among the rest I had a Pack of hungry Poets; but he that took the most Pains, was not the best rewarded, because he did not resemble

semble *Boileau*, who can in half an Hour make a Saint of a Devil. In my green Years, I seem'd only addicted to Grandeur and Virtue; for I studied like a *Doctor*, argued like a *Philosopher*, and gave Lessons of Morality to the most Learned; so that every body imagin'd I should eclipse the most famous *Heroines*. But I had not yet heard the Voice of a certain Deity, whose Language I no sooner understood, but it poison'd all my former good Dispositions; for whereas till then I had been charm'd with the Conversion of the *Dead*, I began now to have passionate Inclinations for the *Living*. But not to undeceive the World, which thought my Conduct blameless, I was forc'd to put a Curb to my Desires, or at least to pursue them with more Precaution. Whether the Trouble to find my self so inclin'd, or my Grandeur, which wou'd not allow of those Liberties I sigh'd for, oblig'd me to punish the Flatterers of my Passion, I know not; but I committed many Barbarities. As my Desires were insatiable. So 'twas not in my Power to confine them; and this gave my Subjects too many Opportunities to discover several Indecencies in my Management; and because I wou'd not be tumbled headlong from my Throne by them, I very prudently condescended, and put my Cousin *Charles Adolphus* in my Place. Then did I, under Pretence of visiting the Beauties of *France*, take large Doses of those Joys, I durst no longer take at *Stockholme*. I was treated every where as a Queen, had Palaces at my command, and I made at *Fountain-bleau*, which was before a Bawdy-House, a Slaughter-House also before I left it.

I.

Fate justly reach'd the prattling Fool,
For telling Stories out of School.
Was't not enough I stoop'd so low,
On him m' Affection to bestow?

108 LETTERS from the DEAD

To clasp him in my circling Arms,
And feast him with Love's choicest Charms;
But must the babling Fool proclaim,
His Queen's Infirmary and Shame?

II.

Of all the Sins on this side Hell,
The blackest sure's to Kifs and tell.
'Tis Silence best becomes Delight.
And hides the Revels of the Night,
If then my Spark has met his Due,
For bringing sacred Mysteries to View,
E'en let him take it for his Pains,
And curse his want of Gratitude and Brains.

But I know not whether the Monarch of France had long Ears like his Brother *Midas*, or some little Familiar whisper'd it in his Ear; but what I thought cou'd never be detected, was publickly discourst at Court. Perceiving this, I resolv'd on a Voyage to *Rome*, and the rather, because I thought the *Romish Religion* most commodious for a Woman of Inclinations, and that it would illustrate my History, to abjure the Opinion of *Luther* at the Feet of the *Pope*; tho' I had as little believ'd and follow'd the Doctrine of the *Reform'd*, as I have since the Absurdities of the *Roman Church*. *Italy* seem'd to me a Paradise, and I thought my past Troubles fully recompenc'd, when I found myself in that famous City, which has been the Mistress of this World, without Subjects to controul me; saucy chattering *Frenchmen* to revile me, and amongst a mixture of Strangers, which made all my Actions pass unregarded. 'Twas enough for me to be esteem'd a Saint, that I was turn'd Papist in a Place where Debahchery is tolerated; and you'll find me, perhaps, one Day canoniz'd by the *Roman Clergy*. 'Tis true, I was not so rigorous to them as others for the *Pope*, *Cardinals*, *Legates*, *Bishops*, *Abbots*, *Priests* and *Monks*, compos'd my Court, where

where Licentiousness reign'd most agreeably. Not that I had renounc'd the Company of young Virgins; for I was intimate enough with some of them, to have it said, I was of the Humour of *Sappho*; and as I liv'd at *Rome*, so I thought my self oblig'd to practise their Manners. But the chief Reason of my writing, is to desire you to protect me against those ignorant Coxcombs, who endeavour to put me among the number of the foolish Virgins; for I began and finish'd my Course, as I have told you, and will now leave you, to judge if there can be any Probability in such a scandalous Story. My good Friend the *Pope*, to whom I had been wonderfully Civil, solemnly swore, that whenever I left this World, I should not languish in *Purgatory*, tho' he knew very well I should go to another Place. But as it was the Promise of a tricking *Jesuit*, so I did not much credit it, nor was much surpriz'd to see my self turn'd into a *Sty*, among a Company of *Boars* and old lascivious *Goats*, a sort of Animals I had formerly been well acquainted with at my Palace in *Rome*, and who came then grunting and leaping to embrace me. I cannot in this Place hear of the poor Gentleman whom I murder'd; I ask'd one of my He-Companions concerning him, who knows no more of him than I do; therefore I verily believe he's among the Martyrs.

The ANSWER of a young VESTAL to the
QUEEN.

GOOD Heavens! *Madam*, how piously did your Majesty begin your Letter! and what Pleasure did I take to see such hopeful Dispositions to Virtue! But what was that enchanting Vice that put you out of the good Road? Was it the *Devil*?

If

110 LETTERS from the DEAD

If so, why did you make use of holy-Water? For we poor Creatures, oppose no other Buckler against the Darts of *Satan*, when he conjures up the Frailty of the Flesh to disturb us, But I beg your Pardon, you were then a *Lutheran*, and Holy-Water has no Efficacy but only for true *Catholicks*. My Confessor has so often preach'd Charity to me, that I cannot but bewail the Fate of the poor Gentleman you lov'd so dearly, and treated so barbarously. Oh, my dear *St. Francis*! What sort of Love was that! And how unfortunate are those precious Souls that have Parts of pleasing you! One may very well perceive, by that piece of Barbarity, you neither believ'd Purgatory, or fear'd Hell; and I would not have been guilty of such an Action for all your excellent Qualities and Grandeur. I hear you talk'd of sometimes, and in such a manner, that it makes me often sigh, pant, and pull down my Veil; and I feel a terrible Fit coming upon me by reading your Confession.

Madam, I much rejoice to hear,
 You'll take a Stone up in your Ear;
 For I'm a frail Transgressor too,
 And love the Sport as well as you.
 But then I chuse to do the Work,
 Within the Pale of holy Kirk:
 For Absolution cures the Scars,
 Contracted in venereal Wars,
 And saves our Sex a world of Prayers.
 Had you this ghostly Counsel taken,
 You might till now have sav'd your Baron.
 'Tis safe intriguing with a Flamin,
 Who sanctifies their Work with Amen,
 Then who would trust ungodly Lay-Men?
 Do, Madam, as you please, but I,
 None but with Priesthood will employ,
 With them I'll live, with them I'll die.
 Who like the Pelian Spear are sure,
 With the same Ease they Wound to cure.

But

But 'tis easie to judge your Conscience is as large as the Sleeve of a * *Cordelier*, since you began in the Spirit, and ended in the Flesh. Notwithstanding what I have merrily own'd in Rhime, more to entertain your Majesty, than express my true Sentiments, there are certain Hours when I could willingly follow your Example; and if you would obtain from the *holy Father* a Dispensation of my Vows, which now grow burdensome to me, I would break a Lance in your Quarrel: This I'm sure of, that the World will think it less strange to see a Nun renounce her Convent, than a Queen her Crown.

* A French Proverb for no Conscience.

FRANCIS RABELAIS, to the PHYSICIANS
of PARIS.

TIS in vain for your Flatterers to cry you up for able Doctors, for you will never arrive at my Knowledge; and I'm asham'd every Hour to hear such Asses are admitted into the College. Do not believe 'tis a sensible Vanity that induces me to say this, but the perfect Knowledge I have of my own worth; and tho' I was design'd for a more lazy Profession, yet that does not in the least diminish my Merit. You know I was born at *Chinon*, and that my Parents, hoping I should one Day make a precious Saint, put me in my foolish Infancy, into a Convent of *Cordeliers*: But that greasie Habit, in a little time, seem'd to me as heavy and uneasie as the Armour of a Giant; so that by Intercession made to *Pope Clement* the Seventh, I was permitted to change my gray Frock for a Black; so I quitted the Equipage of *St. Francis*, for that of *St. Benedict*, and that I was as weary of in a short time as of the other. As I had learnt a great deal of Craft, and but little Religion, during my

112 LETTERS from the DEAD

my Noviciate in those good Schools, so I found away to get loose from that Cloyster for ever, and took to the study of *Hippocrates*. Besides that I had a subtle and clear Genius, my Comrades discover'd in me an acute natural Raillery, which made me acceptable to the best Companions Cardinal *Bellay*, who made me his Physician, took me to *Rome* with him in that Quality, where the Sanctity of the Tripple-Crown, the ador'd Slipper, and all opening Key, could not hinder me from jesting in the Presence of his Holiness. 'Twas *Paul* the Third, before called *Alexander Farnese*, who then fill'd the Apostolical Chair, and was more remarkable for his Lewdness than Piety. I had the good Fortune to please him with the Inclination he found in me to Lewdness, and he gave me a Bull of Absolution for my Apostacy, free from all Fee and Duties, which I think was a gracious Reward for a foreign Atheistical Buffoon. After I had compil'd a Catalogue of his Vices, to make use of as I should find an Opportunity, the Cardinal my Patron return'd to *Paris*, and I with him, where he immediately gratified me with a Canonship of *St. Maur*, and the Benefice of *Meudon*. Having all I could desire, I liv'd luxuriously; and the Love of *Satyr* pleasing me much more than the Service of God, after I had wrote several things without Success for the Learned, I compos'd the History of *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, for the ignorant, Things which some call a *Cock and a Bull*, and others the Product of a lively Imagination. I know most Men understand them as little as they do *Arabick*; and as it is not to our present Purpose, so do not I intend to explain that Stuff to them, but will now, since 'tis more a *Propos*, give you some Advice concerning the Malady of your blustering Monarch. The Residence I made at the Court of *France*, in the Reign of *Francis* the First, make me more bold in judging of the Nature of those Distempers. You conceal the virulency of
Lewis

Lewis the *Fourteenth's* Disease, because you dare not examine into the bottom of the Cause, and are more modest in proposing Remedies, than he has been in contracting the Distemper. Yet every one talks according to his Interest, and the *News-Mongers* always keep a Blank to set down the manner of his Death. If he does not tremble, he must be thorow-pac'd in Iniquity, for he has several Reckonings to make up with Heaven, which are not so easily adjusted; and he has often affronted the Majesty of several *Popes*, he will scarce obtain a Passport to go Scot-free into the other World. We are told here, by some of his good Friends, he begins to putrifie; and as *Ulcers* a Yard in Length, where Vermin, very Soldier like, intrench themselves. There is no other Remedy for this, according to old *Æsculapius*, but to make him a new Man, by a severe penitential Pilgrimage into some of the Provinces of *Mercury* and *Turpentine*. If he still fears the danger of War, let him go in Disguise; and if at this Age, he cannot be without a *She-Companion*, let him take his old Friend *Maintenon* along with him, she is Poison-proof, and may to save Charges, serve him in three Capacities, viz. as a Bed-fellow, Nurse and Guide; keep him also to a strict Diet; scrape his Bones, and purge him thorowly, and all may be sound again but his Conscience. You cannot imagine, how merrily we Gentlemen of the Faculty live at *Pluto's* Court: I am Secretary to the same *Paul* the Third, who pardon'd me gratis the Violation of my Vows, my Irreverence for the Church, and my want of Respect for him; *Scaramouche* is his Gentleman Usher, *Harlequin* his Page, and *Scarron* his Poet Laureat. Don't suppose I was such a Blockhead as to kiss his sweaty Toe, when I visited him in the *Vatican*; he had nothing from me but such an hypocritical Hug, as your *Monks* give each other at the ridiculous Ceremony of High-Mass. This old *Goat* still keeps his Amorous Inclinations, and I who have so often made others Blush,

am.

am often aſham'd to hear his Ribaldry. He'd certainly make Love to *Proſerpine*, but our Sultan wou'd not be pleas'd with his Courtſhip; and beſides, his Seraglio is as well guarded as the *Grand Seignior's*, otherwiſe we might have a Litter of fine Puppies betwixt them. Little hump-Shoulder'd *Luxemburg*, late Marshal of *France*, is the Captain of her Guards, and ſo damnably jealous, that he will not ſuffer any to come near her; at which *Pluto* is very well pleas'd, and does not miſtruſt him, thinking it impoſſible for any Body to be in Love with ſuch a lump of Deformity. But to return to our Friend *Paul*, he ſcorns to copy after the *Devil*, who turn'd *Hermit* when he was old, and I am now making another Collection of his Impieties and Amours, which will be ready to come out with a *Gazette Noſtradamus* has been compoſing ſince the Year 1600. That ſly Conjuror is ſo earneſt upon the Matter, that he liſts not up his Head, though *Pluto's* black-guard Boys are continually burning Brimſtone under his Noſe. However, I do not know but this Mountain may bring forth a Mouſe; for to ſpeak freely, I put as little Faith in thoſe Prophets, who like Sots loſe their Reason in the Abyſs of Futurity, as the honeſt *Whigs* of *England* do in the Oaths and Treaties of your ſwaggering Maſter. As for you, Brother Doctor, Cut, Scarifie, Bliſter, and Clyſter, ſince 'tis your Profeſſion, but take this along with you, that they who do the leaſt Miſchief, paſs with me for the ableſt Men. But I wou'd adviſe you not to ſuffer any longer thoſe barbarous Names of *Assassins*, *Poisoners*, *Close-stool-mongers*, *Factors of Death*, &c. the World gives you. I have had high Words with *Moliere* on your Account, and I expect that fine Rhiming Fellow *Boileau* will give him a wipe over the Noſe in one of his *Satyrs*. For tho' I have made bold to talk freely with you, yet I do not mean all the World ſhould take the ſame Liberty.

The ANSWER of Mr. FAGON, first Physician
to LEWIS XIV. to FRANCIS RABLAIS.

YOU'RE a very pretty Gentleman, Friend Rab-
lais, to boast of your self so much, and value
the rest of your Fraternity so little. Do not you
know that I am of the Tribe of *Juda*, and perhaps
related to some of the Kings of *Israel*? Had you
heard me preach in a Synagogue, you'd soon be
convinc'd whether I am an illiterate Fellow or no.
Is it such an Honour to be of your College? Or
wou'd it be any Advantage to be like you? You
have been by your own Confession, a most horrid
Rake-hell; and I would not for all the *Mammon of*
Unrighteousness, in my King's Coffers, transgress one
Point of the Law. You ought not to be astonish'd
at my Greatness, for I concern my self with more
than one Trade, and no Man was ever in such Fa-
vour, and grew so Rich, by only applying warm
Injections to the Back-side. If you enjoy'd a Pre-
bend, and other Benefices, you must I know, have
assisted Cardinal *Bellay* in his Amours. For my
Part, I boast of having been a *Broker, Solicitor,*
and under the Rose, *Billet-doux Carrier* and *Door-*
Keeper, because all Employments at Court are ho-
nourable, especially in that great Concern of *S---y*.
Do not you think you were the first that thought
of the Remedy you speak of; we had several learned
Consultations about it, but know not which way
to mention it, for *Madam Scarron*, who is very ten-
der of her Reputation, and reigns sovereignly at
Court, will say we accuse her of bringing the *Neo-*
politan Distemper to *Versailles*, and have us sent to
the Gallies, or hang'd for our good Advice. I have
often reflected on the scandalous bantering Stuff of
those they call Wits, have said, and do say of us;
and wish with all my Heart, the first *Brimstone*
they take for the *Itch*, and *Mercury* for the *Pox*, may
Poyson

116 LETTERS *from the* DEAD

Poyson 'em; but for us to stir in't, would bring 'em all about our Ears; and we know the consequence of that from a neighbouring * Coun-

* England.

try, where they have mumbled a poor Physician, † and one that can Versifie also, almost as severely as a Troop of hungry *Wolves* would a

fat Ass. However, we thank you for your Zeal; but at the same time advise you not to make a Quarrel for so small a Business; and I, in a particular manner kiss your Hand, and desire you'll give my Service to *Nostradamus*. I cannot beat it out of my Head, but that he has put me into his

† Centuries, and that an ingenious Man might discover me there. I own 'tis looking for a Needle in a Bottle of Hay; but you know I

† Stanz. at of
Nostradamus.

sprung up like a *Mushroom*, and that he foretells nothing but Prodigies.

The Dutcheß of FONTANGE *to the* CUMEAN
SIBYL.

I Desir'd *Mercury* to call *en passant*, at your Cave; and as he has Wings at his Feet, and Complaisance in Heart, so he will I don't doubt, go a little out of his Way to oblige me, by delivering you this Letter; I have from my Infancy had you in my Mind, and heard my Nurse, when I lay squawling in shitten Clouts in my Cradle, tell frightful Stories of you. As soon as I began to prattle, my Maids taught me to call all old wrinkled Women wither'd *Sibyls*; and the Idea of the *Den* you were confin'd in, fill'd me with Fear. But since I have been inform'd of the truth of your History, that Fear is chang'd into Veneration, and I now look upon your Cell as a sacred Place. To assure you of my Respect, and the Confidence I repose in you, I will

con-

consult you about some future Events, and tell you one part of my Griefs. I am nobly born, handsome and young enough to inspire and receive the softest Love. The *French King*, who had spoil'd the Shape, and wore out the Charms of several *Mistresses*, long before I appear'd at his Court, had a Mind to do the same by me. Being naturally proud and wanton and tempted by the fine Compliments of a great and vigorous Prince, and Title of *Dutchess*, (*a Temptation none of us Women can resist*) I soon yielded to his Desires; which so mortified the haughty *Montespane*, that she with a *Ragoo alamide d'Espagne* dispatch'd me out of the World, before I could get a true Taste of Greatness, or the Pleasures of a Royal Bed. Alas! What a mighty Difference there is between you and me; your Years are innumerable, you are still mentioned in History, your Voice still remains, and you enjoy the divine Faculty of *Prediction*; but I was murder'd in my Bloom, when ripe and juicy as the luscious Grape, and that ungrateful perjur'd Man, who rif'd my Virgin-Treasures, has not so much as thought or spoke of me since. He doats on nothing but old Age, and could you appear in something more solid than Air, I do not doubt but he'd make his Addresses to you: I believe his being born with Teeth presag'd he would always be a Tyrant to his People, and in his latter Days the Cully of such a tough Piece of Carrion as *Mrs. Maintenon*. *Morbleu!* Have I barbarously been sacrific'd, and must a Miss of threescore and fifteen live unpunish'd, and be treated better than I was in the greatest Heighth of that Prince's Passion, and Warmth of my Desires, when capable both of receiving and giving Joy? It really distracts me! And I conjure you, in the Name of *Apollo*, who never refus'd you any thing, to let me know by one of your Oracles I shall never return to *France* again. You came hither, I know, with the brave *Aeneas*, (but stay'd no longer than you lik'd the Place) and I have heard some
People

118 LETTERS from the DEAD

People say, That *Knight Errant* diverted himself extremely upon the Road, and made a great deal of hot Love to you; but I take that to be a meer Story, because *Virgil*, who would not have let slip so pleasant a Passage, has said nothing of it. However, could I return but for a short time, to dislodge *Maintenon*, and take a Frisk with my former Lover, if he be not too old for that Business, or were I but your Shadow, provided I liv'd, I should be pretty well pleas'd; for 'tis a melancholly thing to think that the Fates should spin

* *Madame*
Maintenon.

such a long Thread for and old lascivious * *Ape*, who never was to be compared with me; and that there should remain no more of poor *Fontange*, than an unfortunate Name, over which Oblivion will in a little Time triumph. At the writing of this, in came a Courier from *Versailles*, who brings us word, that *Lewis the Great*, has undertook such a Piece of Work, that the Weight and Consequence makes him sick of the World: That Mistress *Maintenon* has wore out his Teeth; that Legions of Vermin devour him, and that we we may suddenly expect him in these Dominions; Which, if true, will be some Satisfaction to me; and though he be toothless, worm-eaten and rotten, I will grant him the same Liberty he often took with me on a Couch at the *Trianon*, to get him again under my Empire, that I may at leisure revenge my self for his Forgetfulness.

I.

Oh! wou'd it not provoke a Maid,
By softest Vows and Oaths betray'd,
Her Virgin Treasures to resign,
And give up Honour's dearest Shrine?
Then when her Charms have been enjoy'd;
To be next moment laid aside.

II. But

II.

But why do I lament in vain,
 And of my Destiny complain?
 Had I been wise as those before me,
 I should have made the World adore me;
 Not to one Lover's Arms confin'd,
 But search'd and try'd all Human kind.

But I believe this foolish Constancy was only owing to my want of Experience; and if I had liv'd a little longer, I should have had the Curiosity to try the variety of Human Performance, like the rest of my Neighbours. You have been my dear *demy* Goddess, in Love, and have been belov'd, therefore I beseech you, give me some healing Advice or Consolation, as my Case requires.

The CUMEAN Sibyl's Answer to the Dutches of
 FONTANGE.

IS it possible that so charming a Beauty should think of such an old decript Creature as I am? I was very desirous to talk with *Mercury* about you, but he flew away like a Bird. It extremely troubles me, *Dear Child*, that I'm obliged, in answer to your Letter, to tell you there is no Hopes of your returning to *Versailles*; for you must consider, that when I conducted *Aeneas*, I was then living, and that 'tis impossible for any under a *Hercules* to fetch you from whence you are; and where shall we find one now? The bravest *Boufflers* in *France* is but a Link-Boy in comparison to him. Your Lover, *Fair Lady*, is so fast link'd to his old † *Duegna's* Tail, that he thinks no more of you, and your Complaints are insignificant. * She that hurried you out of the World in the Flower of your Youth, with a fa-

† *Madam*
Maintenon.

• *Madam*
Montespan.

vourable:

vourable Dose of Poyson, is now neglected, and grown so monstrous fat and letcherous, by living lazily in a Nunnery, that she's not a fit Companion for any Creature that has but two Legs to support it. You know not what you do, when you envy my Destiny, for I'm sometimes so teiz'd and tired with answering the *Virtuoso's* and *Beaux*, that it turns my very Brain. I own 'tis a sad thing to die at Eighteen, in the Height of one's Greatness and Pleasures, because Nature always thinks she pays her Tribute to Death before-hand. I would willingly divert you a little, but I know not which Way, unless this little History I send you, which a Traveller gave me not long since, and which has Novelty to recommend it self, will do it. Do not believe, *Good Lady*, the scandalous Story some ignorant *Rhiming Puppy* has made of *Aeneas* and *Me*; he was not so brisk as that comes to; and I can assure you, never put the Question to me. Ask *Dido*, she can tell you more of him than I can; and as modest as *Virgil* describes her, yet she was forc'd to take this *Trojan* Prince by the Throat to make him perform the Duty of a Gallant; by this you may judge of his Constitution: Besides, had he been never so amorously inclin'd, yet not knowing my Inclinations, he might think his Courtship would displease me, and so disoblige *Apollo*, for whose Assistance he then had occasion. Therefore laugh at all those idle Railers of impertinent People, and turn your Eyes and Thoughts on the following Dialogue.

The MITRED-HOG : A DIALOGUE
between Abbot FURETIERE and SCARRON.

Furetiere. OH! Have I found you at last, old Friend? Though I was certain you were here, and desir'd earnestly to see you; yet
being

yet being gouty, and tir'd with walking, I began to have no more Thoughts of searching after you. How many troublesome Journies I have made, and Leagues I have travell'd, and all to kiss your Hands, though I am a *Virtuoso*, I cannot tell; for in Truth, I am quite out of my Element, and confounded ever since I have lost sight of Sun and Moon.

Scarron. Who are you, and please ye? What's your Name? For the Dead having neither Beard nor Bonnet, nor any thing else to distinguish them by, I know not exactly, what, or who you are; but by your Language and Mien, suppose you some Mungril of the *French Academy*.

Furet. Well guess'd; I am call'd *Monsieur L'Abbe Furetiere*, * alias *Porc de bon Dieu*, who has long but in vain, been gaping and scraping at *Versailles* for a Mitre, that I may wallow in Peace and Plenty like a Hog: But alas! what a left-handed Planet was I born under? A Debauch with stummed Wine, setting an old Pox which lay dormant in my Bones, into a Ferment, soon carried me off, almost in the Heighth of my Desires, and when I had fairest for the Bishoprick.

* Is a Proverb in French for a fat large Monk or Abbot. *Cochon* is French for a Hog.

Scar. I am sorry for your Misfortune; but am at the same time, heartily glad to see you *Monsieur L'Abbe*. You will not, perhaps, meet with all these Conveniencies here, you enjoy'd at *Paris*; but in Recompence you will meet with much honest dealing. For my part, I must own my self infinitely happy; for now, I am neither troubled with *Lawyers, Physicians, Apothecaries, Collectors of Taxes, Priests nor Wife*, the Plague and Torment of Men's Days when on Earth. But how have you had your Health since you have been in the Country?

Furet. Thanks to our Master *Pluto*, I have not yet felt any cold. I was so very tender and chill for six Months in the Year, at *Paris*, that tho' I was loaded with Ermins, and always had a Dram of the

best Nantz in my Pocket, I could scarce keep my Blood from freezing in my Veins.

Scar. That's an Affliction you will not meet with here, take my Word for't; for 'tis something hotter than under the *Torrid Zone*, and the nicest *Wits* of your Academy, need not fear spoiling their Brains, by catching cold here. It is not long since I met with the illustrious *Balgac*, who does not complain now of the Cold in his Head, as he did when he liv'd on the pleasant Banks of the *Charante*. But, what News have you?

Euret. I don't doubt, by your Inquisitiveness, but you are very desirous to hear some News of your Wife.

Scar. May Pox and Itch devour the nasty Jade! I know but too much of her by *Mareschal d'Albert* formerly, and lately, by my likeness *Monsieur Luxemburgh*; yes, I know she's a Dutches; that she's one of the Privy-Council; and she serves *Lewis* the XIVth, in the same Capacity as *Livia* did *Augustus*. But why did not the Prostitute make her poor deform'd Husband a Duke? I should not have been the first Duke and Peer of *France*, that had been a Cuckold.

Euret. By your Discourse, Mr. *Scarron*, one would think you had lost your Senses and Memory: But you cannot surely have forgot how, instead of *Laurel*, she adorn'd your learned Brow with Horns, before she was taken notice of at Court? Indeed how could a pretty, witty, buxom, young Woman, forbear making such an infirm, deform'd *Æsop* as you a Cuckold?

Scar. I should not have much valued that, beacuse I had Brethren enough to herd with, if the damn'd Whore had but got my Pension augmented; but the confounded Jade, instead of that, gave me the cursed'st Garrison to maintain, that ever poor Husband was mortified with: To appease which, I was forc'd to have recourse to *Unguentum contra pediculos inguinales*, &c. But prithee let's discourse

of something else, for the Thoughts of the Dutchess of *Maintenon*, will disturb my Brain, and easily put me into a Fever, which is dangerous in this warm Climate.

Furet. I'll tell you but three or four Words more of this famous Dutchess, and conclude. *First*, That she has kick'd her Patroness, *Madam Montespan*, out of the Royal-Bed : And *Secondly*, That she is very great with the pious Jesuit, *Fatuer la Chaise*, the Monarch's Confessor.

Scar. Oh ! oh ! By my Troth, I don't wonder at the Lascivious Harlot, for closing with him ! As there is no Feast like the Miser's, so there is no Gallantry like those Monks. When those Hypocrites undertake that Business, they do it all like Heroes. But you have said all, by saying he is a Jesuit ; since those Gallants have been in Reputation, they have engrossed all good whoring to their Society, especially in *France*, and more particularly at *Paris*, where they have so well behaved themselves, that they have chang'd an ancient, authentick Proverb, *Jacobin en * Chaire*, *Cordelier en † Chœur*, *Carme en ** *Cusine*, & *Augustin en † Bordel*, for now they say, *Jesuit en Bordel*, &c. But so much for those Gentlemen. Pray what are you a doing now in the *French Academy* ?

Furet. There are as many Follies committed there, as in any Society in the Universe ; judge of the whole by this one Example. That Company was never so highly honour'd as it is at present, by the particular Care that great Monarch takes of it ; for which he is repaid in flattering Panegyrics. Nevertheless, these insipid, florid Gentlemen scold and scratch like so many Fish-Women in an Ale-House. The other Day the great *Charpentier* fell into such a Passion about a Trifle, that he reproach'd the learned *Taleman*, of being the Son of a broken Apothecary at *Roche*, to which *Taleman*

• *Pulpit.*† *The Quire.*• *Kitchen.*† *Bawdy-House.*

with as much Heat reply'd *Charpentier* was the Son of a poor Hedge-Ale-Draper at *Paris*. From this *Billingsgate* Language they came to Blows, *Charpentier* threw *Nicor's* Dictionary at his Adversary's Head, and *Taleman* threw *Morery's* at *Charpentier's*. We all wish'd heartily we could have recall'd you from the Dead, to write the various Accidents of this Battle, in your comical and satyric Style.

Scar. Ha, ha, ha, had I been there, they should have beat the *Academy* Dictionary and *Morery's* too in pieces about each others Ears, before I wou'd have parted them. But I hope these two sputtering Coxcombs did each other Justice; I declare, whoever hinder'd it, deserved to be sincerely fined. Pray how did you behave your self during this Combat?

Furet. I happened not to be there; for you must know, there has been such a Difference between those Gentlemen and me, concerning a Dictionary I have published, that it came at last to a contentious Law-Suit; but what was said on either side, only made the World laugh at both, and is not half so diverting as the Epigram you made upon an old Lady that went to Law with you: I think I still remember it——

Thou nauseous everlasting Sow,
With Phiz of Bear, and Shape of Cow,
With Eyes that in their Sockets twinkle,
And Forehead plow'd with many a Wrinkle,
With Nose that runs like Common-shore,
And Breath that murders at Twelvescore:
What! thou'rt resolv'd to give me VVar,
And trounce me at the noisy Bar,
Tho' it reduces thee to eat,
Thy Smock for want of cleaner Meat:
Agreed, old Beldam! keep thy VVord,
'Twill soon reduce thee to eat a T—— d.

Scar. May that be the Fate of *Taleman*, *Charpentier*, and the rest of those Reformers of the Alphabet, and in a more especial manner of that thieving flattering Rogue * *Despreaux*, who has made a faithless *Poltron*, a *Mars*, and a superannuated lascivious *Adulteress*, a *Saint*. So much for that ——— But give

* More commonly call'd with us. Boileau.

me some little Account now of your *Clergy*, I mean the great plump Rogues, the *Hogs* with *Mitres* on their Heads, and *Croriers* on their Shoulders, those *Janizaries* of *Antichrist*.

Furet. I know your Meaning——: Never was Nick-name given with more Justice to any Society of Men. In *Normandy*, and those Parts they call all the *minor Clergy*, as the fat *Monks*, *Canons*, *Abbots*, &c. who are not Mired, *Jesus Christ's Pickers*; which Distinction is not very fantastical, if we allow the other Expression. But no more of those Gentlemen, 'tis dangerous.

Scar. Prithee, dear *Abbot*, be not so mealy-mouth'd; when I was in the World, the greatest Pleasure I had, was in attacking those Gentlemen's Vices, and exposing them to the *Hereticks*, that *Still-born* Generation of *Vipers*, as they call them, and therefore let us be free now; 'tis the only Enjoyment we can have. Pray what says your *Monthly Mercury* of those Gentlemen, whom the Earth is more obliged to for Bodies, than Heaven for Souls?

Furet. Never fuller of who made such a Man a Cuckold, and who Pox'd such a Woman, as now; neither were ever the Women half so impudent; no not in the Reigns of *Caligula* and *Nero*, Never was Debauchery so much in Fashion; nor never were the Whores so often cover'd with *Purple*.

Scar. Is there not in your *Herd*, such a Thing as a tame gentle *Weather*? Or what *Virgil* calls *Dux Gregis*? You understand me.

Furet. A *Weather*! Oh, fy, fy! Not such a Creature among them, I can assure you. The

Most Christian King would not suffer such an imper-scandalous Animal, so much as to shew his Head in his *Seraglio*. 'Tis as easie to find there a pretty Woman chaff, or Hair in the Palm of your Hand; as an emasculated Beast among the *mitred Hogs*: For the *Dux Gregis*, *Virgil* speaks of, we have one at the Head of our Prelates, who has all the Qualities requisite for so great an Honour, tho' he has neither Beard nor Horns: And should I name him, you'd be of my Opinion.

Scar. Wou'd I recollect my Memory, and their Virtues, I could guess within two or three; but pray save me that Labour.

Furet. Do you not remember a famous Song you made in Praise of a slick wanton Goat. *Creque fait & defend l'Archeveque de Rouen.*

Scar. O, Dear! O, Dear! The Right Reverend *Francis Harley*, Archbishop of *Paris*! My most Renowned Friend! A worthy Chief!

Furet. The very same, and 'tis a precious Jewel both for Body and Soul. A *Hedghog* has not more Bristles than this Prelate has Mistresses; and there's not a Stallion in *France* that leaps oftner.

Scar. You rejoice my Heart, *Monsieur Furetiere*. He was, I remember, always at *Paris*, when Archbishop of *Rouen*: No Man fitter for that Employment. To be free, if *Paris* be the Hell of Hackney Horses, 'tis the Paradise of Whore-Masters and Hackney-Whores. I can guess at what he does now, by what he did formerly. Several Ladies also, of our neighbouring Countries, are Witnesses of his Prowess; but more especially, some of the fair *English Ladies*; the luscious Morfels of a lustful Monarch. But on to the rest.

Furet. I am willing to satisfy your Curiosity, *Mr. Scarron*, but to run thro' the whole *Herd*, would be too tedious at present, tho' they all deserve to be chronicl'd: So I will only, *en passant*, give you the History of those you have heard preach, both at *Paris* and the Court, with wonderful Applause; and

and who, for their Modesty and regular Lives, had the Reputation of *Saints*, whilst they were only Fathers of *Oratory*.

Scar. Take your own Method, *Monsieur L'Abbe*; but let me tell you one thing, by the way, This place is call'd the *Wits Corner*, but by some late Guests, because of the Smoak and Liquor, the *Wits Coffee-House*, Now you know the *Wits* of all Countries laugh at the *Clergy* in their Plays and Poems; and that the *Clergy*, to be revenged of them, and keep up their own Reputation with the Ignorant, call them *Atheists*; therefore you may freely give a true Description of them. All here are their Enemies; and a *Priest* would as soon venture his Carcass in Sweden as in this Place; he dreads a *Poet*, as much as a Dog does a *Sow-gelder*.

Furet. Still a merry Man, Mr. *Scarron*. But to return to your *mitred Hogs*; do you remember *Father le Bone*, and *Father Mascron*, The first is now Bishop of *Perigueux*, and the other Bishop of *Agen*.

Scar. How! Are these two famous Preachers, those Scourgers of Pride and Immorality, got into the Herd of the *Mitred Hogs*? By my Troth, I always took them for credulous humble *Weathers*, Believers of what they preach'd; tho' I know most Priests seldom believe what they profess.

Furet. Well, Mr. *Scarron*, though you can see as far through a Mill-stone as any Man, yet I find you are not infallible.

Scar. Faith, a Man sees as far thro' a Millstone, as a Priest's Surplice, tho' 'tis reckon'd the Emblem of Purity. But, *Monsieur l'Abbe*, what *Montaigne* said formerly of the Women, I now say of the Priests: *Ils envoient leur Conscience au Bordel, & tiennent leur Countenance en regle*: They send their Conscience to the Stews, and keep their Countenance within Rule.

Furet. 'Tis even as true of one, as of the other, Mr. *Scarron*, and my following Discourse will ver-

fie it. What Virtue there is in a *Mitre*, I know not, for I could never obtain one: I was thought too good a Christian in the Bottom; but before I had bid adieu to *Paris*, your innocent believing Apostles were become two as rampant and fine Coated Hogs as any of the *Herd*. The Reverend Father *le Bone*, Bishop of *Perigueux*, has so bravely plaid the County Boar, that there's not a pretty Nun in his Diocese but has been with Pig by him; as I have been credibly informed by Persons of Honour.

Scar. Oh! The excellent Apostle: I remember a Story of him when he was Bishop of *Agde*, which will not be unpleasant to you, if you can bear with a Pun, and a Poet's making merry with several Languages, a thing he can no more avoid than Flattery. This worthy Prelate not meeting with that Plenty at *Agde*, his Voluptuousness required, made his Monarch this Compliment: Sir, *Je suis ne gueux, j'ay vecu gueux, benais s'il plait a votre Majeste, je voux PERIGUEUX.*

Furet. Faith, a very comfortable Reward for a very filthy Pun; I have said forty pleasanter things to the King, and never could get beyond Monsieur *l'Abbe*; which makes me believe there is a critical Minute for Wit, as well as Love: An excellent Roman Poet was sensible of it, when he said,

*Hora Libellorum decima est, Eupheme, meorum,
Temporat Ambrosias cum tua cura Dapes,
Et bonus athero laxatur Nestare Cesare.*

There's a *Latin* Quotation for you, to shew you I understand it; and that I have been an Author as well as you.

Scar. Believe me, Monsieur *l'Abbe*, you'll fare much the better for it here; and tho' those Gentlemen made us poor Poets pass for Scoundrels and impious Ridiculers of Piety in the other World, yet we have much the whip-hand of them in these
Quarters,

Quarters, therefore take Comfort. Tell me pray how the pious *Julius Mascaron* behaves himself at *Agen*, where he meets with greater Plenty than he did at *Thute*.

Furet. Oh ! The *Acorns* and *Chefnuts* of *Agen* have made him so plump and wanton, 'twould rejoyce your Heart to see him. All the Females of Town caress him, and strive which shall yield him most Delight ; and he out of Zeal and Gratitude, and to preserve Peace and Charity among them, like a holy Prelate, has given to each her Hour of Rendezvous, which they keep as regularly as the Clock strikes.

Scar. Very well ! There's nothing so commendable as a good Method in whoring.

Furet. But his Favourite is a pretty gentle Nun, with whom he often goes to *Beauregard*, there *tete a tete*, or rather *ne a ne*, under the shady Limes, do they both act that which will one Day procure a third. There are forty other better Stories of of these two Prelates ; for they value not what common Report says. They are above it. But if you will listen to the Exploits of the Bishop of *Laon*, now Cardinal *d'Estrees*, I will shew you what a *Mitred Hog* is capable of.

Scar. As I am acquainted with the Strength of his Genius, so do I not doubt of the Greatness of his Performances. You have now named a Man that would make a Parish Bull jealous.

Feret. The History I shhll give you, will justifie your Opinion of him. Know then that the Cardinal *d'Estrees*, being passionately in Love with the Marchioness *de Cœuvres*, who was supposed to have granted the Duke *de Seaux* the liberty of rifling her Placket, was resolv'd to put in for his Snack. To compass this, he acquainted his Nephew, the Marquis *de Cœuvres*, with the scandalous Familiarity that was between the Duke and his Wife. Upon which their Parents met at *Mareschal d'Estree's*, where it was concluded to send the young Adultress

into a Convent, but the old *Mareschal*, made wiser by long Experience, was against it. In good Faith, said he, You are more nice than wise; had not our Mothers plaid the same wanton Trick, not one of us had been here. I know very well what I say; there's not a handsome Nose, nor Leg in the Company, but has been Stole; and not a Farthing matter from whom, whether Prince or Coachman, it has mended our Breed; therefore we have more Reason to praise those, who discreetly follow the Examples of their Grandmothers and Mothers, than banish 'em, and so render them fruitless. Do not suppose, when I married my Grandson *deCœuvres*, to young *Mademoiselle de Lionne*, that I consider'd her Riches, or that her Father was a Minister of State; such Thoughts are beneath a Man of my Age and Experience. My great Hopes were, that she being young and handsome, would still support the Grandeur of our Family, which as you all very well know, has been made more considerable by the Intrigues of the Women, than by the Valour of the Men. I'm sure I never discourag'd what I now maintain; and why my Grandson should be more squeemish than I, or his Forefathers have been, I take it to be unreasonable: Therefore, since the Marchioness *d'Cœuvres* is only blam'd for having tasted those Pleasures which Nature allows, and which are customary in our Family, I declare myself her Protector. Yet I would not have this be the Talk of the Court; I would not have it pass my Threshold; because the World might say of one of us, as of a fine curious Piece of Clock-work, that a great many excellent Workmen had a Hand in.

Scar. In this generous and considerate Speech, do I plainly discover the Inclinations of the famous *Gabrielle d'Estrees*, *Harry* the Fourth's Mistress. But I am in Trouble for the poor Marchioness; I know a Convent must be insupportable to a Woman that has tasted the Pleasures of a licentious Court.

Furet. The Cardinal was against publishing his Niece's Wantonness, as well as the Marechal, and took upon him the Care of reprimanding her, and bringing her into the Path of Virtue: To which the Marquis *de Cœuvres* readily consented, not imagining he deliver'd the pretty *Lamb* to the ravenous *Wolf*. This being agreed on, the lustful Prelate went immediately to his Niece; I come, *Madam*, said he, from doing you a very considerable piece of Service: All our Family has been in Consultation against you, and could think of no milder Pnnishment for you than a Convent, with all its Mortifications, *viz. Praying, Fasting, Whipping and abstaining from the masculine Kind, &c.* I know *Dear Niece*, this was as unjust as severe: But in short, it had been your Doom, had I not been your Friend. Such a piece of Service as this, beautiful *Niece*, deserves a suitable Return; and I believe you too generous to be ungrateful: But I shall think this, and all the other Services I can render you, highly recompenc'd, if you'll but permit me to see you often and embrace you.

Scar. A very pious Speech! I hope that which is to follow will answer this excellent Beginning. Now do I imagine a Place formally besieg'd; the next News will be of opening the Trenches.

Furet We proceed very regularly, *Mr. Scarron*: The Place makes a noble Defence; and does not surrender till a Breach is made. To be thus unjustly accus'd, said the Marchioness, is a very great Misfortune; and tho' I will not disown my Obligation to you, yet you must permit me to say, that your proceeding destroys that very Obligation: If you will not have any Regard to my Virtue, and the Fidelity I owe to my Husband; you ought, nevertheless, to remember your Character, and how nearly we are related. But I know the meaning of this; you believe the scandalous and malicious Story that has been rais'd of me, and design to make your Advantage of it. What can be more in-

lurious than this Attempt! Tho' you thought me a Whore, had you but thought me still-virtuous enough to abhor your beastly incestuous Proposition, I should yet have had some Reason to esteem you——

Scar. Poor Prelate! E gad I pity thee; thou hast receiv'd such a Bruise in this Repulse, that I cannot think thou'lt have the Courage to return to the Attack.

Furet. Have Patience; you are not acquainted with the Craft and Courage of a *Mitred Hog*. The Prelate, who by this Resistance, was become more Amorous, resolv'd to watch so narrowly his *Niece's* Conduct, that he would oblige her to do that out of Fear, which all his Rhetorick and Protestations of Love could not tempt her to. To be short, he manag'd so well this important Affair, that he surpriz'd the Duke *de Seaux* in Bed, between Madam *de Lionne* and the Marchioness *de Cœuvres* her Daughter: And to magnifie Charity, as well as other Virtues in this Matter, he took Monsieur *de Lionne* along with him. I will leave you to imagine the Confusion of these two Ladies; the first to see her Husband, and the other the Man she had so vigorously repuls'd. The *Marchioness* thinking wisely, her Compliance would yet conceal her Intrigue; taking the Cardinal by the Hand, and gently squeezing it said, if you promise to appease my Father, and by your ghostly Authority, make my Mother and him good Friends again, and keep this Frolick from my Husband, you shall. whenever you please find me grateful, and sensible of your Affection.

Scar. What said Mr. *de Lionne*? The surprize of a poor Cuckold, who finds a handsome, brawny young Fellow in Bed with his Wife and Daughter, surpasses my Imagination!

Furet. If like *Actæon*, he had been immediately metamorphos'd into a Stag, he could not have been more surpriz'd.

Scar.

Scar. How did the Prelate behave himself, after this charitable brave Exploit? The Breach is now made, there has been a Parley; the Preliminaries are agreed on; nothing now is wanting, but taking Possession of the Place.

Furet. You move very Soldier like, Mr. *Scarron*. The Prelate being resolv'd to perform all the Articles of Treaty, like a Man of Honour, first preach'd on Charity, and then forgiveness of Crimes, then on Human Prudence, Policy, the Reputation of their Family, and quoted some of the old Mareschal's Remarks; which altogether so prevail'd on the poor Cuckold, that he consented to put his Horns in his Pocket, and forgive his Daughter. Then did the Prelate, under the pious Pretence of correcting his faulty *Niece*, lead her with a seeming austere Gravity into his Chamber, where he summon'd her to the Performance of Articles on her part; which on a Couch, were reciprocally exchanged; she not daring to refuse it, for fear he should acquaint her Husband with her Intrigue with the Duke de *Seaux*.

Scar. Oh, brave *Hog*! Worthy Prelate! Pious Cardinal! What a fine way of Mortification is this! Well, for Sincerity, Humility, Charity, Sobriety, &c, commend me to a Prelate.

Furet. The Cardinal, though he had obtained his Desires, yet could not but be sensible that Fear, not Love, made her consent; therefore doubting she would return to her first Amours, or that he should have but little share of her, so contriv'd it, that her Husband sent her to a House he had in the Cardinal's Diocese and not far from his Palace. This had a very good Effect; because the Cardinal for the Love of her, resided always at his Diocese. Thus did the Cardinal and his *Niece*, live very lovingly for two or three Years, but the Intrigues of the Court calling the Prelate out of the Kingdom, Ambition stept into the place of Love, and put an end to an incestuous Commerce, to
which

which the Marchioness had first consented, purely in her own Defence.

Scar. I find there are *Hogs* with Cardinal-Caps, as well as Mitres. But I believe they are not so numerous; that Dignity perhaps, is a kind of curb to their Licentiousness.

Furet. You mistake the Matter, Mr. *Scarron*, Inclination never changes; the only Reason is, there are more Bishops than Cardinals, and most of them reside at *Rome*, at glorious *Rome*, which is but one entire Stew; *Sodom* was not, what *Rome* is now. Have you forgot the famous Cardinal *Bonzi*? He is as absolute in *Montpellier*, as the *Grand Seigneur* in his *Seraglio*; he needs but beckon to the Dame he has a Mind to enjoy. The brave Cardinal *de Bouillon*, notwithstanding his Court Intrigues, is as well known in all the Bawdy-Houses of *Paris*, as a young debauch'd Musqueteer, or *Garde de Corps*. The Cardinal *de Furstenburg* too was as wicked as his Purse would allow him before I left the Town.

Scar. I verily believe it, Monsieur l'Abbe: But pray give me leave to reckon your Dignities upon my Fingers, that I may not forget them. First, There is your *Porkers* of *Jesus Christ*; then your *Mitred-Hogs*, and lastly your *Purple Hogs*. 'Tis wondrous Petty! Pray how must we distinguish the *Pope*, who is chief of this Herd? Must we call him the Swine-Herd? Some of them, 'tis true, were Swine-Herds before they took the Order of Priesthood, as *Sixtus Quintus*, who was Swine-Herd to the Village of *Monaste*, But there is another thing that puzzles me worse than all this: You know *Lewis* the Fourteenth calls him the eldest Son of *St. Peter*, *Lewis* the Great, then, for all his Ambition, is the Son of a Swine-Herd! Well, I know not how to settle this Point; therefore pray continue your History.

Furet. I'll make an end of my History, if you are not already glutted with the Infamy of the fore-mentioned

mention'd Prelates ; with that of the Archbishop of Rheims.

Scar. How ! Monsieur l'Abbe, how ! Is he a Hog too ? I have heard him call'd by some of our new Guests a Horse.

Furet. You are in the right of that : The *Mareschal de la Feuillade* was his God-father, and one Day honour'd him with the Title of Coach-Horse.

Scar. A Horse is a degree of Honour above a Hog——Has *la Feuillade* the Privilege of distributing Titles at the Court of France ? Has he more Wit than in Cardinal *Mazarine's* Days, who always greeted him in these Words, Monsieur *de la Feuillade*, all your Brains would lie in a Nut-shell.

Furet. 'Tis true, there is no more Substance in his Brains than in whipt Cream ? and as that fills up the Desert, and serves to cool and refresh the Stomach after a plentiful Dinner ; so does he serve to unbend and divert the Mind, after solid Conversation and Business. To prove this, I will tell you how he made the King to laugh very heartily, concerning the Archbishop of Rheims.

Scar. As a wise politick Lady, when she has not the Fool her Husband to divert her, will have her Monkey ; so must the great Statesman have his Buffoon. He is the same to the Politician, as a Clyster is to the Man that's costive. But go on with your Story.

Furet. He being one Day with the King, look-out at a Window of *Versailles*, that faces the great Road to *Paris*, and observing the Passengers, the King at last, discovered a Coach with more as he thought, than six Horses ; and turning to *la Feuillade*, praising the Equipage, ask'd him if it was not the Archbishop of Rheims's Livery : Yes, Sir, said *la Feuillade*. I can discover but seven Horses, reply'd the King : Oh ! Sir, said *la Feuillade*, the eighth is in the Coach. But I pretend to degrade this Archbishop, and prove that he's but a *Mitred-Hog*, as well as the rest of his Brethren.

Scar.

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Scar. Ah dear *Monsieur l'Abbe*, for the Love of *Monsieur le Tellier*, who has rendred his King and Country such great Service, take not from him the Honour *la Feuillade* conferr'd on him, and with the King's approbation.

Furet. Plead not so earnestly for him, but hear me with Patience. I do not say, but the Archbishop of *Rheims*, is a Brute, a very Animal, a Coach-Horse, *per omnes Casus*; but yet he pursues the Affairs of Love, with as much Zeal, and as little Conscience, as any Prelate in *Europe*, therefore must not be distinguished from his Brethren. Besides, if you take from him his lawful Title of *Mitred-Hog*, you will hinder his Preferment.

Scar. Oh! By no means. I have read that *Caligula* honour'd one of his Horses with the Title of Senator; why then may not the Pope, who is the Successor of that Emperor, call into his Senate your Coach-Horse?

Furet. With all my Heart. Nevertheless, I'll call him if you please, *Mitred-Hog*, as I did the Bishop of *Laon* before he was Cardinal *d'Estree*. Now to matter of Fact. The Dutchess *d'Aumont* having surpriz'd one of her Chamber-Maids in a very indecent Posture with the Marquis *de Villequier*, her Son-in-Law, turn'd her out of her Service. The poor Wench, distracted to find herself separated from her Lover, told him, out of pure Revenge, that the Archbishop of *Rheims* lay with the Dutchess every time the Duke went to *Versailles*. How! my Uncle! Ah! I cannot believe it; thou sayst this out of Malice.

Scar. Oh fie! Oh fie! The Archbishop of *Rheims* debauch the Dutchess of *Aumont*, his Brother in Law's Wife! Do not you plainly perceive this Jade's Malice? If the Dutchess had but suffer'd her Intrigue with the Marquis, she would not have open'd her Mouth. Oh, horrible! Oh, horrible!

Furet.

Furet. As much as you seem to wonder now, and abhor the Thoughts of such Doings; you were not formerly so very nice, nor incredulous.

Scar. Be not angry, good *Monsieur l'Abbe*; I do believe as bad of a Priest, as you can desire to have me; therefore pray continue.

Furet. By what follows you'll find that the Spirit of Revenge discover'd a most-luscious Intrigue. Since you will not believe what I say, reply'd the Wench to her Gallant, I will, the next time the Duke goes to *Versailles*, make your Eyes convince you. The Dutches, you must know, had imprudently given her leave to stay three or four Days in her House. As it happen'd the Duke went that Afternoon to Court; who was no sooner gone, and the Marquis plac'd in a dark Room leading to the Dutches's Bed-Chamber, but by comes the Archbishop, muffled up with a Cloak and a dark Lanthorn in his Hand. This convinced the young Marquis, and was enough to convince a more incredulous Man than your Worship.

Scar. It was perhaps some Phantome, or some amorous Devil, who to do himself Honour, had taken the Archbishop's goodly Form, and sanctified Mien.

Furet. Still excusing the Priests! You were not such an Advocate of theirs in the other World, witness your Answer to your *Parish Priest*, some few Hours before you packt up for this Place.

Scar. I have since drank a swinging Draught of *Lethe's* forgetful Stream; I remember nothing of it: You would, perhaps, scandalize me.

Furet. It was thus, Sir, the grave Hypocrite administering the last idolatrous Ceremonies, asked if you knew what you received; to which you made this short Answer: *The Body of your God carried by an Ass.*

Scar. 'Tis true, 'tis true, *Monsieur l'Abbe*; pray who can endure to be disturb'd by an impertinent Coxcomb, when he's going to take a long Voyage?
But

But go on, I'll not speak one Word more in their Behalf.

Furet. The Marquis convinc'd by what he had seen, went the next Morning to *Versailles*, and told all the young Nobility of his Acquaintance what had pass'd; which by being buzz'd about, in four and twenty Hours became the Talk of all the Court.

Scar. Oh, brave Archbishop of *Rheims*! was no body worthy of being made a Cuckold by you, but your Brother-in-Law?

Furet. Again mistaken, Mr. *Scarron*, for the charitable Archbishop has assisted his Nephew too, as well as his Brother-in-law; and intends to go round the Family.

Sar. The Devil! This is the most insatiable Hog I ever heard of! He devours both the Hen and her Chickens. Pray excuse me, *Monsieur l'Abbe*: I cannot but think you wrong him now.

Furet. You may judge of that by the following Relation. The Archbishop being passionately in Love with *Madam d'Aumont* his Niece, and the Marquis *de Crequi's* Wife, was resolv'd the better to insinuate himself with her, to make her jealous of her Husband, which he found no difficult matter to do. This done, he went to visit her, and finding her melancholy, said, *Madam*, I know no reason you have to be so much concern'd at your Husband's infidelity, since it lies in your Power to be reveng'd. If he has a Mistress, why don't you get a Gallant? I know no Injustice in it; and it is the only recompensing Counsel I can give you.

Scar. Ah! *Marchioness*, have at you: I find the Hog grows rampant—Go on, *Good Sir*, This is like a brave Metropolitan.

Furet. The young *Marchioness* did not listen to this Proposition; but on the contrary, was surpriz'd to find her Uncle, an Archbishop, make a Motion which had she been inclin'd to follow, he ought to have given her more virtuous Advice. Perceiving her Aversion to his Proposition, he suspected

spected she might suppose he only said it to try her Inclinations, therefore he was resolved to declare his Mind in more intelligible Terms; which he did in so amorous a Style, that the Marchioness plainly perceiv'd the Archbishop intended to have a Share in the Revenge. But the young Lady, tho' she would not have made any Scruple of it, had it not been for his Character, was infinitely concerned at it.

Scar. Notwithstanding all this, do I see the *Purple* victorious, and the poor Victim prostrate.

Furet. As the Archbishop made her frequent Presents, and she expected great Advantages at his Death, so she did not think it Prudence to mortify him too much; this filled him with Hopes, and made him more amorous: Therefore, to blind the Husband, and have a better Opportunity of lying with his Wife, he proposed taking them into his Palace, and defraying all their Charges.

Scar. Money is the Sinew of Love as well as War. The poor Marquiss, I don't doubt, was blinded with this fine Proposal. More Men are made Cuckolds by their own Follies than by their Wives.

Fu. So it prov'd by our Cuckold, who was so transported at the bounteous *Offer* of the Archbishop, supposing it an Uncle's kindness, not a Lover's, that he every where boasted of it, that is to say, he thought himself oblig'd to his Uncle for lying with his Wife at that Price. The *Mareschal de Crequi*, his Father had quite another *Opinion* of that matter; and was affronted at the excessive Liberalities of the Archbishop, knowing that the most devout and zealous of their Tribe were Adulterers, Incestuous and Sodomites. He complain'd of it to the Marquiss *Louvois*, who told him, Covetousness was the Reason of his Complaint. The *Mareschal* not satisfied with this Answer, went to the King, who immediately commanded the Archbishop to retire into his Diocese. The disconsolate Archbishop, whilst all was preparing for his Journey, went to visit his Niece, and with Tears desir'd her ever to remember

member, that it was for the Love of her he was banish'd.

Scar. Could the Afflictions of the Living affect me, I should be mightily concern'd for the Grief of this poor Prelate, who was oblig'd to leave so dear, so pretty a Niece; a Niece that afforded him so much Pleasure and Delight. Have not you left behind you other *Mitred Hogs*, whose Lives and Conversations are worthy your Remembrance? Those you have already been so kind to relate, have been a Banquet to me; and I heartily wish I may always meet with such Entertainment.

Furet. Your Servant, Mr. *Scarron*, I am extreamly pleas'd they have diverted you; and that you may promise your self such another Entertainment, nay, twenty such; be assur'd, that there is not a Bishop, Archbishop, or Cardinal, that is not as very a *Hog*, as either the Archbishop of *Rheims*, or Cardinal *d'Estrees*, except the Bishop of *Esar*, who lives in a barren Soil, and can scarce afford himself a Bellyfull of Chesnuts above once in Fifteen Days. Poverty is a kind of Leprosie, not a fair sleek Female will come near him. The reason why I entertain you with the Histories of these two Prelates, rather than of the Archbishop of *Paris*, the Bishop of *Meaux*, the Bishop of *Beauvais*, the Bishop of *Valence*, and all the other Bishops, is, because having heard the famous Actions of those worthy Metropolitans, faithfully related some few Days before my Departure, those Ideas are the most present and lively. But in Time, and with a little rubbing up my Memory, I may be able to give you the Lives of all the *Mitred-Hogs*. Besides, as we have now settled three Couriers weekly, from this Place to *Versailles* because of the Importance of Affairs now on Foot, I expect now and then a Packet; so I don't doubt of keeping my Word, and often diverting you with Stories of the like nature, and of fresher Date.

Scar.

Scar. 'Tis very obliging, *Monsieur l'Abbe*: But your last Paragraph has put an odd Whim into my Noddle. This Place, as I told you before, is now call'd the *Wits Coffee-House*; none but Authors are sent hither. What think you if we should join our Heads together, and digest all your Stories and Intelligence into Form; if we should compile a Book of them, we could make it very diverting, having able Men both for Verse and Prose, whose very Names would give it the Reputation of a faithful History, because the *Dead* neither hoping nor fearing any thing from the *Living*, cannot be suspected of Flattery and Partiality, as they justly were when in the World.

Furet. I protest, a noble Thought! The Lives of the Roman *Prelates* will make a most curious History. We have a famous History of the *Roman Emperors*; and why should we not then have another of the *Roman Prelates*, since they as justly deserve to be transmitted to Posterity?

Beau NORTON, to his BROTHERS at
HIPOLLITO's in COVENT-GARDEN.

By Capt. AYLOFF.

Dearly beloved Brothers of the Orange-Butter-Box.

YOU will soon be satisfied what mighty Changes we suffer by Death; and that there is no two things at more distance from one another, than to *Be* and not to *Be*. You know how *Roman* like, I took Pett, and dar'd to die; for Time had bejaded me a little, and to renounce the Tyranny of the fickle Goddess, I was oblig'd to renounce your Light. Since my Arrival at the grim *Tartarian Territories*, I have receiv'd the usual Compliments of the Place; and tho' the most accurate

Coun-

Courtiers that ever was bred at *Versailles*, and all the Wits of the most gallant Courts in the Universe, are here in whole Shoals, yet to my great Wonder and Amazement, not one of them said a genteel thing to me. But with a strange familiar Air, that savour'd much of our *Bear-Garden* Friendship, some a hundred or two, hall'd me by the Ears, and puffing out thick Clouds of flaming Sulphur, cry'd all with a hoarse and dismal Voice, Well, *Doily*, this was kindly done of thee, to take the *Pas avance* of Destiny, and shew the World, that no Man need be miserable, but who is afraid to die.

I was (amongst Friends) as much out of Countenance at this saucy Proceeding, as when our old Friends, *Shore* and *la Rocha*, refus'd to lend me five paultry Guineas, after I had equipt them with more than one thousand apiece. I wonder'd at the Roughness of their *Acueil*, and they burst out a laughing at the Impertinency of my Astonishment. Well, *Gentlemen*, give me leave to tell you, that if I had but suspected a quarter Part of this inhuman and ungentleman-like Reception, I would have suspended the Honours of my Self-Sacrifice, and have chosen rather to wait the fatal Period of Life in a more contracted Orb, than thus suddenly have plung'd my self in so stringing a Disappointment. After having allotted me my Portion for my Vanity and Foppery, and I had been put into Possession of my Shop, you cannot conceive how heavy it lay upon my Spirits; but suffer it I must; and if it had not not been the odiouslest and most abominable, most nauseous, and most execrable Function I could have laboured under, they would not have been so merciful as to have enjoin'd it me. 'Twas long before I could obtain leave to insinuate thus much to you; for they are no ways here below inclin'd to grant any the minuteft Thing imaginable, that may contribute to the Benefit of Mankind. *Jo. Haines* came to me, (and his Breath had as much augmented its *Stench*, as *Light* is different from *Darkness*;

ness: In a Word, there was as great Disproportion for the worse, as between us and you) and with a displayed pair of Chaps, told me, I must not have any Correspondency with the upper Regions, for it might tend to the dispeopling the *Acherontic* Territories; and that I was a Bubble, to think they had not as much of self-Interest here below, as any Merchant, Statesman, Lawyer, or Nobleman in all the Dominions above. But seeing my, and your old Acquaintance, (Gentlemen) I took Heart a little, and held my Nose; and after some usual Ceremonies, (to which he made but a scurvy Return) I told him, Look you Mr. *Haines*, you know, as well as I, that those powder'd Members of the vain Fraternity are all of them incorrigible; present Smart and future Fear affects them not; they are out of the Reach of good Advice; Reason was never their Talent; for if they were ever in Election to have a Thought, as it would be the first, so would it be the fatallest too. Could any Glass but shew them to themselves as really they are, they would all despair like me, and die like me. A sly young Whelp of the second Class of *Pluto's* Footmen, said, well, Mr. *Haines*, there may be much in what he says, he came last from thence, therefore let him make an end of his Epistle, it may turn to better Account than we are aware of. I thank'd the Gentleman for his Civility, and would have administered a Half-Crown; but you know (my worthy Brothers) that the last twelve Shillings I had was laid out in three Glasses of *Ratifiat*, and a Bottle of *Essence*; with which, I first comb'd out my Wig, then clean'd my Shoes, and then oyl'd the Locks of my Pistols, and so set out for this tedious and lugubrious Journey: And that you may see, that *Pluto's* Skip-kennels are not so insolent as yours are, the Fellow told me, with a malicious Smile, That if the powder'd Gentry of the other World were so very despicable Animals, as I represented them, he would take a small Tour with me,

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me, and then I might have something material to communicate to them.

We had not walk'd so far as from the *Choculase-House* to the *Rose*, but in a narrow, obscure, obscure Alley, there hung out a piece of a broken Chamber-pot, upon which was written in sulphurous Characters, *Fleshly Relief for the Sons of Adam*. I had hardly made an end of reading this merry Motto, but the Door open'd, and what should my Eyes behold, but a reverend Lady, of illustrious Charms, that gave us too visible Proofs of the Depredations of Time: I recollected her Phiz, as Engineers tell by the very Ruins, whether the Fabric were *Doric* or *Ionic*, &c. and who should this be but the celebrated Fair *Rosamond*; her present Occupation was to be Runner to this Bawdy-Coffee-House. Queen *Eleanor* her mortal Enemy, sells Sprats, and has her Stall in *Pluto's* Stable-Yard. In my Peregrination, I met several Things unexpected, and therefore surprising; I shall not give you the trouble of every particular dark Passage we went through, but in general Terms relate the most memorable Things that occur'd during a very considerable Walk that we had together. Taking a solitary walk on the gloomy Banks of *Acheron*, I met a finical Fellow, powder'd from Top to Toe, his Hands in his Pocket, *a-la-Mode de Paris*, humming a new Minuet; and who should it be, but *Gondamour*, that famous *Spaniard*. *Hellen* of *Greece* cry'd Kitchen-Stuff, and *Roxana* had a little Basket of *Tripe* and *Trotters*; *Agamemnon* sold bak'd Ox-Cheek, hot, hot; *Hannibal* sells Spanish-Nuts, come crack it away; the so famous *Hector* of *Troy*, is a Head-dresser; the *Deiii* keep a Coblers-Stall, in the Corner of the *Forum*, and the *Horatii* a Chandler's-Shop; *Sardanapalus* cries Lilly-white-Vinegar, and *Heliogabalus* Bakers Fritters, in the *Via Appia* of this Metropolis; *Lucius Emilius Paulus* is a Bayliff's Follower, and the famous Queen *Tomyris* proportions out the *Offals* for *Cerberus*; *Tarquin* sweeps
his

his Den, and *Romulus* is a Turnspit in *Pluto's* Kitchen; *Artaxerxes* is an Under-Scullion, and *Pompey* the Magnificent, a Rag-Man; *Mark Anthony*, that disputed his Mistress at the Price of the whole Universe, goes now about with Dancing-Dogs, a Monkey and a Rope; *Cleopatra*, that could swallow a Province at one Draught, when it was to drink her Lover's Health, submits now to the humble Employment of feeding *Proserpine's* Pigs; that luxurious *Roman*, who was once so dissolv'd in Ease, as that a very Rose-Leaf doubled under him, prevented his Rest, is now labouring at the Anvil with a half hundred Hammer; *Oliver Cromwell* is a Rat-Catcher, and my Lord *Bellew* a Chimney-Sweeper.

There was besides these, a List of People nearer hand; but you may easily guess upon what score they are left out of the List. We needed not have gone so far back in the Records of Persons and Things, to have met Instances of Barbarity, Luxury, Avarice, Lust of Dominion, as well as of Sensuality: Malversations of Government in Sovereigns and Subjects; publick Justice avoided, private Feuds fomented, every thing sacrific'd to a *Colbert*, *Maintenon*, or a *Louvois*.

There is somebody hollows most damnably on the other Side of *Styx*, and lest I lose this Opportunity, I shall only relate some memorable Things to you: Therefore pray pardon me, that I cannot dilate upon every Particular. In short then, *Alexander* the Great is Bully to a Guinea-Dropper; and Cardinal *Mazarine* keeps a Nine-Holes; *Mary* of *Medicis* foots Stockings, and *Katherine*, Queen of *Swedeland* cries two Bunches a Penny Card-Matches, two Bunches a Penny; *Henry* the Fourth of *France* carries a Rary-Show, and *Mahomet* Muscles; *Seneca* keeps a Fencing-School; and *Julius Caesar* a Twopenny Ordinary; *Xenophon*, that great Philosopher, cries Cow-cumbers to pickle, and *Cato* is the perfectest Sir Courtly of the whole *Plutonian* Kingdom; *Richlieu*

cries *topping Bunno* ; and the late Pope, *Any thing to day* ; *Lewis* the Thirteenth is a *Corn-Cutter* ; *Gustavus Adolphus* cries *Sparagras* ; with a thousand more Particulars of this Nature. You must allow the Scenes to be mightily alter'd from their former Stations : but alas ! Sir, this Change we suffer, and as Pleasure is the Reward of Virtue, so Disgrace and Infamy is of Cruelty, Pride and Hypocrisie. What can be more surprizing, than to see the renowned *Pemhesilea*, Queen of the *Amazons*, crying new Almanacks, and *Darius* Ginger-Bread, *Van Trump* cries Ballads, and Admiral *de Ruyter*, long and strong Thread-Laces.

This Disproportion is their Punishment ; for it must be anxious to the last Degree, to fall so low even beyond a Possibility of rising again. That is the Advantage of moving in an humble Sphere ; they are not capable of those Enormities that the great Ones can hardly avoid ; for Temptation will generally have the better of Mankind.

I rest,

Tours in haste.

PERKIN WARBECK, *to the pretended Prince*
of WALES. *By Capt. AYLOFF.*

Dear Cousin Sham,

WE had a fierce Debate here on the 13th *pastato*. between my Lord *Fitz-Walter*, Sir *Simon Mountford*, Sir *William Stanley*, and my self ; whether by a Parity of Reason, *England* might not once more have the same Card trumpt up upon them ? In a Word, we were consulting your Affairs,
and

and they were most of 'em of Opinion, that there could not be any good Success expected from your personal Endowments, and princely Qualifications. For you must give me leave to tell you, *Cuz*, that I was a smart Child, and a smock-fac'd Youth; I had not the good Luck to kill a wild Boar at your Years, but I could 'fit the great Horse before I could go alone, I had all the Advantages of Friends that you have, and the Interest of my good Aunt the Dutches of *Burgundy*, let me tell you, was as capable of seconding me, as the House of *Modena* is you: Nay, I had the *Scotch* on my side, Assistance from *Ireland*, and not without a Party, you see, even in *England* too. But the *English* Mob is the most giddy, wretched, senseless Mob of all the Mobs in the World. How they crowded into me at *Whitsand-Bay*, and in their first Fury fought well enough before *Exeter*: But when they heard of an Army coming against 'em, the Scoundrels ran away and left me; all my blooming Hopes and fancied Kingdoms dwindled away in a Sanctuary, that I exchanged for a Prison, and brought my *Habeas Corpus*, and so turn'd my self over to *Tyburn*, and am now in the Rules of *Ache-ron*. Our Kinsman *Lambert Symnel* and I, drank your Health t'other Morning in a curious Cup of *Syx*, and the arch sawcy Rogue, said, how he should laugh to see his Brother of *Wales* succeed him in this great Employment at Court; continually turning a Spit would harden and inure you, and so prepare you for these smoaky and warmer Climates: Not but that there is matter of Speculation in it too. The turning a Spit is an Emblem of the Vicissitude of human Affairs. But before I take my leave, good *Cousin*, I must offer a little of my Advice to you, if it be possible any ways to meliorate your Destiny, and that is, that you would make a Campaign or two in *Italy*: Marshal *Villeroy* will shew you what it is to be well beaten; and till then you'll never be a great General. But *Cha-*

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ron is just landing a Multitude of *French* from those Parts; I must go see what News, and inform my self further of your Welfare and Prosperity.

Adieu.

Mr. DRYDEN to the Lord D——
By Capt. AYLOFF.

My Lord,

ON the 25th *passato*, there happen'd a very considerable Dispute in the *Delphick Vale*; the *Literati* had hard Words, and it was fear'd by *Pluto* himself, that the angry Shades would come to somewhat worse. It may be you in those grosser Regions, do not believe that we here below lose nothing of our selves by Death, but the terrene Part: Nay, the very Soul it self retains some of those unhappy Impressions it receiv'd from Flesh and Blood. Here *Cæsar* bites his Thumbs when *Alexander* walks by; frowns upon *Brutus*, and blushes when he talks of King *William*: The great *Gustavus Adolphus* only wishes himself upon Earth again, to serve a Captain under him: *Turenne* wants to be in *Italy*, and *Wallesteen* assures him that Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* would have had the same glorious Success against him, as *Catinat* and *Villeroy*. *Hannibal* own'd that his March over, or rather through the *Alpes*, was not so honourable an Action as the Prince's; and though Arts and Experience may make a General, yet Nature can only inform an *Eugene*. Surly *Charon* had been so plagu'd with the *French* from those Parts, that he has been forc'd to leave whole Shoals of them behind. Once they crowded in so fast, as they almost overset the Boat, and still as they press'd forward, cry'd *Vauban*, *Vauban*: But the old Gentleman, unwilling to hazard himself, push'd a Multitude of them back with his Sculls,

Sculls, and so put off ——— However, this is not the Business I designed to mention: Something more particular, and of more weighty Consequence is the occasion of this Letter. The real Wits refus'd to take notice of Prince *Arthur*. and King *Arthur*, who were walking Hand in Hand; some shallow-pated Verifiers would resent the Indignity put upon 'em. This was very disgusting to the *Literati*, and it is inconceivable what a horrid Stench they made with uttering those Verses. The more robust Spirits were almost choakt; you may then judge what Condition the delicate and nice Stomachs of the Men of Wit were in; but while every one was wishing for their Cloaths of Humanity again to be less sensible of this execrable Smell, a worthy *Literato* came in from *London*, who being inform'd of the occasion of that terrible Inconveniency, repeated a few commendatory Verses, and immediately the Air grew tolerable, and the Brimstone burnt serene. *Job* himself did confess, that had he been in the Flesh again, he was terribly afraid he should have murder'd the Doctor: When a merry Spirit standing at his Elbow, said, it was no such wonderful thing to have a Sirreverence of a Man be mine Arse of a Poet. But *Charon* waits, I must conclude; and as Conveniency serves, shall inform you of what passes in these gloomy Regions.

A LETTER from Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY,
to the Covent-Garden SOCIETY. By Cap-
tain AYLOFF.

THE shatter'd Laurels of the *Acherontic*-Walks,
owe not so much of their Misfortune to the
shallowness of *Aganippe*, as to the ungenerous Pro-
cedure of the Sons of *Helicon*. Either Hill of *Par-*
nassus

nassus is fortified, and what with ancient and modern Wit, even you, Gentlemen of real Parts, have none of you that Applause, which in a thousand occasions you have so justly merited. These melancholy Reflections, Gentlemen, add a new thickness to the gloomy Sulphur, and we cannot enjoy a perfect quiet here, seeing there is so great and so dangerous a Misunderstanding between you on the other side of *Phlegethon*. Why should there be so many pointed Satyrs against one another? Why should you shew the very Blockheads themselves where you Men of Sense are not quite such as you would pass upon the World for? Your invidious Criticisms only shew others where you are vulnerable, and give an Argument under your own Hand against your own selves. There is a Charity in concealing Faults; but to make them more obvious, has a double ill-nature in it. Can't *Arthur* be a worthless Poem, but a Squadron of Poets must tell all the World so? Is there Honour in rummaging a Dunghil, or telling the Neighbours where there is one? The *Bee* gathers Honey from every Flower, 'tis the *Beetles* that delight in Horse-Dung. Is it not much more preferable to make something ones self useful to Mankind, than only to shew wherein another is a Coxcomb? Partizans in Wit never do well; they only lay the Country waste; they gratifie their own private Spleen, it may be, but they do not help the Publick. Unite your Forces, Gentlemen, against Ignorance, that growing and powerful Enemy to you and us. Erect triumphal Arches to one another, and do not enviously pull down what others are endeavouring to set up. Your mutual Quarrels have shaken the very Foundation of Wit and good Humour. 'Tis the Faction a Man is of, determines what he is, not his Learning and Parts; we cannot hear, Gentlemen, of those intestine Dissensions without a great Concern and Displeasure; and must take the Liberty to tell you, we apprehend the *Muses* may

may shortly be reduced to the Necessity of shutting up the *Delphic Library*, and write upon the Doors, *Ruit ipsa suis Roma viribus.*

CHARON to the most Illustrious and High-born
JACK KETCH, Esq; By Captain AYLOFF.

Most worthy Kinsman and Benefactor,

I Cannot but with the last Degree of Sorrow and Anguish, inform you of our present wretched Condition; we have even tired our Palms and our Ribs at Slappaty-pouch; and if it had not been for some Gentlemen, that came from the Coasts of *Italy*, I had almost forgot to handle my Sculls. There came a sneaking Ghost here, some a Day or two, or three ago, and he surpriz'd us with an Account, (I may call it indeed a terrible one) that you have had a Maiden-Session in your Metropolis. Was it then possible that *Newgate* should be without a Rogue, or our Patron, the most worshipful Sir senseless L——— without any Execution in his Mouth? You talk of having hang'd *Tyburn* in Mourning: Why, Cousin Ketch, upon my Sincerity, and for fear you should question my Veracity, by the thickest Mud in *Acheron*, I swear, it is almost high time that my Boat was in Mourning. What, he upon the Bench and no Man hang'd! Well, as assuredly as the Blood of the Horses will rise up in Judgment against our Friend *Whitney*; this Maiden-Session shall rise up in Judgment against him. Such Shoals as I have had from time to time, meer Sacrifices to his Avarice or his Malice, that unless his Conscience begins to fly in his Face, I cannot comprehend what should occasion this Calm at the *Old Baily*: For give me leave, dear Cousin, to tell you, that formerly he never sav'd any Man for his Money, but hang'd another in his

room ; trading was then pretty good, *Cousin*, and there was a Penny to be got ; but indeed on your side it is very dull : Nay, in *Flanders* too, that fertile Soil of Blood and Wounds, there has not one Leg nor one Arm been brought us all this Summer. Prithee be your *Charon*, and let me be Recorder, I'll warrant you somewhat more to do.

*From Sir BARTHOLOMEW — to the Worshipful
Serjeant S — By the same Hand.*

THE Friendship that was between us formerly, equally obliges me to give you a Relation of my Travels, and assures me of its Welcome. Since my Peregrination from your factious Regions, I have passed over various and stupendous Lakes ; the Roads are somewhat dark indeed, but the continued Exhalations of those amazing Streams, make the Travellers able to pass, without running foul upon one another. But 'tis equally remarkable, considering the length and darkness of the Passage, that no Person was ever cast away on this River *Syx*, as I am credibly inform'd by the Ferryman, who has ply'd here time out of Mind. The Fogs are pretty rife in this Country, and full as insufferable as ever they were among you : I unfortunately forgot my Lozenge-Box, and have much impair'd my Lungs ; but they assure me, that these Defluxions of Rheums never kill. 'Tis prodigious I protest; *Brother*, to see how soon we learn the Language, or rather *Jargon* of the Place ! How fast they come in from all parts of the habitable World ! And yet there is but one Boat neither, and that no bigger than an Above-Bridge-Wherry. At my coming a Shore, I was very familiarly entertained, and directed to an Apartment in *Cocytus* : But there was not one Corner in all my Passage, but I met some or other of the wrangling Fraternity of
Westminster.

Westminster. I immediately suggested to my self, that there might be (peradventure) a Call of Serjeants by his Majesty *Pluto*, who is Sovereign of these gloomy Regions; and who, besides his general Residence here, has a most magnificent Palace about twenty Miles off, at *Erebus*, on the side of the River *Phlegethon*. He is one of a somewhat stern Aspect, not easie of Access; haughty in his Deportment, and barbarous to the last Degree, in his Nature. There is no sort of People he sets so much by, as those of our Profession, tho' I have not heard of any Lawyer that had the Honour to be in his Cellar as yet. Our old Friend, and Fellow-Toper Judge *D*——has very good Business here, upon my Word, as likely to be preferr'd, as Vacancies happen; for 'tis always Term-Time in this Kingdom throughout; and besides, when he had his *Quietus* sent him by the Hands of Sir *Thin Chops Mors*, you and I remember very well, that he had not the best Reputation for a Man of Parts. In the Crowd of our Pains-taking Brethren in the litigious School, I remark'd an innumerable quantity that I was not quite an utter stranger to their Faces, more particularly, Mr. *Fil*——who, you know, did not want for Sense, Wit, Law and good Manners; and yet had so profound a Genius, that he could dispatch more Business, and more Wine in one Night's time, than *Bob Weedon* would have wish'd for a Patrimony: He very humanly accosted me, and after a Million of mutual Civilities, he forc'd me to accept of my Mornings Draught with him. At Night you know, I never refuse my Bottle; but for Morning Tippling, it was always my Aversion, my Abomination, my Hatred, my *noli me tangere*: Besides, the dismal Prospect of the Place, gave me many shrewd Suspicions, that those Taverns were not furnish'd with the best Accommodations, neither for Man's Meat, or Horse Meat either; not that I had the Vanity to take my Coach with me neither, but 'tis to use an old

Proverb, that as yet I have not blotted out of my Memory. I had hardly disengag'd my self from his Civilities, but Mr. *Nicholas Hard* — mighty gravely admonish'd me of his former Familiarity, and with an Air that was no ways contumelious, desir'd to know how *F* — preach'd, and *Burg* — pray'd; whether the grave Dr. *W* — continu'd his pious Endeavours to convert the martyr'd Men of his Parish from the crying and hainous Sin of *Ebriety*; and yet at the same Instant almost, to contrive plausible Ways and Means of perverting the modest and chaste Propensities of their respective Wives; and while they would not quietly let their Husbands be (by accident of good Company, or good Wine) Beasts, for but a few transitory nocturnal Hours, could yet strive to make them so beyond a possibility of Redress; for among Friends, (*Brother*) what collateral Security can an honest, prudent, wary, wise, good, upright, understanding, cautious, indulgent, loving Husband take, when that same godly Man in Black, twirls his primitive Band strings, and with the other Hand has your dear Spouse, your Help-Mate, the Wife of your Bosom, the Partner of your Bed, by the Conscience, and somewhat else that begins with the same Letter? 'Twas not want of Leisure, (for alas and alack) we have supernumerary Hours here; but pretended Curiosity, (the last thing that dies with us but Hypocrisie) made me cut short the Harangue, that this precise Attorney seem'd by his Demureness to expect from me: So in short, I told him, that his Fellow-Companions at six a Clock-Prayers had not forgot him; and by what I could understand from those that were last with me, the Pew-keeper lamented his Loss extreamly: Nay, was inconsolable, for now he was forced to use a Pailful of Water extraordinary once a Week more in the Church than formerly; because he had gotten to such a Perfection in Hypocrisie, that what his Knees did not rub clean, his Eyes always wash'd clean:

clean : But for his Father's Comfort, since he was got clear of his *Super-Tartarian* Concern, *Money* was fallen, and his dearest darling Sin of all, *Extortion*, was not a little under the Hatches : But that he might not be quite cast down, there was some Seeds of it left still, that would always keep old *Charon* well employ'd. I had hardly blest my self for having got rid of him, but a merry Fellow (not to say impertinent and sawcy to One of my Capacity, Volubility and Eloquence ; Character, Conduct and Reputation) pull'd me by the *Coif* ; but as in strange Places 'tis Prudence to pass by small Affronts and Indignities, because want of acquaintance is worse than want of Knowledge ; and the *Law*, you know Brother, is not so expensive, as it is capacious in the Main ; not but that our *Industry* does help it mightily to be the one, if we find it to be the other. Now who should this *Caiff* be, but *Harry C*——ff the *Attorney* ; and all his mighty business was to know how his *Landress* did ; and if the Maid got the better of her in the Legacy he gave her for her last Consolations. Before I could recollect the secret History of his Amours, I was very courteously address'd by Mr. Common Serjeant *C*——p. who likewise, in a florid Style, requested me to inform him, if any of his modern-Bawds, that so punctually attended him, had suffer'd any prejudice by his Absence : He was mightily in doubt of their Success, because Experience had taught him, that *Paupers* in matters of Law proceed but heavily ; however, he could but wish them well, because that though they were bad Clients, he had always found them good Procurators——My Lady *Tisiphone* made a sumptuous Entertainment, and the Countess of *Clotho* danc'd smartly ; the King of *Spain* resented mightily that so many *English* were there, and had almost bred a Quarrel ; but *Don Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*, made up the Matter, by declining the *Spanish* Faction, and said, it was highly unjust that the *English* should be male-

treated in their universal Interest, because he was a Fool, and the Cardinal that made his Will a Knave, and the King of *France* a Tyrant. But the Catastrophe of this Fit of the Spleen of the supercilious *Spaniard* was comical enough; for in the Crowd that was come together upon the notice of his Heart-burning, who should stumble upon one another, but *Godfrey Woodw* ——— the Attorney, who you may remember (*Brother*) was committed, for saying to a certain Lord *Cha* ——— That he was his first Maker; tho' the truth of the Matter was, their Intimacy at Play made him presume to beg the small Favour of his Lordship, to pass an unjust Decree in favour of his Client. Well, Sir, said the Attorney, to his Lordship, now you are without your Mace, I must tell you, that had not you invited me to Supper the same Day you sent me to the *Fleet*, I should have taken the Freedom to have let you know, that in this King's Dominions we are all equal. I left 'em hard at *All-Fours* for a Quart of *Acheron*, where they bite their Nails like mad, and divert others with their Passion and Concern ——— But the Postillion is mounting, and I must defer the rest of my Adventures to the next Opportunity.

The End of the First Part.

LET-

LETTERS

From the Dead to the Living.

PART II.

A LETTER from Seignior GIUSIPPE HANESIO,
High - German Doctor and Astrologer in
Brandipolis, to his Friends at WILL's Coffee-
House in Covent-Garden. By Mr. THO.
 BROWN.

Gentlemen,

UNLESS my Memory fails me since my coming into these Subterranean Dominions, 'twas much about this time last Year, that I did my self the Honour to write to you: Perhaps you expected a frequenter Commerce from me; and indeed, I should have been very proud to have maintain'd it on my side, since nothing so much relieves me in these gloomy Regions, as to reflect on the many pleasant Moments I have formerly pass'd in *Covent-Garden*: But, alas! Gentlemen, not to mention the great Difficulty of keeping such a Correspondence, our lower World is nothing near so fruitful in News, as yours; one
 single

single Sheet of Paper will almost contain the Occurrences of a whole Year; and were it not for the numerous Crowds of *Spaniards, French, Poles, Germans, &c.* that daily arrive here, and entertain us with the Transactions of *Europe*, Hell would be as melancholy a Place as *Westminster-Hall* in the long Vacation; and the generality of People among us, would have as little to employ their idle Hours, as a Lord-Treasurer in *Scotland*, or a Barber in *Muscovy*. Besides, to speak more particularly, as to my self, that everlasting hurry and tide of Business, wherein I have been over-whelm'd ever since I honour'd my self with the Title of *High-German Doctor and Astrologer*, does so entirely challenge all my Time, that if you will take my Word, (and I hope you don't suspect a Person of my Veracity) I am forc'd at this present writing to deny my self to all my Patients, tho' there are at least some half a score Coaches with Coronets waiting now at my Door, that I might receive no Interruption from any Visitants, while I was dispatching this Epistle to you.

My last, Gentlemen, as you may easily remember, if you have not buried such a Trifle in Oblivion, concluded with my taking a large House here in *Brandipolis*, and setting up for a Physician and Fortune-Teller: I shall now proceed to acquaint you, by what laudable Artifices and Stratagems I advanced my self into that mighty Reputation; in which, to the admiration of this populous Town, I at present flourish; what notable Cures I have perform'd, what sort of Customers chiefly resort to me; and lastly, To give you a short Account of the most memorable Occurrences that have lately happen'd in these Parts.

By the Direction of my worthy Friend, Mr. *Nokes*, who liberally supply'd me with Money to carry on this Affair, I took a spacious House in the great *Piazza* here, then empty by the Death of one of the most eminent Physicians of this famous City. This

you

you must own to me, *Gentlemen*, was as favourable a Step at my first setting out, as a Man could possibly wish; for you cannot be ignorant how many sorry Brothers of the Faculty in *London* keep their Coaches, and wriggle themselves into Business, with no other Merit to recommend them, than that of dwelling in the same House where a celebrated Doctor lived before them. For this Reason, I suppose, it was, (if you can pardon so short a Digression) that the *Popes* came to monopolize the Ecclesiastical Practice of the Western World to themselves, by succeeding so great a Bishop as *St. Peter*. So much is the World govern'd by Appearances, and so apt to be cheated, as if Knowledge and Learning were bequeath'd to one House or Place; and like a piece of common Furniture, went to the next Inhabiter.

But to dismiss this Speculation, which perhaps may seem somewhat odd, from a Man of my merry Character; having provided my House with every thing convenient, adorn'd my Hall with the Pictures of *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, *Albumazar*, and *Paracelsus*; cram'd my Library with a vast Collection of Books, in all Arts and Languages, (tho' under the Rose be it spoken, my worthy Friends, your humble Servant does not understand a Syllable of them) furnish'd it with a pair of Globes curiously Painted, with the *Exuviae* of two or three *East-India* Animals, a *Rattle-Snake*, and a *Crocodile*; and set up a fine Elaboratory in my Court-Yard: In short, after having taken care to set off my Hall, Parlour and Study, with all those noble Decorations that serve to amuse the Multitude, and create strange Ideas in them, I order'd a spacious Stage to be erected before my own Habitation, got my Bills ready printed, together with a long Catalogue of the Cures perform'd by me, during the time of my practising Physick in your upper World; and then I broke out with a greater Expectation and *éclat* than any Doctor before me was ever known to do.

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Three

Three or four Weeks before I made my Appearance in Publick, which, as I told you before, I intended to make with all the Magnificence imaginable, Mr. *Nokes* and I, in Conjunction with my Brother Comedian, *Tony Lee*, laid our Heads together, how to sham me upon the Town for a Virtuoso, a Miracle-Monger, and what not. To favour this Design, we sent for three or four topping Apothecaries to the Tavern, gave them a noble Collation, and when half a dozen Bumpers of Wine had got us a free admission into their Hearts, we fairly let them into the Secret; which was, That they were to trumpet me up in all Coffee-Houses and Places of publick resort in Town, for the ablest Physician that ever came into these Parts; and as one Kindness justly challenges another, I for my part was to write Bills as tall as the Monument, and charge them with the most costly Medicines, tho' they signified nothing at all to the Patients Recovery. In short, the Bargain was immediately struck up between us; and those worthy Gentlemen, I'll say that for them, have not been wanting to proclaim my extraordinary Merits to all their Acquaintance.

This was not all, but Mr. *Nokes*, who was resolv'd at any Rate to introduce me into Business, coming into one of the best frequented Chocolate-Houses near the Court, (for *Brandipolis*, you must know, is a perfect Transcript of your wicked City) on a sudden pretends to be troubled with intolerable Gripings of the Guts; and acted his part so dextrously, that all the Company pitied him, and thought he would expire upon the Spot. Immediately two or three Doctors were sent for; who, after a tedious Consultation, at last pitch'd upon a never failing Remedy, as they were pleas'd to call it; which accordingly they apply'd, but without the desired Effect. As his Pains still continued upon him, *What, says he, must I die here for want of Help? And is there never another Physician to be had for Love*

nor Money? With that, a certain Gentleman, that was posted there for that purpose, Sir, says he, there's a *German Doctor* lately come here, but for my Part, I dare not recommend him to you, for he's a perfect Stranger to us, and no body knows him. *Oh, send for him, send for him*, cries Mr. Nokes, *these German Doctors are the finest Fellows in the World; who can tell but he may give me present Ease?* Upon this, a Messenger was hurried to me with all Expedition: I told him I would come so soon as I had dispatch'd a Patient or two; and in a quarter of an Hour came thundering to the Door in my Chariot, and all the way pored upon a little Book I carried in my Hands; tho' I must frankly own to you, that a Coach is as uncomfortable a Place to read, as to Consummate in; but, *Gentlemen*, 'tis with us here, as in your World, nothing is to be done without Policy and Trick: Marching into the Room with that Gravity and solemn Countenance, which we Physicians know so well to put on upon these Occasions, and brushing thro' a numerous Crowd of Spectators, who stood there expecting to see what would be the result of this Affair, I found Mr. Nokes in such terrible Agonies, that any Man would have sworn he could not out-live another Minute. I felt his Pulse, and told him, that by the Irregularities of his *Systole*, and unequal Vibration of his *Diaстole*, I knew as well what ail'd him, as if I had seen him taken to pieces like a Watch; and plucking a small Chrystal Bottle out of my Pocket, Sir, says I to him, take some half a score Drops of this *Anodyne Elixir*, and I'll engage all I am worth in the World, it will immediately relieve you. But under favour, Sir, to give you some short Account of it before you take it, you must understand, Sir, 'tis compos'd of two costly and sovereign Ingredients, which no Man, besides my self dares pretend to: The first, Sir, is the celebrated Balsam of *Chili*, (tho' by the by, the Devil a jot of Balsam comes from that *Pagan Place*) and

and the second, Sir, that most excellent *Cephalick*, which the *Mongrelian* Physicians call, *the Electrum* of *Samogitia*, gather'd at certain Seasons, Sir, upon the Shore of the *Deucalionian* Ocean, by the *Circassian* Fisher-men. Mr. *Nokes* listned to this edifying Discourse with wonderful Attention, then followed my Direction; and before you could count Twenty, got upon his Legs, took a few turns about the Room, cut a Caper a Yard high, and kindly embracing me, Doctor, says he, I am more obliged to you, than Words are able to express; you have delivered me from the most-intolerable Pains that ever poor Wretch groan'd under: And then presenting me with a Purse of Guineas, I hope you'll be pleas'd to accept of this small Trifle, till I am in a Capacity of making you a better Acknowledgement: However, to express in some measure my Gratitude to your self, as likewise to shew my regard for the publick Welfare, I will take Care to get the extraordinary Cure advertised in the *Gazette*, and other publick Papers. I told him he had more than paid me for so inconsiderable a Matter, adding, That I was at his Service whenever he or any of his Friends would do me the Honour to send for me; and so took my leave of him.

This miraculous Operation (for so they were pleas'd to christen it) occasion'd a great deal of Talk in the Town, very much to my Advantage; but what happen'd three Days after, perfectly confirm'd all sorts of People, that I was a *Non-pareil* in my Profession, and out went all that ever pretended to Physick before me.

Tony Lee, who, as I told you in my last keeps a Conventicle in this Infernal World, and was engag'd as well as my Brother *Nokes* in the Confederacy to serve me, took occasion to be surpriz'd with Apoplectick Fits in the beginning of his Sermon: He had hardly split and divided his Text, according to the usual Forms, but his Eyes rowl'd in his Head, every Muscle in his Face was distort-

ed.

ed ; he foam'd at Mouth, fumbled with the Cushion, over-set the Hour-Glass, dropt his Notes and Bible upon the Clerk's Head, and at last down he sunk as flat as a Flounder to the bottom of the Pulpit. 'Tis impossible to describe to you, what a strange Consternation the Auditory were in at this calamitous Disaster that had befallen their Minister : The Men stared at one another, as they had been all bewitch'd ; and the Women set up such a hideous Screaming and Roaring, that I question whether they would have done so much, if a Regiment of Dragoons had broke into the Room to ravish them. The Dutcheſs of *Mazarine* chafed his Temples, Mother *Stratford* (of pious Memory) lugg'd a Brandy-Bottle out of her Pocket, and rubb'd his Nostrils ; but still poor *Tony* continu'd Senseless, and without the least Motion. When they found all these Means ineffectual, at last the whole Congregation unanimously resolv'd to send for me ; who, according as it had been agreed before-hand between us, soon brought my holy *Levite* to his Senses again, by applying a few Drops of my aforeſaid *Elixir* to his Temples. Honest *Tony* was no ſooner recover'd, but I had the Thanks of the whole Aſſembly ; and a reverend Elder in a venerable Band, that reached from Shoulder to Shoulder, offer'd me a handsome Gratuity for my Pains ; but I refus'd it, telling him, I look'd upon my ſelf ſufficiently rewarded, ſince I had been the happy (tho' unworthy) Inſtrument in the Hand of Providence (and then I turn'd up the whites of my Eyes moſt religiouſly towards Heaven) to ſave the Life of ſo precious and powerful a Divine.

This pair of miraculous Cures flew through every Street, Alley, and Corner of the Town, like a Train of Gun-powder, with more Expedition and Improvements, than Scandal uſed, in my Time, to walk about *White-hall* ; and, as it uſually happens in theſe Caſes, loſt nothing in the Relation. The godly Party much magnify'd me for reſuſing the unrighteous

unrighteous *Mammon* when it was offer'd me; my two trusty Apothecaries, talk'd nothing but Prodigies of Seignior *Hanesio*; but my surest Cards, the Midwives and Nurses, when the Sack-poffet and Brandy began to operate in their Noddles, thought they could never say enough in my Commendation.

Thus, Gentlemen, I had abundantly secur'd to my self the Reputation of a great Physician; and nothing now remain'd, but to make the World believe I was personally acquainted with every Star in the Firmament, could extort what Confessions I pleas'd out of the Planets; and was no less skill'd in Astrology, than in Medicine. My never failing Friend, *Tony*, was once more pleas'd to give me a Lift upon this Occasion. As the Dissenting Ministers (you know) have the Privilege to go into the Bed-Chambers and Closets of the Ladies that resort to their Meetings, without the least Offence or Scandal, *Tony* spied his Opportunity, when the Room was clear, rubb'd off with a Gold Watch, and some Locketts of the Dutcheß of *Mazarine*. The things were immediately missing, but who durst suspect a Person of the pious Mr. *Lee's* Character and Function? In short, every Servant in the Family was threatned with the Rack; and the whole House, Trunks, Coffers, Boxes, and all examin'd, from the Garret down to the Cellar. The poor Dutcheß took the loss of her Watch and Locketts mightily to Heart, kept her Bed upon't for a Fortnight; but at last was persuaded to make her Application to my Worship. I told her, *sur le champ* that her things were safe, that the Party who made bold with them, being troubled with compunctions of Conscience, had not sold but hid them under such a Tree, which I describ'd to her in Queen *Proserpine's* Park; and that if she went thither next Morning by break of Day, she would find my Words true. Accordingly, as I predict'd, it happen'd to a Tittle, (for I had taken care to lodge them there the Night before.) And now, who was the

the universal Subject of Peoples Discourse, but the famous Seignior *Giuseppe*?

So that when the long-expected Day came, on which I was to make my publick Appearance, the Streets, Windows and Balconies, were so cramm'd with Spectators of all sorts, that as often as I think on't, I pity my poor Lord-Mayor and Aldermen with all my Heart, that their *Cheapside*-Show shou'd fall so infinitely short of mine. *Tom Shadwell*, who still keeps up his Musical Talent in these gloomy Territories, began the Entertainment with thrumming upon an old batter'd Theorbo, and merry Sir *John Falstaff* sung to him, and afterwards both of them walk'd upon the slack Rope, in a pair of Jack-Boots, to the Admiration of all the Beholders. After the Mob had been diverted for some time with Entertainments of this Nature, and, particularly, by some Legerdemain Tricks of *Apollonius Tyanus*, my Conjuror; being attended by Dr. *Connor*, my Toad-Eater in Ordinary, Mr. *Lobb*, the late Presbyterian Parson, my Corn-cutter; Sir *Patience Ward*, my Merry-Andrew; and the famous *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*, my Orator; I mounted the Stage, and bowing on each side me, paid my Respects to the noble Company, in a most ceremonious manner. I was appareld in a black Velvet Coat, trimm'd with large gold Loops of the newest Fashion, and Buttons as big as Ostrich's Eggs; my Muff was at least an Ell long. I travers'd my Stage some half a score times; then cocking my Beaver, and holding up my Cane close to my Nose, after the manner of us Sons of *Galen*, I harangu'd them as follows: In the first place, I told 'em, That it was not without the utmost Regret, that I saw so many Quacks and nauseous Pretenders to the Faculty, daily impose upon the Publick. That neither Ambition, Self-Interest, or the like sordid Motive, had tempted me to expose my self thus upon the Theatre of the World; and, that nothing but a generous Zeal to rescue Medicine out of the
Hands

166 L E T T E R S *from the* D E A D

Hands of a pack of Rascals, that were a Dishonour to it, and the particular Respect I bore to the Inhabitants of the most renowned City of *Brandipolis*; who for their good Breeding and Civility to Strangers, were not to be equall'd in any of *Pluto's* Dominions, had prevail'd over my natural Modesty, and drawn me out of my beloved Obscurity; that lastly, I requested a favourable Construction upon this publick way of Practice, which some impudent Empirics (whom I scorn to mention) had rendred scandalous; and as I was a Graduate in several Universities, would have certainly declin'd, but that my Regard for the *Salus Populi* superseded all those Scruples; and made me rather hazard the Loss of my Reputation with some censorious Persons, than lose any Opportunity of exerting my utmost Abilities for the Benefit of Mankind.

When this Harangue was over, I withdrew, and left the rest of the Ceremony to be perform'd by my Orator *Mitbridates*, who descanted a long while upon my great Experience and Skill, my Travels, and great Adventures in foreign Countries; the Testimonials, Certificates, Medals. and the like Favours, I had receiv'd from most of the crown'd Heads and Princes in the Universe. And when this was over, order'd *Matt. Gyllyflower* and *Dick Bently*, two of my Footmen, to disperse Printed Copies of my Bill among the People, together with the Catalogue of the Cures by me formerly perform'd in your upper Hemisphere; both which Papers, because they contain something singular in them, and are written above the common Strain, I have given my self the trouble to transcribe.

Theſaurum & Talentum ne abscondas in agro.

Seignior GIUSIPPE HANESIO, High-German
Astrologer and Chymist; Seventh Son of a Se-
venth Son, unborn Doctor, of above sixty Years
Experience, educated at twelve Universities,
having travell'd through fifty two Kingdoms,
and been Counsellor to Counsellors of several
MONARCHS.

*Hoc juris publici in communem utilitatem pub-
licum fecit.*

WHO by the Blessing of *Æsculapius* on his
great Pains, Travels and nocturnal Lucu-
brations, has attain'd to a greater Share of Know-
ledge than any Person before him was ever known
to do.

Imprimis, Gentlemen, I present you with my
universal Solutive, or *Cathartic Elixir*; which cor-
rects all the cacochymic and cachexical Diseases of
the Intestines; cures all internal and external
Diseases, all vertiginous Vapours, Hydrocephalus,
Giddiness, or swimming of the Head, epileptic
Fits, flowing of the Gall, Stoppage of
Urine, Ulcers in the Womb and Bladder; with
many other Distempers, not hitherto distinguish'd
by Name.

Secondly, My friendly Pill, call'd, *The never fail-
ing Heliogines*, being the Tincture of the Sun, and
deriving Vigour, Influence and Dominion, from
the same Light; it causes all Complexions to laugh
or smile, even in the very time of taking it; which
it effects, by dilating and expanding the gelastic
Muscles,

Muscles, first of all discover'd by my self. It dulcifies the whole Mass of the Blood, maintains its Circulation, reforms the Digestion of the Chylon, fortifies the opththalmic Nerves, clears the *Officina Intelligentia*, corrects the Exorbitancy of the Spleen, mundifies the Hypogastrium, comforts the Sphincter, and is an excellent Remedy against the *Proserpina Clorosis*, or Green sickness, Sterility, and all Obstructions whatever. They operate seven several Ways in order, as Nature herself requires, for they scorn to be confin'd to any particular Way of Operation, viz. Hypnotically, by throwing the Party into a gentle Slumber; Hydratically, by their aperitive Faculty, in opening the *Interstina Pororum*; Cathartically, by cleansing the Bowels of all Crudities and tartarous Mucilage, with which they abound; Proppeymatically, by forcing the Wind downward; Hydragogically, by exciting Urine; Pneumatically, by exhilarating the Spirits; and lastly, Synecdochically, by corroborating the whole *Oeconomia Animalis*. They are twenty or more in every Tin-Box, sealed with my Coat of Arms, which are, *Three Clyster-Pipes erect Gules, in a Field Argent*; my Crest, *a bloody Hand out of a Mortar, emergent*; and my Supporters, *a Chymist and an Apothecary*. This *Tinctura Solaris*, or most noble Offspring of *Hyperion's* golden Influence, wipes off abstersively all those tenacious, conglomerated, sedimental Sordes, that adhere to the Oesophagus and Viscera, extinguishes all supernatural Ferments and Ebullitions; and in fine, annihilates all the nosotrophical or morbidic Idea's of the whole corporeal *Compages*.

Thirdly, My *panagion Otacousticon* or auricular Restorative: Were it possible to shew me a Man so deaf, that if a Demiculverin were to be let off under his Ear, he could not hear the Report, yet these infallible Drops (first invented by the two famous Physician Brothers, St. Cosmus, and St. Damian, call'd the *Anargyri* in the ancient Greek *Me-*
nologies;

nologies ; and some forty Years ago, communicated to me by *Anastasio Logotheti*, a Greek Caloyr at *Adrianople*, when I was invited into those Parts to cure Sultan *Mahomet IV.* of an Elephantiasis in his Diaphragm) he would recover his auditive Faculty, and hear as smartly as an old fumbling Priest, when a young Wench gives him account of her lost Maidenhead at the Confessional.

Fourthly, My *Anodyne Spirit*, excellent to ease Pain, when taken inwardly, and applied outwardly, excellent for any Lameness, Shrinking or Contraction of the Nerves ; for Eyes, Deafness, Pain and Noise in the Ears ; and all odontatagic, as well as podagrical Inflammations.

Fifthly, My *Antidotus Antivenerialis* ; which effectually cures all Gonorrhea's, Carnosities in the delinquent Part, Tumors, Phymosis, Paraphymosis, Christalline Priapismus, Hemorrhoids, Can-dilomata, Ragades, Bubo's, Imposthumations, Carbuncles, genicular Nodes, and the like, without either Baths or Stoves ; as also without Mercury so often destructive to the poor Patient, with that Privacy, that nearest Relations shall not perceive it.

Sixthly, My *pectoral Lozenges*, or *Balsam of Balsams*, which effectually carries off all windy and tedious Coughs, spitting of Blood, Wheezing in the Larynx, and Ptyalismus, let it be never so inveterate.

Seventhly, and *lastly*, My *Pulvis Vermifugus*, or *Antivermantic Powder* brings up the Rear, so famous for killing and bringing away all sorts of Worms incident to human Bodies, breaking their complicated Knots in the *Duodenum*, and dissolving the phlegmatic Crudities that produce those Anthrophagous Vermin. It has brought away, by Urine, Worms as long as the *May-pole* in the *Strand*, when it flourish'd in its primitive Prolixity, though, I confess, not altogether so thick. In short, 'tis a specifick Catholicon for the Cholick,

expels Wind by Eructation, or otherwise; accelerates Digestion, and creates an Appetite to a Miracle.

I dexterously couch the Cataract or Suffusion, extirpate Wens of the greatest Magnitude, close up Hair Lips, whether treble or quadruple; cure the Polipus upon the Nose, and all scrophulous Tumours, Cancers in the Breast, *Noli me tangere's*, St. Anthony's Fire, by my new invented *Unguentum Antipyreticum*, Excrescences, or superfluous Flesh in the mouth of the Bladder or Womb; likewise, I take the Stone from Women or Maids. without cutting.

I have Steel Trusses, and Instruments of a new Invention, together with never-failing Medicines and Methods to cure Ruptures, and knit the Peritonæum. And here I cannot forbear to communicate an useful piece of Knowledge to the World, which is, that with the learned *Villipandus*, in his excellent Treatise, *De congrubilitate materiae primæ cum confessione Augustana*, I take a Rupture to be a Relaxation of the natural Cavities, at the bottom of the cremaster Muscles. But this, *en passant*, I forge all my self; nay, my very Machines for safe and easie drawing Teeth and obscure Stumps. Mrs. *Littleband*, Midwife to the Princess of *Phlegibon*, can sufficiently inform the Women of my Helps, and what I do for the Disruption of the Fundament and Uterus, and other strange Infirmities of the Matrix, occasioned by the bearing of Children, violent Coughing, heavy Work, &c. which I challenge any Person in the *Acherontic* Dominions to perform, but my self.

If any Woman be unwilling to speak to me, they may have the Conveniency of speaking to my Wife, who is expert in all feminine Distempers. She has an excellent cosmetic Water, to carry off Freckles, Sun-burn, or Pimples; and a curious red Pomatum to plump and colour the Lips. She can make red Hair as white as a Lilly; she shapes the

Eye

Eye-brows to a miracle ; makes low Foreheads as high as you please, has a never failing Remedy for offensive Breaths, a famous Effence to correct the ill Scent of the Arm-pits, a rich Water that makes the Hair curl, a most delicate Paste to smooth and whiten the Hands ; also,

*A rare Secret that takes away all Warts,
From the Face, Hands, Fingers and privy Parts.*

Those who are not able to come to me, let them send their Urine, especially that made after Midnight, and on sight of it, I will tell them what their Distemper is, and whether curable or no. Nay, let a Man be in never so perfect Health of Body, his Constitution never so vigorous and athletical, if he shews me his Water, I can as infallibly predict what Distemper will first attack him, though perhaps it will be thirty or forty Years hence, as an Astronomer by the Rules of his Science, can foretel Solar or Lunar Eclipses the Year before they happen. I have predicted miraculous Things by the Pulse, far above any Philosopher : By it, I not only discover the Circumstances of the Body, but if the Party be a Woman, I can foretel how many Husbands and Children she shall have ; if a Tradesman, whether his Wife will fortifie his Forehead with Horns ; and so of the rest. This is not all, but I will engage to tell any serious Persons what their Business is on every radical Figure, before they speak one Word ; what has already happen'd to them from their very Infancy down to the individual hour of their consulting me, what their present Circumstances are, what will happen to them hereafter ; in what part of the Body they have Moles ; what Colour and Magnitude they are of ; and lastly how posited, that is whether they culminate Equinoctially or Horizontally upon the *Mesogastrium* ; from which Place alone, and no other, as the profound *Trismegistus* has observ'd before me, in his

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elaborate Treatise *de erroribus Styli Gregoriani*, all solid Conjectures are to be formed.

I have likewise attained to the green, golden, and black Dragon, known to none but Magicians and hermetic Philosophers; I tell the meaning of all magical Pantics, Sigils, Charms and Lameness, and have a Glas, and help to further Marriage; and what is more, by my Learning and great Travels, I have obtain'd the true and perfect Seed and Blossom of the *Female Fern*; and infinitely improv'd that great Traveller Major *John Coke's* famous Necklaces for breeding of Teeth. The Spring being already advanc'd, which is the properest Season for preventing new, and removing old Distempers, neglect not this Opportunity—

My Hours are from Nine till Twelve in the Morning, and from Two in the Afternoon till Nine at Night, every Day in the Week, except on the real Christian Sabbath, called Saturday.

It may be of Use to keep this Advertisement.

This, *Gentlemen*, is an exact Copy of my Bill, which has been carefully distributed all over this populous City, pasted upon the chief Gates and Churches; and since dispersed by my two running Messengers, *Theophrastus Paracelsus* and *Cornelius Agrippa*, all over King *Pluto's* Dominions. I forgot to tell you, that finding it absolutely necessary to take me a Wife, (the Women in certain Cases that shall be nameless, being unwilling to consult any but those of their own Sex) I was advised by some Friends to make my Applications to the famous *Cleopatra* Queen of *Ægypt*, who being a Person of great Experience, and notably well skill'd in the *Arcana's* of Nature, would in all Probability make me an admirable Spouse. In short, after half a dozen Meetings, rather for Form sake than any thing else, the Bargain was struck, and a Match concluded between her *Alexandrian* Majesty and my self;

self; Cardinal *Woolsey*, who is now Curate of a small Village, to the Tune of four Marks *per Annum*. and the magnificent Perquisites of a Bear and Fiddle perform'd the holy Ceremony: *Amphion* of *Thebes*, diverted us at Dinner with his Crowd, and all the white *Molinos*, the *Quietist*, danced a *Lancashire Jigg*. Sir *Thomas Pilkington*, who as I told you in my last, is become a most furious Rhime-tagger or Ver-
ficator, compos'd the *Epithalamium*; and *Sardanapalus*, *Caligula*, *Nero*, *Heliogabalus*, and Pope *Alexander* the seventh, were pleas'd to throw the Stocking. Her Majesty, to do her a piece of common Justice, proves a most dutiful and laborious Wife, spreads all my Plaisters, makes all my Unguents, distills all my Waters, and pleases my Customers beyond Expression.

Thus, *Gentlemen*, you see my Bill, by which you may guess whether I don't infinitely surpass those empty pretending Quacks of your World, who confine their narrow Talent to one Distemper, which they cure but by one Remedy, whereas all Diseases are alike to me, and I have a hundred several Ways to extirpate them. I shall now trespass so far upon your Patience, as to present you with the Catalogue of my Cures, which being somewhat singular, and out of the Way, I have the Vanity to believe will not be unwelcome to you —

A true and faithful Catalogue, of some remarkable CURES, perform'd in the other WORLD, by the famous Seignior GIUSIPPE HANESIO, High-German Doctor and Astrologer.

By PLUTO's Authority.

*Hic est quem legis, ille quem requiris,
Totis notus in inferis* JOSEPHUS.

BECAUSE I am so much a Person of Honour and Integrity, that even in this lower World, I wou'd not forfeit my Reputation, I desire my incredulous Adversaries (of which number, being a Stranger to this Place, I presume I have but too many) to get if they can to the upper Regions, and satisfy themselves of the Truth of my admirable Performances. To begin then with those of Quality.

Pope Innocent the Eleventh was so strangely overrun with a Complication of *Jansenism*, *Quietism*, and *Lutheranism*, that not only his Nephew, *Don Livio Odeschalchi*, but the whole sacred Consistory despaired of his Recovery; I so mundified his Intellectuals with my Catholick Essence of *Hellebore*, that he continued *rectus in cerebro* many Years after; and if the French Ambassador, by making such a Hubbub about his Quarters, occasion'd old Infallibility to relapse, *Louis le grand* must answer for it, and not Seignior *Giusippe*.

I cured the late *Sophy of Persia*, *Shaw Solyman* by Name, of a *Febris Tumulenta*, so that he could digest the Exactions and Blood of a whole Province, hold his Hand as steady as *Harry Killigrew* after a
Quart

Quert of Surfeit Water in a Morning; and if he died presently after, let his Eunuchs and Whores look to that, if one with their Politicks, and the other with their Tails, spoil'd the Operation of my *Elixir Magnum Stomachicum*.

I cured *Aureng-Zebe*, the old Mogul, of an *Epilepsia Fanatica*, with which he was afflicted to that Degree, that Patents were dispatch'd, and Persons named to go Ambassadors extraordinary to *William Pen*, *George Whitehead*, *William Mede*; the *Philadelphians*, *Cameronians*, *Jesuits*, and *Jacobian Whiskerites*; for a Communication of Diseases and Remedies; but by my *Cephalick Snuff* and *Tincture*, I made him as clear headed a Rake as ever got drunk with Classics at the University, or expounded *Horace* in *Will's Coffee-house*; and Messengers were sent through all his Empire to get him *Dutry*, *Bang*, *Satyrion*, *Cantharides*, *Whores* and *Sibyrax Wine*; and if he has since fallen down to his *Alcoran* and the flat Effects of ninety seven Years of Age, blame his damn'd Courtiers and not me, that instead of nicking the nice Operation of the Medicine, let in Books and Priests, to debauch his Understanding.

I cured the *Mahumetan Predestinarian Sultan* of the great *East India* Island *Borneo*, of want of Blood, by counselling him to follow his Inclinations and bath in it, that he might restore himself by Spight and Percolation: but Vexations from his *Divan*, the Neighbour Emperor of *China*, a sawcy young Jackanapes, and a Sorrel hair'd Female gave him such Jolts, that quite spoil'd the Continuance of the noblest Cure in the World,

Peter Alexowitz, present *Czar* of *Muscovy*, fell ill of a *Calenture* in *London*, occasion'd by putting too great a quantity of Gun-powder into his *Ufquebaugh*, and Pepper into his *Brandy*; all the topping Doctors of the Town were sent for, and apply'd their *Cortex* and *Opium* to no Purpose. What should I do in this pinch, but ordered a Hole to be made in the

Thames for him, as they do for the Ducks in *St James's Park*, it being then an excessive Frost. sous'd him over Head and Ears Morning and Night, and by this noble Experiment not only recovered him, but likewise gave a Hint to the setting up of a Cold-Bath near Sir *John Oldcastle's*, which has done such Miracles since.

I cured a noble Peer, aged sixty seven, of a *Perpetual Priapism*, so that now his pimping Valets, and Foot-men, his Bawds, Spirit of Clary, and a Maidenhead of fourteen can hardly raise him; who before was scarce to be trusted with his own Family; nay, his own Wife: And now he's as continent and virtuous a Statesman as ever lined his inward Letchery, with outward Gravity.

A noble Peeress, that lives not full a hundred Miles from *St. James's Square*, in the sixty sixth Year of her Age, was seiz'd with a *Furor Uterinus*; by plying her Ladyship with a few Drops of my *Antepyrretical Essence*, extracted from a certain Vegetable gathered under the *Artic Fole*, and known to no body but my self, I perfectly allay'd this preternatural Ferment; and now she lies at quiet, though both her Hands are untied, as a new swaddled Babe, and handles no Rascals but *Pam*, and his gay Fellows of the Cards.

Honoria Frail, eldest Daughter to my old Lady *Frail of Red-Lyon-Square*, by too prodigally distributing *les dernieres Faveurs* to her Mother's Sandy-pated Coachman and Pages, had so strangely dilated the *Gates du Citadel d'amour*, that one might have marched a Regiment of Dragoons through them. Her Mother, who was in the greatest Perplexities imaginable upon the Score of this Disaster, sent to consult me: With half a dozen Drops of my *Aqua Styptica Hymenealis*, I so contracted all the Avenues of the aforesaid *Citadel*, that the *Yorkshire* Knight that married her, spent above a hundred Small-Shot against the Walls, and bombarded the Fortress a full Fortnight before he cou'd enter

enter it; and now they are the happiest Couple within the Bills of Mortality.

I renew'd the Youth from the Girdle downwards of *Madam de Maintenon*, so that she afforded all the Delights imaginable, to her old grand Lover in Imagination, and to the younger Bigots and herself in Reality: While her Face still remain'd as great an Object of Mortification, as her Beads, Death's-Head and Discipline; and this noble Cure still remains to be view'd by all the World.

Harry Higden of the *Temple*, Counsellor, was so miserably troubled with the *Long Vacation Disease*, or the *Defectus Crumenæ*, that the Sage Benchers of the House threatned to Padlock his Chamber-door for Non-payment of Rent. He asked my Advice in this Exigence: I, who knew the full strength of his Furniture, which consisted of a Rug, two Blankets, a Joint-Stool, and a Tin-Candlestick, that served him for a Piss-pot when revers'd, counselled him to take his Door off the Hinges, and Lock it up in his Study. He followed my Advice, and by that Means escaped the abovementioned *Ostracism* of the Padlock.

Margaret Cheatly, Bawd, Match-Maker, and Mid-Wife of *Bloomsbury*, by immoderate drinking of Strong-Waters, had got a Nose so termagantly Rubicund, that she out-blazed the Comet: My Cosmetic *Florentine Unguent*, absolutely reform'd this Inflammation, and now she looks as soberly as a Dissenting Minister's Goggle-ey'd Convenience.

Ferry Scandal, Whale and Ghost Printer in *White-Friars*, had plagued the Town above ten Years with Apparitions, Murders, Catechisms, and the like Stuff; by showing him the Phiz of *Terrible Robin* in my green Magic Glass, I so effectually frightened him, that he has since demolish'd all his Letters, dismiss'd his *Hawkers*, flung up his Business, and instead of News, cries *Flounders* and *Red-berrings* about the Streets.

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Joachim Hazard, of *Gripple-gate* Parish in *White-Cross Street*, almost at the farther End near *Old-Street*, turning in at the sign of the *White Crow*, in *Goat-Alley*, streight forward, down three Steps, at the Sign of the *Globe*, was so be-devil'd with the Spirit of Lying, that he out-did two hard mouth'd Evidences in their own Profession, and could not open his Mouth without romancing; I made him snuff up some half a score Drops of my *Elixir Alethinum*, and now he has left off Fortune-telling and Astrology, and is return'd to his primitive Trade of Weaving.

Farmer Frizzle-pate, of *Bullington*, near *Andover*, had been Blind thirty five Years and upward; my *Ophthalmic Drops* restor'd him to his Sight in a Minute, and now he can read a *Geneva Bible* without Spectacles. A Certificate of this miraculous Cure, I have under the Hand of the Parson of the Parish, and his *Amencurler*.

I cured a *Kentish* Parson of an *Infirmity Memoria*, which he got by a Jumble of his *Glandula Pinealis*, after a Bowl of Punch and a boxing Bout. He was reduced to that deplorable Condition, as to turn over Play-Books instead of his Concordance, quote *Qua Genus* instead of *St. Austin*; nay, he forgot Tythe-Eggs, demanded *Easter Dues* at *Martlemass*, bid *Bartholomew Fair* instead of *Asb-Wednesday*; and frequently mistook the Service of Matrimony, for that of the Dead: What is yet more surprizing, he forgot even to drink over his right Thumb; but now he has as stanch a Memory, as a Pawn-broker for the Day of the Month; a Country Attorney for Mischief; or a Popish Clergy Man for Revenge.

I cured Serjeant *Dolthead*, of a prodigious Itch in the Palms of his Hands: A most wonderful Cure! for now he refuses Fees, as heartily as a young Wench does an ugly Fellow, when she has a handsome one in View, his Attorney is run mad; his Wife is turn'd Bawd to take double Fees; and his Daughters Manto-makers and Whores, to get by two Trades.

An

An eminent Coach-keeping Physician was troubled with a *Farrago Medicinarum*, or a *Tumor Prescriptionalis* to that monstrous Degree, that he writ Bills by the Ell, and prescribed Medicines by the Hoghead and Wheelbarrow-full. To the Amazement of all that knew him, I have effectually cured him on't; for he now writes but three Words, prescribes but two Scruples, leaves People to a wholesome Kitchen-Diet, and Nature has undone the Sexton and Funeral Undertaker; and the overstock'd Parish has Petitioned the Privy Council to send out a new Colony to the *West-Indies*.

I cured a certain Head of a College, of a *Hebetudo Cerebri*; so that he now Jokes with the Bachelors and Junior Fry, goes to the Dancing School with the Fellow Commoners; and next Act will be able to make a whole *Terra filius's* Speech himself.

An Apothecary in *Cheapside*, was so strangely overrun with an *Inundatio veneni*, that Grass grew in the Parish round him; but now, Thanks to the Cure I wrought upon him, he has reduc'd his Shop to the compass of a Raree Show, gets but ten Pence in the Shilling, lets the neighbouring Infants grow up to Men; and is going to build an Hospital for decay'd Prize fighters and Dragoons.

I cured a Vintner behind the *Exchange*, of a *Mixtura Diabolica*, so that now he hates Apples as much as our Forefather after his kick on the Arse out of Paradise; shuns a Drugster's Shop, as much as a broken Cit does a Serjeant; swears he'll clear but ten thousand Pounds in five Years, and then set up for Psalm-singing, and sleeping under the Pulpit.

I cured a *Norfolk* Attorney of the *Scabies Causidico Rabularis*, another prodigious Cure never perform'd before; so that now he's as quiet as a cramb'd Capon among Barn door Hens, he won't so much as scratch for his Food; his Uncle the Counsellor has disinherited him; and since he has list'd himself for a Foot Soldier.

182 LETTERS from the DEAD

I cured an *Amsterà'm* Burgomaster's Wife of Barrenness, so that now she has two Children at a Birth; besides a brace of Sooterkins every Year, and even now in these *Low-Countries* (so effectual are my Remedies) I am teaz'd with daily Messages, for Astringents and Flood Gates, to help the poor pains-taking Mortal in his Aquatic Situation.

Pierre Babillard, French Valet and Pimp in ordinary to my Lord *Demure*, was troubled with the *Glossomania*, or that Epidemical Disease of *Nor-mandy*, the *talking Sickness*. He not only prattled all Night in his Sleep, but his Clack went incessantly all Day long; the Cook-Maid and Nurse were talk'd quite deaf by him; whereas his Master labour'd under the contrary Extreme, and by his good will wou'd not strike once in twenty four Hours; by the most stupendous Operation that ever was known, (for the Transfusion of one Animal's Blood into another, so much boasted of by the Royal Society, is not to be compared to it) I transfused some of the French Valet's Loquacity into the noble Peer, and some of the noble Peer's Taciturnity into the French Valet; so that now to the great Consolation of the Family, my Lord sometimes talks, and Monsieur *Babillard* sometimes holds his Tongue.

Sir *Blunder Dullman*, Professor of Rhetoric, and Orator to the ancient City of *Augusta Trinobantum*, had been troubled ever from his Infancy with that Epidemical Magistrate's Distemper, the *Bos in Lingua*; so that whenever he made any Speeches, the Gentlemen were ready to split their Sides, and the Ladies to bepiss themselves with laughing at the Singularities of his Discourse. By my *Pulvis Cephalicus*, I so far recover'd him, that he cou'd draw up his Tropes and Metaphors in good Order, and harangue you twenty Lines upon the Stretch, without making above the same number of Blunders. If he has since relapsed, 'tis no fault of mine, but he may e'en thank his City Conversation for it.

Dinab

Dinah Fribble, eldest Daughter to *Jonathan Fribble* of *Thames-street*, Tallow-Chandler, was so enormously given to the Language of old *Babylon*, that she wou'd talk bawdy before her Mother, her Grandmother, and Godmother; nay, name the two beastly Monosyllables before the Doctor and Lecturer of the Parish. Her Father, one of the worshipful Elders of *Silters-Hall*, wondered how a Child so religiously educated, fed from her Cradle with the *Crumbs of Comfort*, and lull'd daily asleep with *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, should labour under so obscene a Dispensation. In short, I was sent for, pour'd some twenty Drops of my *Anti-Asmodean Essence* into her Nostrils, and the next Morning a huge thundring *Priapus* eleven Inches long, came out of her left Ear; She's now perfectly recover'd; talks as piously, and behaves her self as gravely as the demurest Female in the Neighbourhood.

Daniel Guzzle, Inn-keeper in *Southwark*, by perpetual tippling with his Customers, was so inordinately swell'd with a Dropsie, that Sir *John Falstaff* in *Harry the Fourth*, was a meer Skeleton to him. I tapt his *Heidelberg-Abdomen*, and so vast an Inundation issued from him, that if the Stream had continued a quarter of an Hour longer, it would have over-flowed the whole Borrough, and made a second Cataclysm. He is now perfectly cured, is as slender as a Beau that has twice Salivated for a Shape; runs up the *Monument* some half a score times every Morning for his Diversion, Jumps through a Hoop, makes nothing of leaping over a Five-barr'd Gate; and the famous Mr. *Barnes of Redriff* has enter'd him into his Company.

Obadiab Hemming-Taylor, at the Sign of the *Red-Waistcoat* and *Blazing Star* near *Tower-hill*, was troubled with so unmerciful a *Pttsick*, that no body in the Family could sleep for him: I plied him with my *Antitussient Pillula Pulmonaris*, but without effect. I wondered how the Devil my never failing Remedy disappointed me! Cries I to him, honest Friend,

Friend, what may your Name be? *Obadiab Hemming*, says he. Very well; and what Parish do you live in; *All-hallows-Barking*. Oh, ho! I have now found out the Secret how my Pills came to miscarry; Why, Friend, thou hast a damn'd Ptifical Name, and livest in a confounded Ptifical Parish: Come, call thy self *Obadiab Bowman*, and get thee to *Hampstead*, *Highgate*, or any place but *All-hallows-Barking*, and I'll insure thy Recovery. He did so; and is so strangely improv'd upon it, that he's since chosen into *St. Paul's Choir*, and begins to rival *Mr. Goslin* and *Mr. Elford*.

Rebecca-Twist, Ribbon Weaver, in *Drum-Alley*, *Spittle Fields*, aged seventy five, by drinking *Anni-seed-Robin*, *Geneva*, and other ungodly Liquors, and smoaking *Mundungus*, had so utterly decay'd her natural Heat, that she had lain Bed-ridden thirty Years, and on my Conscience a Calenture wou'd no more have warm'd her, than a Farthing Candle would Roast a Sirloin of Beef. I made so entire a Renovation of her with my *Arcanum Helmontio-Glaubero-Paracelsianum*, that she's become another Creature, out-talks the Parson and Midwife at every Gossiping, dances to a Miracle, never fails to give her Attendance at all the merry Meetings; and no sooner hears the noise of a Fiddle, but she frisks and capers it about, like a young Hoyden of Fifteen.

Nehemiah Conniver, one of the City Reformers, was so totally deform'd with the *Lepa Hypocritica*, that ne'er a Barber, Victualler, or Taylor in the Neighbourhood cou'd live in quiet for him. To the Admiration of all that knew him, I have so effectually cured him of this acid Humour, that he'll out-swear ten Dragoons, go to a Bawdy-Houle in the face of the Sun; and out-talk a score of Midwives in natural Philosophy.

Thus, *Gentl. men*, you have my Bill and Catalogue of Cures, by which you'll easily perceive that our internal World is only a Counter-part of yours,
where

where hard Words, Impudence and Nonsense, delivered with a magisterial Air, carry every thing before them. I should now according to the Method propos'd to my self, proceed to give you a short Account of what memorable Occurrences have lately happen'd in these *Acherontic* Realms, but the vast Crowds of Visitants at my Door are so obstreperous and troublesome, that I can conceal my self from them no longer. Be pleas'd therefore to accept of this imperfect Relation in part of Payment, and next Month, when I shall have a better convenience of writing my Thoughts at large, I will endeavour to give you full Satisfaction. In the mean time, give me leave to assure you, that my highest Ambition is to honour my self with the Title of,

Gentlemen,

Your most Obedient and

most Humble Servant,

GIUSIPPE HANESIO.

Sir FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD to Mr. P—r.

TIS sometime since (you know) that I took my Leave of you and the Sun, and I fear'd of all good Company too. My Curiosity to observe the nature of an Affair, whereof every Body talks, though not one of 'em can understand, made me so long silent; that if it were possible I might give my Friends some Account or other that should be of moment to 'em, either for their Diversion, or Improvement. Your weighty Affairs prevent the one, and your Capacity the other; but that you may see Friendship as well as Virtue survives the Grave, I address this to you, to assure you, we are not annihilated.

annihilated, as some Philosophers opin'd, and that our Felicity does not consist in an unactive Indolence as others as vainly pretended. Virtue is its own Reward, and Vice its own Punishment. We are so refin'd here, that nothing can veil Evil from the piercing Eyes of every Body, and the Malice and Envy of the most inveterate Devils cannot overcast the Glories of the Good. We impute a great many Faults to the frailty of the Flesh very unjustly. The Soul hath its warpings as well as the Clay, and some Vices are so natural that we cannot extinguish 'em, though we may in some Measure prevent their flaming out, and boiling over. These remain still, and employ all the utmost Efforts of our Prudence to triumph over; and if we accomplish that, we are perfect; but if the malignity of our Tempers prevail, we sink to the lowest Abyss of Infamy, Shame and Disgrace. This laid the Foundation of that Doctrine of *Rome*, call'd Purgatory, and their Ignorance, join'd to their insatiable Avarice, improv'd it to what at present you find it. Here is one Duke of *Buckingham*, perpetually conferring with the *Spanish* Ministers; the other as busie in finding out the mighty Secrets of impertinent Curiosities; here's *Mazarine* supplanting the Liberty of *Europe*, and *Cromwell* that of *England*. *Shaftsbury* is pushing on *Monmouth*, and he is styl'd King by one of his own Footmen only; *Dryden* is every Minute at *Homer's* Heels; or pulling *Virgil* by the Sleeve, importuning *Horace*, or making Friends to *Ovid*: But *Cowley* with a Serenity of Mind that constitutes his Felicity, quietly passes along the *Elysian* Plains, disturbing no Body, and undisturb'd of all; *Milton* his Companion, and himself his Happiness. The less considerable Fry of Wits are just as contentious here, as at *Covent-Garden*; as noisie, and as ill-natur'd; every Man in particular arrogating all to himself, and allowing nothing to others. The Dispute rose so high, and the Uproar continued so long, that *Pluto* commanded

manded a Squadron of his Life-Guard, with *Juvenal* at their Head, to force 'em out of the Laurel-Grove, and lock it up till Matters should be adjusted by *Apollo*, to whom he detach'd *Lucan* and *Les* (as being the best skill'd in flying) with his Complaints; they are return'd with a Proclamation. which for its Novelty I will trouble you with; not but that I think it might not improperly have been made on the other sides of the *Parnassus*, unless Matters are strangely mended since I left you.

We APOLLO, by the Grace of JUPITER, Emperor of PARNASSUS, King of Poetry, Sovereign Prince of Letters, Duke of the MUSES, Marquis of Light, and Earl of the Four Seasons, &c. to all our Trusty and well Beloved Explorers of Nature, and Cherishers of Learning, Greeting.

Whereas we are inform'd to our ineffable Displeasure, Grief, Sorrow and Concern, that many Fewds, Jars, Quarrels, Animosities, and Heart-burns are ever and anon kindled, stirr'd up, and fomented among the elder Brothers of *Helicon*, as well as the multitude of vain Pretenders to Bayes and Immortality, in so much that your Bickerings, Chamours, Noise and Disturbances, are of intollerable Inconveniency to the Good and Just; and an unhappy Suspension of the Serenity of their Minds, as well as so many Perturbations and Infractions of the Peace of our Uncle King *Pluto's* Dominions. Wherefore it is our Royal Will and Pleasure, that these notorious Misdemeanours be forthwith remedied; promising upon our Royal Word, that Justice shall be duly executed to every Body; and all Men of
real

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' real Merit and Worth, Lovers of Wisdom and
 ' Learning, of what Nation or sort soever, shall in
 ' their respective Classes of Virtue and Excellence,
 ' be Registred in the glorious Volumes of Fame, to
 ' be kept eternally in the *Delphic* Library: In pur-
 ' suance whereof, we do hereby earnestly require
 ' and injoyn our beloved Sisters the *Muses*, to hold
 ' a Court of Claims in the Principality of *Delos*,
 ' where we shall give our Royal Attendance so of-
 ' ten as the Fatigues of our laborious Course will
 ' permit us, to examine all Capacities, Claims,
 ' Titles, and Pretensions whatever: And to avoid
 ' all Lets, Troubles, Hinderances, Molestations,
 ' and Interruptions that possibly we can: We do
 ' farthermore hereby strictly Prohibit and Forbid,
 ' upon pain of our highest Displeasure, and a hun-
 ' dred Years Interdiction from the Laurel-Grove,
 ' all Sonneteers, Songsters, Satyrists, Panegyrists,
 ' Madrigallers, and such like Impediments of *Par-*
 ' *nassus*, to make any Pretentions whatever to Re-
 ' putation and Immortality; till such time as the
 ' more laborious and industrious Investigators of
 ' Nature are regulated and dispatch'd.

Given at our High Court of Helicon, this 47th
 Century, from our Conquest of Python.

At present the Versifiers are much humbled, for
 the Laurel-Grove is their chiefest Delight; 'tis
 their Park, their Play-House, their Assembly. I
 find all the Vices of the Mind are common here, as
 in your superiour Regions: The Separation from
 the Clay has only taken from us the means of whor-
 ing and drinking, but the Mind retains still the
 wicked Propensity. I consider'd not the pressing
 number of your Affairs, and that I hazard your
 ill-Will by detaining you so long from the Publick:
 Give me leave only to desire the Favour of you,
 when your Servant goes through *Chancery-Lane*, to
 put up a Cargo of the *Spread-Eagle* Pudding for
 our

our very good Friend Councillor *Wallop*, for he is inconsolable: Twenty of the best Cooks, nay, Mr. *Lamb* himself can't make one to please him. Live in Health, I know you can't learn.

Mr. P ——— *r's Answer.*

Worthy Sir,

I Was not wanting in my Wishes to preserve that Esteem you honour'd me with, or to give you fresher Instances of it; but since your Stars summon'd you on the other side of the black Water, and I did not know whither to Address my self exactly to you, I was oblig'd to suspend my writing till such time as I received yours. I am heartily glad the two Crowns are agreed to permit a Pacquet to go between 'em; and as for our Friend the Councillor, I never shall be dilatory in serving him to the utmost of my Abilities, and never shall call to mind but with Veneration and Wonder, his most heroick Conduct and Magnanimity in Pudding-Fighting. He sequester'd himself from Flesh and Flood very opportunely, and with a Prudence that always accompanied him in the minutest of his Actions; for Sugars and Fruits are risen already, and in all Probability will continue to bear a good Price, since *Portugal* has deserted us, so I dare not pretend to be positive that the Cargo I send will be as delicious as formerly, though its Novelty may make amends for some time, for small Cheats in that Profession. Honest *John*, the faithful Companion of your wanton Hours, was very much rejoyc'd to hear from you, and would needs take a Leap after you, maugre all I could say to him: With this trusty Servant I have sent you what you desired, and that I might be certain of its not miscarrying any where upon the Road, I tuck'd Friend *John* up with it, and so dispatch'd him presently. I was in hopes

to

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to have heard from more of our merry Companions, or of them at least: How does *Rocheſter* behave himſelf with his old Gang? Is Sir *George* as facetious as ever? Is my Lady ſtill that formal Creature as when in our Hemisphere? Has ſhe the Benefit of Cards and a Tea-Table? How did my Lord *Jefferies* receive his Son? and with what Conſtancy did her Grace hear Sir *John Germain* was married? I was in hopes you might have met with ſome of theſe in your Peregrination, not that I ſuppoſe you can ſee thoſe vaſt Dominions of *Pluto's* but in a proportionable time to the Variety of Subjects, as well as the Mightineſs of their Extent.

We have nothing new here, becauſe we are under the Sun. Wiſe Men keep company with one another; Fools write and Fools read; the Bookſellers have the Advantage, provided they don't truſt; ſome pragmatICAL Fellows ſet up for Politicians; others think they have merit becauſe they have Money. Cheats proſper, Drunkenneſs is a little rebuk'd in the Pulpit, but as riſe as ever in all other Places; People marry that don't love one the other, and your old Miſtreſs *Meliſinda* goes to Church conſtantly, prays devoutly, ſings Pſalms gravely, hears the Sermon attentively, receives the Sacrament monthly, lies with her Footman nightly, and rails againſt Lewdneſs and Hypocriſie from Morning till Night.

The reſt of Particulars I leave for honeſt *John* to recount to you; my other Affairs oblige me to take my leave of you; expecting ſome Particulars about what I mention'd my ſelf.

Yours, &c.

POMI.

POMINY of AUVERGNE, to Mr. ABEL
of LONDON, Singing-Master.

S I R,

THE Sons and Daughters of Harmony that crowd in daily upon these Coasts surprise us equally with your Capacities and Misfortunes. We are generally of the Opinion here, that the Muses are as well receiv'd in *England*, as in any other Climate whatever. Men are charm'd they're at so small an Expence of Wit or Performance, that one of your Endowments might well have hop'd to out-rival my Felicity, and be something more exalted than to the Embraces of a Queen. My Parentage was as little remarkable in *France*, as yours in *England*; and though I had better Luck, durst not pretend I had a better Voice. From a Singing-Boy, I push'd my Fortune so as to succeed my own Sovereign. From the Quire I rose to the Chamber; from the Chamber I was prefer'd to the Closet; and from thence I was advanc'd to be Vice-Roy over all the Territories of *Love*: I was Lord High-Chamberlain to *Cupid*, and Comptroller of the Household to *Venus*. Every Delectation superseded my very Wishes; nor cou'd I have ask'd for the thousandth Part of the Blandishments I enjoy'd. I was as absolute in my Love as the *Grand seignior*: 'Twas for my dear sake the fond Princess rais'd her Maids of Honour's Beds, that she might not hurt her Back (as she had frequently done) in creeping under to fetch me out. 'Twas for my dear sake, that if they but nam'd my Name when absent, in the Raptures of her Impatience, she run against the Doors, threw down the Screens, hurt her Face against the Manne-Trees and Cabinets. She broke at times as much in Looking-Glasses, Stands and China, in the eager Transports of her Joy to meet me

me coming into the Room, as by Computation, wou'd have fitted out a Fleet of fifty Sail of capital Ships. These were Princely Rewards for a Man's poor Endeavours to please : Who would not bring up their Children in a Quire ? or who would not learn to sing ? You have met, I must confess, Sir, with but small Encouragement in the main, and made but a slender Fortune in comparison of what might have been reasonably expected from your Talents. The most civiliz'd Quarter of the World has been your Audience and Admirer ; and you have left every where a Name, that cannot die but with Musick, and that will survive even Nature ; for in the numerous Cracklings of the last Conflagration, there will be, as it were, a noble Symphony, that she may cease to be in Proportion, and what is her Apotheosis, will draw the Curtain to a new Creation. But that Enlargement of our Knowledge, which is the Necessity of our Spiritualization, shews me there is a Malevolency in the Influences of your Stars, that will ever dash your rising Hopes, and oppose your Fortune. You cannot but have heard how *Alexander* the Great very generously distributed all the Spoils to his Soldiers, and contented himself with Glory for his Dividend. Thus your Consolation must be, whenever the fickle Goddess frowns upon you ; that noble Resolution of being above Contempt, shews a Magnanimity of Mind equal to the greatest Philosopher. But Virtue is very often unfortunate, nay, sometimes oppress'd.

Here are some devilish, ignorant, censorious, lying People, that will maintain, you were so impertinent as to give a Gentleman the Trouble of cudgelling you : And there are many here whose wicked Tempers are improv'd by the Conversation of the Place, as Rogues by being in *Newgate*, and these give Credit to the Aspersions ; but the Tribe of *Helicon* endeavour your Justification, for he that cou'd charm the King of *Poland's* Bears with the warb-

warbling Accents of his mellifluous Tongue, might with the same Harmony have mov'd the sturdy Oak, and that is as heavy as a hundred Canes. 'Twas the Glory of *Arion*, that the Stones danced after his Lyre; and as long as there are Poets it will be said, that *Orpheus* drew the Tigers and the Trees, to listen to his trembling Lays. May you not justly expect a Place in the Volumes of Immortality, since it may be all said literally true of you, that was but a Fable of these Darlings of our Forefathers? No matter if some People put an ill Construction on it, the best Actions of our Lives are subject to be traduc'd.—Here was a *Dear Joy* of Quality suffer'd the Discipline of the Place for stealing the Diamond Ring from you that the King of *France* gave you at *Fountainbleau*: To mitigate the Blackness of the Fact, he alledg'd the Necessitousness of his Condition, and that it was Pity so many gallant Men should want for their Loyalty, while a Jackanapes cou'd get an Estate for a Song. At this, *Rhadamanthus* order'd him a hundred Stripes more for his Pride in affecting a Character, his own Confession had so far derogated from. There are some considerable Stars that rise in *Bavaria*, whose Influences are inauspicious to you; for, among Friends, 'twas no better than robbing him to run away with his Money, and especially before you had done any thing for it. However, this may be your Consolation, that the Duke can't say you cheated him to some Tune. Here is a Consort of Musick composing against the King of *France*, makes his Entrance: Out of Gratitude to his Generosity, you ought to make one of 'em; I can get you a Lodging near *Cerberus's* apartment; 'twill be convenient for you to confer Notes together for he is much the deepest Base of any here.

If your Leisure will permit, I should be glad of some News from the Favourites of *Parnassus*: I am continually at the Chocolate-House in the *Sulphur-street*. I shall look upon the Obligation in *Alamire* in *Alt.*
Mr.

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Mr. ABEL'S ANSWER.

S I R,

IF the Advice be seasonable, 'tis no great matter from whence it comes; though 'tis not what one wou'd readily expect from a Person of your Climate; but even that too renders the Obligation so much the more binding. I was not so well acquainted with the ancient Intrigues of the *French* Court as to call your Name to remembrance, but by the delicious Expression of your wanton Delights, I presum'd you might have been a *Mahometan* Eunuch, because you seem'd to describe their Paradise in part; what cou'd I tell whether more of that Felicity came to your Share or not? I met *Aben-Ezra* the *Jew*, but he knew nothing of you; at last a *French* Refugee set me right. When I consider your private History I am amaz'd at your Raptures, and that you could be so void of common Reason, more especially after you had been so long spiritualiz'd, which you tell me, enlarges the Understanding, as to set a Value upon your self for raking a Kennel, only because it belong'd to Court. To have charm'd a Person of an exalted Extraction, as I did, and to bring her to be the loving Wife of my Bosom, was Vanity without Infamy. But your captive Queen was a Queen of Sluts, equally the Infamy of her own Sex, as you were the Contempt of ours. 'Twas very pathetically said of her by her Brother, when he gave her in Marriage to the King of *Navarre*, *That he did not give his Peggy in Marriage to the King of Navarre alone, but to all the Hugonots of his Kingdom*, and if he had said, all the *Roman Catholics* too, it had hardly been an Hyperbole. For ever since she was nine Years old, she never deny'd any thing that was a Man; no, not so much as her own Brother. She had so great an Inclination to be obliging, that she

she would not refuse even old Age; and did not condemn even the blackest Scullion-Boy of her Kitchen: She was the Refuse of a hundred thousand several Mens Embraces before she took up with you. So that I see no such mighty Ground for your Vanity and Ostentation: And if there were not other more beneficial Expectations from the Quire, I should advise but very few to follow it: Not but that a fair Friend in the *Palace-yard*, a kind Friend in *Charles-street*, or a pretty intimate Acquaintance near the *Bowling-Ally*, may help to pass away some leisure Hours when the *Abby* is lock'd up; however that is not sufficient to tempt a Man to *C-fa-ut* it all ones Life-time.

I ever found an inbred Aversion to *Ireland*, and your News gives me more convincing Reasons why I should not affect 'em: For to be stripp'd by some, and stripp'd by others, would of it self give a Man an unfavourable Impression of such People. As for the Freedom you take in diverting your self at my Expence, I easily pass it by: But your Censoriousness scandalizes me, when so many very deserving Persons of all Ranks, Sexes and Qualities, as are my good Friends and Benefactors, are made the Subject of your Raillery. I do not want to be spiritualiz'd to see through your Banter, when you make me even superiour to *Orpheus* and *Arion*; I smell what you wou'd be at, by being follow'd by Tygers, Blocks and Stones: But it is lucky enough for you, that you are out of their Reach. As for the Article of *Bavaria*, I can say but little to it more than that I thought the time was come, when the *Israelites* should spoil the *Egyptians*. You have such continual Couriers from these Parts, that you cannot be long ignorant of the minutest Springs by which all Affairs are kept in Motion. To me they seem every where to be at much the same rate, like a Horse in a Mill, 'tis no matter who drives him. I thank you for your kind Offer, in providing me Lodgings; but I have so many of my Friends gone

thereof late, that I shall unwillingly be from them: However, *Sir*, I shall always study to improve your good Opinion, and continue theirs. If any Accident calls me to your Parts about that time, I shall gladly assist at the King of *France's* Entry; for doubtless it will be done with a most noble Solemnity, and every way answerable to the Character of such a Monarch. But as time is more precious here than in your Country, I must beg you to excuse me, for I am just sent for to the Tavern.

Adieu.

Seignior NICHOLA to Mr. BUCKLY, at the
Swan Coffee-House near BLOOMSBURY.

IT is impossible to suffer it any longer! What, my diviner Airs made the sordid Entertainment of drunken Footmen, scoundrel Fellows, and I know not what for Ragamuffins! must those seraphic Lays, that have so often been the Delight of the Muses, the Joy of Princes, the Rapture of the fair Sex, the Treasures of the Judicious, must these be thrumm'd over to blaspheming Rascals, smoaking Sots, noisie Boobies, and such nefarious Mechanicks! Oh, prophane! — They shall have my Sonata's, that they shall, with a Horse-Pox to them. Can't their *Darby* go down but with a Tulse, nor their Tobacco smoak without the Harmony of a *Cremona* Fiddle? If they can't be merry without Musick, provide them a good Key, and a pair of wrought Tongs. One of their own Jigs is diverting enough for their heavy Capacities. Whence comes it that the Sons of Art, and the Brothers of Rosin and Cat-gut, can demean themselves so poorly to play before them? Since when have the Daughters of *Helicon* frequented Ale-houses? Must the
sacred

sacred Streams of our *Aganippe*, pay Homage to the *Darwent*, and wash Tankards and Glasses? Sure you think *Pegasus* a Jade, and are looking out for a Chap for him: Who can come up to his Price there? His Beauties are too sublime for the Groom, and his Master had rather have a strong Horse for his Coach: None of them alas can tilt the fiery Courser. What a strange Medley do you make! Wit, Musick, Noise, Nonsense, Smoak, Spawl, *Darby-Ale* and Brandy: Nay, your Rage and Indiscretion goes farther yet; Folly and Madness seem to be contagious, and you jar among yourselves; the Brothers of Symphony quarrel, and turn the Banquetting-House of the *Thessalian* Ladies into a Bear-Garden, those active Joins that so nicely touch'd my Notes, are now barbarously levell'd at each others Eyes; the powerful Off-spring of my harmonious Conceptions, is miserably torn to pieces between them; and what would have charm'd all Mankind, is dishonourably employ'd to the lighting of Pipes and cleaning of Tables. If you will set up for celebrating the Orgies of the juicy God, let your Instruments be all chosen accordingly, your Airs correspondent to the Audience; but make me no more the Contempt and Derision of your debauch'd Meetings: For the Commendation of Fools is more wounding than the Reprimands of the Ingenious. At best, it is prostituting me to bring them into my Company. If you put not some sudden Order to these ignominious Proceedings, I will dispatch an Imp to sowre your Ale, consume your Cordials, spill your Tobacco, break your Glasses, and cut all your Equipage of Harmony into ten thousand Millions of Bits: Nay, I will prosecute my Revenge so far, that even in the Play-House your Hand shall shake, your Ear judge wrong, your Strings crack, and every Disappointment that may render you ridiculous, shall attend you in all Publick Meetings where-ever you pretend to play. So be wise and be warn'd: Play to Lovers and

Judges of Musick, draw Drink to Sots and Neighbours.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA *to the Archbishop of*
TOLEDO.

YOUR *Eminence's* remissness in the late Affairs of the *Spanish* Territories, has made my Scorpions sting deeper than heretofore, and superadded a new Blackness to the Horrors of my Rage and Despair. Those painful Machinations, who took their Birth from Hell it self, and by my Industry and Application had so glorious a Prospect of bridling all Mankind, where ever the *Romish* Doctrine triumph'd at least, are now by that long continued Series of an unhappy Supineness in your Predecessors, or the powerful Influences of *French* Gold, reduc'd to almost nothing. The Thunderbolts of the Inquisition rattled more dreadfully than those of the *Vatican*; and after Emperors had subjected themselves to the Successors of St. *Peter* we found out means to subject him to our Censures, and by this made our selves superior to supreme. The Mildness of your Executions, and the Rarity of 'em have substracted wonderfully from their Reputation, and from my Designs. Your *Excellency* can't say but I laid down very sufficient Ground-Works for the rendring my Orders as lasting as Religion, if not as lasting as Time. More than *Europe* has felt the Efficacy of my Instructions; and where ever my Disciples have been sent, they have brought us home Souls and Bodies, Credit and Estates.

What Society can vie with us for Extent of temporal Concerns? What Provinces are not in a great measure ours? We have the Guardianship of the Consciences of most of the considerable crown'd Heads, and few Affairs of Importance are transacted any
where

where but with our Privity. I have not met with any one Person in these Kingdoms that has been of Note and Quality, that came here with a Pass-port from the Holy *Inquisition*; now and then a rascally Jew or so, comes here blaspheming your Power and Prudence; and is so angry that he will not shew it at Hell-Gates; as if he apprehended a double Damnation from our Character.

Your Excellency can't but be sensible how great Sufferers we have been by the substracting of the *Gallican* Church from the lash of our Authority; and it was no small Amputation we suffered in the *Spanish Netherlands*, by the improvident Proceeding of that rash Commander the Duke of *Alva*. If now you submit thus quietly to the Administration of *France*, I cannot but apprehend an universal Extinction of that powerful and profitable Institution. Next to my own Society, I look upon it to be the Basis of the *Romish* Monarchy, and undoubtedly of your own, and of the *Austrian* Greatness. How are your Liberties trampled upon by a Child, and all your Dons led Captives to *Versailles*? Where is the ancient Valour and Obstinacy of the *Moorish* Blood? Where are the Poisons and the Poinards so frequent in *Madrid*? Is *Spain* brought so low that she has not Resolution enough for one feeble Effort, to save herself from Infamy and Ruin? Your Arms were always unsuccessful against the *English* Nation: The Greatness of your Misery points out still, the memorable, the very deplorable Overthrow in Eighty Eight: There is a Queen again upon that Crown, willing and able to protect you as well as others, and it may be in Rubricks of Fate, that as one Queen brought down the Pride of the haughty *Spaniards*, so the other shall humble *France* as much, even when it is in its most tow'ring Glory. But whatever be the Destiny of *France*, you ought to look after your selves, and not by an untimely Accession of your Powers to that of so formidable a Monarch, intangle your selyes in

an inextricable Ruin, by so much the more unpardonable as you might easily have prevented it. Shew the World then that a *French* Lyon can't thrive in a *Spanish* Soil, and dart forth the Lightning of the *Inquisition* against all that adhere to the *Gallic* Interest, and connive at the Ruin of the *Spanish* Grandeur. Exert your self and swim hither in a Sea of Blood, and may your Cruelties succeed.

Alderman FLOYER to Sir HUMPHRY EDWIN.

I Ever had an infinite Value for your Friendship, and as every Letter is a fresh Mark of it, I have in every one new matter of Satisfaction; yet I could not read your last without equal Surprize and Concern; and if I did not positively Believe your Integrity, as I am acquainted with your Capacity, I should be at a Loss what Construction to put upon it: For all *Europe* has been made deaf for I know not how many Years, with more and more Accounts how your Kings grew upon their People, and we ever look'd upon the *English* as very jealous of their Privileges. I need not tell you how odious our two last Kings were to us of these Parts; nay, and all *Germany* too, Papist and Protestant; for instead of holding the Balance between *France*, *Spain* and the *Empire*, as the Situation of your Country, and its mighty Power by Sea made 'em capable of doing, and the Character of Guarantees for the Peace of *Nimiguen*, and the Truce for twenty Years oblig'd 'em to it; their siding with *France*, notwithstanding all the Endeavours of foreign Ministers to the contrary, and their own real Interest too, may be justly said to have laid the Foundation of all those Calamities that the Arms and Intrigues of *France*, have since that time brought upon *Europe*. But tho we had so many Reasons to be dissatisfied with the Proceedings of King *Charles II.* and King *James* too,
yet

yet we never diminish'd any thing of our good will we bore the *English* Nation; because we cou'd not but believe they were as far from approving those Transactions as we were, and repin'd as much as we did at the growing Grandeur of the *French* Monarchy. The clandestine Measures both those Kings took to enslave their Subjects to the Power of *France*, and the *Romish* Religion, was as good a Demonstration of a natural Enmity between those two sorts of People. His present Majesty's Descent was concerted with most of the Princes of the Empire, after it was so earnestly propos'd to him, and almost prest upon him by the very best of your Nation. The Friendship between the two Crowns was no longer a Secret, tho' the *English* Envoy at the *Hague* deny'd it positively when I was there: This was more than an Umbrage to the discerning part of your Kingdom, and what the very Commonalty could not think on without terrible Apprehensions: And all of us here in like manner look'd upon this Enterprize as a thing on which depended the Safety or Ruin of the whole Protestant Affairs of *Europe*.

I cannot comprehend what unlucky Planet rules over you! That any one Person should be dissatisfied, is prodigious to me. You are freed from all those Oppressions, whose Probability alone of having made no small part of your Misery. You were very uneasy under the Administration of K. *James*, and now you are deliver'd, you murmur! You know his Royal Highness was so unwilling to embark himself in this Affair, tho' his Interest and his Honour were very much concern'd at it, that he did not yield but to the iterated Solicitations of your Country-men, join'd with full Assurance that they would stand by him with their Lives and Fortunes. You must pardon the Freedom of my Expression, if I assure you, that this ungrateful false Step lessens my Value for the *English* Nation: For after having made such terrible Com-

plaints of their Miseries and Injuries, and fill'd *Europe* with their Tears and Lamentations, implor'd a Neighbouring Prince to come to their Rescue, at a Season of the Year that wou'd have quell'd the greatest Courage that ever was, if it had not been supported with Charity; and add to this, the unavoidable Necessity of so vast an Expence, as wou'd have sunk some Princes Fortunes, now they are happily settled in their Affairs at Home, have glorious Armies abroad, and that King at their Head, who has so justly merited that Title of *Defender of the Faith*, whose Prudence and Vigilancy has corroborated their native Force with so many powerful Allies; that these People should be so little sensible of their own Felicity, as to murmur and be discontented, is to me a Paradox, but I am sure unpardonable. The Knowledge I have of the *English* Genius, makes me believe there are but few Malecontents, and tho' they call themselves Protestants. 'tis only to bring an Odium upon those that really are, by such perverse Measures. I hope 'tis only your Fears for your Country, which proceed from your Love of it, that multiplies these disagreeable Objects. You have a Protestant Prince, on a Protestant Throne, Liberty of Conscience, and even the *Roman Catholics*, that were always plotting against the Government, are permitted so much Freedom under it, that they would be mad if they were out of it.

Look back to the Desolations in *France*, and to the Storm you are deliver'd from, and see if you can ever thank God enough for your Deliverance.

Sir

Sir JOHN NORRIS *Commander in Chief of her Majesty Q. ELIZABETH's Land-Forces against the Spaniard, to Sir HENRY B.—— and Sir CHARLES H.——*

Gentlemen,

WE had no sooner Intelligence of your Designs, but we gave the *Spaniard* over for lost: The Path has been so gallantly beaten to your Hands, and your Enemies hardly recruited their former Losses in our glorious Times, if they could have forgot from whose Hands they sustain'd 'em. If I may remind you without Vanity, as I do it without a Lie, I took the lower Town of the *Groyn*, I plunder'd all the Villages round about it, and by the gallantry of the *English* cut the *Spaniards* to pieces for three Miles together. But these were profest Enemies that had attempted upon our State, and by their formidable Preparations, threatned no less than our entire Ruin. However, in all the Licentiousness of a conquering Sword, we ravish'd no Nuns; and it had been justifiable if we had done it. We took the City of *St. Joseph*, and though there was not found one single piece of coin'd Money in it (which is a very exasperating Disappointment to Souldiers you know,) yet we forc'd no Nunneries. Had you two, *Gentlemen*, been there, I presume you wou'd have eaten the Children alive for meer Madness and Vexation, after you had gratified your more unpardonably brutish Lusts upon the Monasteries. Distressed Damsels were heretofore the general Cause for which the Heroes drew their Swords: As their Sex made them the Objects of our Desires, so when their Weakness was forc'd upon, they became doubly the Subjects of our Quarrels, and by so just a Claim, that nothing but the very Reproach of Mankind refus'd it 'em. Your Case, as I take it (*Gentlemen*) is far different from

that, where positive Orders give License; nay, an Insurrection it self, and to lay all waste before you; to ransack the Churches, and ravish the Women, to burn the Houses, and brain the sucking Children: These are political Rigors, that by a present shedding of Blood, saves the Lives of many thousands afterwards: This putting all to the Sword, intimidates small Towns from making feeble Efforts for an impossible Defence; which by losing some time, and some few Mens Lives only, enrages the Conqueror at last, to use the same Severity with them too, to punish their Obstinacy. These are bloody Maxims of War, but necessary sometimes, therefore lawful. But you (*Gentlemen*) had not the least shadow of pretence for your Lust or your Avarice: If these are the insolent Effects of your Friendship, I fear no body will admit of your Alliances, much less court them. Friendship betray'd, is the blackest Crime that is, and what so far degrades a Gentleman from the Character of *Honour*, that Miracles of bravery in Sieges afterwards wou'd never wear out the Blot: But as if you had resolved to make your selves odious, by making the Fact more infamous, they must be Nuns too, forsooth, that must be constrained to your libidinous Authority. Your sacrilegious Covetousness might have met with a shadow of Excuse, if your Intemperance had proceeded no farther: And indeed they must have a great deal of Wit as well as Goodness, that can invent any thing like a Reason to mitigate the Abomination of it. You, old Commanders, you, old covetous Leachers, the bane of an Army, the reproach of the best General, and of the most Glorious Princess. What Laurels have your Lust and Rapines torn from *O* ——— Brows? What Honours from your *English* Arms? And what vast Advantages from your own Sovereign? Had not your impious Carriage made implacable Enemies of those that were not quite resolved to continue long so at all, this Summer had rais'd your
Princess

Princess to that Pinnacle of Renown and Grandeur, that none ever surpass'd, and but few ever came up to, besides our illustrious Queen, of whom no Man can say too much; therefore of you, Gentlemen, none can say too Ill. A Design so deeply laid, so cautiously manag'd, so long conceal'd, so wisely concerted, cou'd not possibly miss of a happy Event, if your impious Indignities had not constrained Heaven to blast the Undertaking, to shew it was Just: Thus the Army perished for *David's* having numbred the People: You went to free 'em from a Foreign Dominion, to settle the Right of Government in the right Person, to prevent Innovations, and relieve the oppress'd; in a Word, to do Justice to every Subject. Oh, the plausible Pretext! the noble Reasons for so chargeable an Expedition! Yet no sooner has the Justice of the Cause in general crown'd your Attempts with Success, but your particular Outrages pull down Vengeance, and raise your selves Enemies even out of the Dust; the consciousness of your Wickedness blunts the edge of your Swords, and adds new Life and Vigor to those whom your Courage and Generosity had almost vanquisht before. Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, my worthy Companion of Arms, refused two Millions of Ducats, and burnt the Merchants Ships at *Port Royal*, because that was his Errand, and he as just as he was brave. Had you two but commanded there (*Gentlemen*) the *Spanish* Merchants had not need have made so large an Offer: Half the Money and ten young Nuns a piece, and you had betray'd your Country. However, we question not but in a little time, or by the next Packet at least, to hear that Justice is executed upon you both to absolve the Nation, and atone for so abominable and unpardonable, so nefarious and ungentleman-like an Action. You will find a place on the other side of our River, that will cool your Courage, by way of Antiperistasis, with wondrous Heat.

Don ALPHONSO PEREZ de GUSMAN, Duke
of Medina Sidonia, Admiral of the invinci-
ble Armada, to Monsieur CHATEAU-RE-
NAULT, at Rodondello.

WHY this mighty Concern for what can-
not be avoided? Why this *Chagrine*? Why
this *Mal au Cœur*? You might have fancied your
self invincible, you might have got a sanctified
Pass from his Holiness, it would still have had the
same Catastrophe. The *English* are Hereticks,
Man, they value none of these Evangelical Charms
of a Rush; their Bullets have no Consideration in
the World for a Relique, nor their Small-shot for a
Chaplet. Besides, they are so well acquainted with
our Seas, their own Chanel is hardly more famili-
ar to them. This is but the old Grudge of 88,
when Queen *Elizabeth* thump'd us so about: Consi-
dering all things, I think you are come off very
well. What signifie a few poultry *Hulks*? The
Plate we are sure you had prudently carried over
the Mountains, in 1500 Carts at least, an Under-
taking as little dreamt of, and as much surprizing,
as Prince *Eugene's* passing the *Alps*; but with this
plaguy unlucky Disadvantage, that it may not be
quite so true. Now and then in my more reserved
Speculations, I stumble upon that same *Drake*, that
burnt about 100 of our Ships at *Cadiz*; upon my
Honour I can't forgive him, and yet can't blame
him neither. But those two Gallions that were so
richly laden, stick in my Stomach most confounded-
ly. No wonder our Affairs prosper no better, for
those same Hereticks have taken away several of
our Saints; that same *Drake* I mentioned just now,
he run away with *St. Philip*. Besides this, these
English Water-Dogs swam after us into *Cadiz*, and
went to *Pointal*, and there firk'd us so about the
Pig-market, that we were even glad to save our
Bacon,

Bacon, and fire some of our Ships, and run the others on Ground; there too, after burning the Admiral, these un sanctified Ranters stole away, not sneakingly, but with an open hand, and main force, two most Glorious Saints more, *St. Matthew* and *St. Andrew*. There was another too of those *Englisch* Bully-Rocks, *Sir Walter Rawleigh*, with a Pox to him, he serv'd us a slippery Trick indeed, for he took away the Mother of God, and God knows she was worth one hundred and fifty thousand Pounds Sterling, not reckoning the other smaller Craft that went with him only to bear her Company. There is something in our Destinies that gives them an Ascendant over us; and a brave Man scorns to buckle to Fortune. You may live to be beaten again as I was, and poor *Alphonso de Leva*, nay, honest *Recalde* he was cursedly maul'd too with his Rear Squadron; and to add to my Misfortunes, I was a little while after drubb'd again by 'em, I thought they never would have done dancing round me for my part: But what consummated my Disgrace, and still leaves the deepest Impression on my Spirits, is the burning of my Fleet at *Calais*; there I must own it sincerely to you, I was somewhat astonish'd: I thought *Vesuvius* had been floating upon the Water, or Mount *Aetna* had out of Kindness came to light me through the North Passage home: But this was a hellish Invention of those *Englisch* Men to set my Ships on Fire, and destroy us all.

Now this Similitude of our Destinies having endeared you to me, I thought my comparing our Notes together might mitigate part of your Affliction. Nay, thus far we are again alike in the Frowns of insulting Fortune, that they will make new Medals with the old Inscription, *Dux Femina Facti*. Indeed you must give me leave, Sir, to be a little free with you, that is, to tell you, for ought I know, Providence may have ordered it so, to shew that the Wisdom of Man is really but a *Chimera*, and as
Spain,

Spain, when in the highest Exaltation of its Glory, with a Fleet that was three Years Equipping, and consisted of no less than one hundred and thirty Sail of Ships, enough to have forc'd her way through the Universe; yet with all this Preparation, a single Woman, embroil'd in her State at home, not only made head against us, but even quite destroy'd us, insomuch that the Kingdom of *Spain* was never fully able to recover the vast Expence of this Fleet, and the continual Losses that attended its being beaten: In like manner, Sir, what know we but that the Kingdom of *France*, being now even at the Summit of Glory, and by the Accession of the *Spanish* Interest, so entirely at his own Devotion, may not see all his Lawrels torn from his Brows by a Queen, and to the dishonour of the *Salic Law*, make the greatest of all its Monarchs truckle to a Woman, whom they thought incapable of Reigning. I don't say this will be certainly so, but examining all Occurrences hitherto, it looks but scurvily upon the *Spanish* and *French* side. For *France* was never so many times, and so considerably defeated since he sat upon the Throne, and that too both by Sea and Land. Indeed the *English* in these Parts grow very Pragmatical upon it, and at every turn call for a Son of a Whore of a Spaniard to make Snuff of. Cardinal *Granvil*, that was the ablest Head-piece of his Time, avers it so positively, that I dare not aim at a Contradiction; and his Opinion is, That the *English*, who are naturally Good when they are yielded to, and only obstinate and angry when they are oppos'd, will ever be happily govern'd by a Queen; and he assigns this for a Reason, that the Monarchy of *England* having a great Alloy of a Republick, they are more jealous of their Warlike Princes than of their weak ones, and lest they should happen to give a daring Prince an unhappy Opportunity of treading upon their Necks, if they should stoop any thing low, they will always in Parliament keep him at some distance; but as a Woman

Woman cannot pretend to guide the Reins of Empire by a strong Hand, she must do it by a wise Head ; therefore not trusting so much to her own Judgment, as hot-headed Man does, she does nothing without the Advice of her Council, and that is a small Parliament, as a Parliament is a grand national Council, and this Method of Government suits best with the *English* Temper : From whence I conclude, that *England* never was in so fair a Prospect of doing her self Justice, and asserting her Rights, since that Miracle of a Woman Queen *Elizabeth*, as it is at this Juncture. For so glorious and triumphant Beginnings open all her Subjects Hearts, and their Coffers with them, which cannot tend but to our Ruin and Shame, Make haste hither, and get out of the Confusion that you cannot long defer.

MARCELLINUS to Monsieur BOILEAU.

NAY, this is beyond the possibility of Patience ! and tho' there is much due to the Character of Princes, yet there is more to our Selves and Truth ; and I cannot without the highest Injustice and Ingratitude possible, but remind you of some of the Actions of your Idol Monarch, which with so much Reason dispute with each other, which was the most Enormous and Tyrannical. I only endeavour'd to make *Julian* the *Apostate* pass upon Posterity for a Heroe, and you call me an insolent, brazen-fac'd, rascally Flatterer. If I exceeded the Exactness of an Historian, it was because in that Treatise I set up for a Courtier, and Sincerity in such People is of the most dangerous Consequence imaginable. If the Emperor *Julian* had been the first

first Monster in Nature, that met with a willing Pen to set his Actions in a less inglorious Light than others expected, and naked Truth required; yet I am sure he is not the greatest. Your Master has trac'd all the Footsteps of his Cruelty and Policy: For if he manag'd matters so swimmingly between the *Catholicks* and *Arians*, that he secur'd himself by their Divisions, *Louis* has all along done the same: If he countenanced the *Jews* *Louis* supported the *Turks*, if he destroy'd the *Christians*, *Louis* has done it in a much more barbarous and perfidious manner. If he threw down the Image of *Christ* at *Cæsarea Philippi*, *Louis* has acted the same in the front of the *Jesuits* * *Church*: now since you have dar'd to consecrate the Reputation of your King, why so many bitter Investives against me a petty *Pagan*, for speaking in favour of my Master? You modern Wits, that value your selves so much upon the having refin'd our Dross, have sunk as scandalously low in Matters of Flattery as any of us. We are continually pestered here with Disputes; and evrey Court rings with the different Claims. The *Popes* send *Legates* hither for their Saints, *Pluto* won't let one of 'em go, because they are damned. Others will have it that their time is fulfill'd in *Purgatory*, therefore would be discharg'd, but the *Devil* knows better things. Father *Garnet* too, that execrable Engine of the *Powder-Plot*, storms and raves, but the horn'd *Gentlemen* with cloven Feet laugh at him, and his Canonization. Where ever was there so much innocent Christian Blood shed as on *Bartholomew's* Day at *Paris*? And yet even that unparrall'd Murder has been justified a thousand times by your Church: As if the accurateness of a Man's Pen cou'd make that pass for a Virtue, which will

* The taking down the Image of our Saviour, and setting up the French King's in the room of it occasion'd this Distich,

Abstulit hinc Iesum, posuitque; insignia Regis
Impia Gens; alium non habet illa Deum.

be an everlasting and detestable Blot. *Pelisson* is a Man of prodigious Parts, *Boileau* the smoothest Pen and noblest Genius of his Time, because their Prince is alive, and equally generous to reward their Flattery, as greedy to have it : But poor I, because I have been dead one thousand four hundred Years and better, I am an idle rascally Fellow. But even at this distance I am no stranger to the Transactions of *Versailles* ; and since you have spit out so much of your blackest Venom against me and my Heroe, I shall take the Freedom to call to Mind some of those very remarkable particulars which give so glorious a Lustre, as you call it, to your *Viro Immortalit*. His Life has been but one continued Series of Rapines and Murders, Perjuries and Desolations. For tho' the first Disorders in *Hungary*, were in some measure owing to the Injustices Count *Tekely* received from the Ministers of the *Empire*, yet it is undeniably true, that *France* fomented the War, and solicited the *Turk* to espouse *Tekely's* Quarrels, and promis'd to assist him himself. The Negotiations of the *French* Embassadors at the Port, the vast Sums of Money remitted to *Tekely*, and the Endeavours to disengage the King of *Poland* and the Duke of *Bavaria* from the Interest of the *Empire*, these things (Mr. *Boileau*) were not manag'd with so much Secresy, but the more essential Particulars are come to many Peoples Knowledge. His other underhand Dealings with several Princes and Cities of *Germany* shew'd his formidable Army in *Alsatia* was not to succour the *Empire*, but to seize on it. But the raising the Seige at *Vienna* broke all their Measures at *Versailles*, and the King of *France*, confounded at this Disappointment, vented his Rage upon his own Subjects, and that part of 'em too that set the Crown upon his Head, when the most considerable of the *Roman Catholics* abandon'd his Interest. The Ravage he committed in the Territories of the three Ecclesiastical Electors, and in the *Palatinate* at the same time, shew'd him rather the Scourge of Mankind, than the eldest Son of the Church. 'Tis

'Tis true, there never was any Prince but had his Flatterers: But you *French* have been guilty of the grossest, to the present King of *France*, that ever were recorded. My *Julian* wou'd have blush'd, or rather trembled at such blasphemous Adulation. *Louis* has been ador'd for his Mercy; and yet exceeded our *Nero* in Barbarity and Bloodshed. Fire and Sword were mild Executioners of his Cruelty; for his impetuous Lust of Mischief has been so fruitful in inventing Torments, that he has made all those Forms of Death desirable to his Subjects that were the Reproach of Tyrants: His ingenious Malice has contriv'd exquisite Pain, without destroying the Persons that suffer it; and if he could compel Man to be immortal, he would vie Miseries with Hell it self. He scorns all the humble Paths of *Domitian's* Perfidiousness: Such puny Perjuries are too mean for *Louis le Grand*: And since he could not possibly make 'em greater in their Nature, he aggravated 'em by their number. The Peace of the *Pyrenneans*, that of *Aix la Chappelle*, that of *Nimeguen*, the Truce for twenty Years, the Edict of *Nants*, the Treaty at *Reswick*, are sufficient Arguments that he only promis'd, that he might not perform, and vow'd to observe Treaties, that he might have the Letchery of breaking 'em afterwards with a more execrable Guilt. Your servile Flattery styles him the Restorer and Preserver of the Peace of *Christendom*, yet he arm'd the Crescent against the Cross, and carried Desolation through every Corner of *Europe*. There is no Prince but he has invaded, no Neighbour that he has not oppress'd, no Law that he has not violated, no Religion that he not trampled on, and shew'd the Successors of *St. Peter*, that he had one Sword sharper than both theirs. His Panegyrist's have refin'd the impious Wit of *Commodus's* Sycophants; and lest Books should not transmit their Blasphemies low enough to Posterity, they have rais'd Superb Monuments of his Arrogancy and their own Shame.

What

What Statues, what Pictures of him at *Versailles*, *Fountainbleau*, *Marly*, the *Louvre*, the *Invalides*, *Paris-Gates*, the *Palais Royal*, &c. Where have I (Monsieur *Boileau*) arm'd my *Julian* with a * Thunderbolt? Have I any thing equal to your *Viro Immortali*, to your *Divo Ludovico*? Why then am I such an infamous Flatterer, such a sneaking cringing Rascal? I have nothing comparable to your *Fustian Bombast*, nor to the *Hyperboles* of *Pelison*, nor the impertinent Titles of every *French Man* that sets Pen to Paper. I leave the World to judge, if my Hero has not a juster Claim to all the *Eulogies* I have given him, ten thousand times preferable to *Louis le Grand*, and yet you have said ten thousand times more of him.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Just as I was dispatching this, a Mail came in from *Spain*, that gave us an Account of the King of *France's* having extended his Dominions over the *Plate-Pleet*; but whilst he was drinking *Chateau-Regnault's* Health, some two or three merry *English* Boys run away with it all; which has given *Louis* and his *Grandson* such a Fit of the *Cholick*, that they are not expected to live long under such terrible Agonies: Whereupon the *Devil* has order'd a thousand Chaldron of fresh *Brimstone* to air their Apartments against they come.

* Over the Door of the great Hall of the *Invalides*, he is drawn guiding the Chariot of the *Sun*, with Beams of *Glory* round his Head; and a Thunderbolt in his Hand, the four *Quarters* of the World kneeling before him in a very humble Posture, and the Motto is, *Je plains à tous*.

CORNELIUS GALLUS, to the Lady DILLIANA
at BATH.

Charming Dilliana,

I Shall not blush to own I have been in Love, since the wisest Men that ever were yet, have found their Philosophy too weak to prevent the tyranny of the blind Boy. However, though they were sensible of the Powers of Beauty, yet they were all ignorant of its Cause. The Painter that first drew *Cupid* with a Fillet over his Eyes, did not mean that he was Blind; but that it was impossible to express their various Motions: Sometimes eager Desire adds new Darts to their sparkling Rages: Sometimes chilling Fear in a Minute overcasts their glittering Beams; Joy drowns 'em in an unusual Moisture, and Irresolution gives 'em a gentle trembling Despair, sinks 'em into their Orbits: Jealousie re-ascends the expiring Flame; and one kind Look from the Person we adore, sweetly soothes 'em up again; and it is easie to remark from their suddain compos'dness the new calm and tranquility of the Mind. We may say as much of Love as of Beauty, we all know there is such a Thing, but none of us can tell what it is; 'Tis not Youth alone that is expos'd to the fatal Tempest of this raging Passion: Age it self has yielded to its Attacks; and we have seen some look gaily in their Love, though they were stepping into their Graves. It laughs at the most ambitious Man, and makes a Monarch turn Vassal to his own Subjects: It makes the Miser lavish of his ador'd Dust, and the hoarded Ore profusely scatter'd at his Charmer's Feet: Nay, the Poets themselves did not feign *Cupid* so extravagant, as many Philosophers felt him: However, Love is the great Spring-head from whence all our Felicities flow; and our Condition would be worse than that of the very Beasts, if it were exempted from this darling Passion: Yet it

is as true too, that there is nothing upon Earth so enormous and detestable, but Love has been the occasion of it, at one time or other. That glorious Emanation of Divinity, that Breath of Life which gave us the Similitude of our Creator, is often stifled by this raging *passion*. *Reason* revolts, and joining partly with *Love*, proves our Ruin, by justifying a thousand Absurdities : And there is no Misery to which Mankind may be said to be subject to, that is not caused by *Love*. There would be no Sorrow, no Fear, no Desire, no Despair, no Jealousie, no Hatred, if there were no Love. The Soul becomes a restless Sea whose tumultuous Waves are continually foaming, every Sense is an inlet to this violent Passion : And there are but few Objects which can affect the Soul, that do not give it Birth : As Heat produces some things, and destroys others ; so Love, not unlike it, is the Origin of Good and Evil. It may be call'd the School of Honour and Virtue ; and yet not improperly a Theatre of Horror and Confusion too.

'Tis the powerful and pleasing Bond of human Society ; without it there would be no Families, no Kingdoms ; and yet we read of an *Alexander* that sacrific'd a whole City to a Smile of a Mistress. *Anthony* disputed the World with *Cæsar*, yet chose rather to be absent from *Cleopatra's* Arms. *David* forgot the august Character of a Man after God's own Heart, and though so famous for Prowess as well as Piety, basely murder'd the injur'd *Uriah*, the more freely to enjoy the lovely Adulteress. Charming *Sempronia*, the Fire is pure in its self, 'tis the Matter only that sends up all those offensive Clouds of Smoak ; and if Nature were not depraved, Love would not cause these Disorders : 'Twould not mix Poyson with Wine to destroy a Rival, and thro' a Sea of blood and tears wade to its Object. Love is the most formidable Enemy a wise Man can have, and is the only Passion against which he has no Defence. If Anger surprize him, it lasts
not

not long, and the same Minute concludes it as commenc'd it : If by a slower Fire his Choler boils, he prevents its running over ; but Love steals so secretly, and so sweetly withal, into every Corner of our Hearts, into every Faculty of the Soul, that it is absolutely Master before we can perceive it. When once we discover it, we are quite undone : At the same time he triumphs over our Wisdom, and our Reason too, and makes them both his Vassals to maintain his Tyranny : what else could mean those numerous Follies of the adulterous Gods descending in viler Forms to commit their Rapes ? —

The first Wound that Beauty makes is almost insensible ; and though the deadly Poison spreads through every part, we hardly suspect we are in Danger. At first indeed we are only pleas'd with seeing the Person or talking of 'em, affecting an humble Complaisance for all they say, or do, the very thinking on them is charming ; and the Desires we have as yet, are so far from Impetuosity, that no Philosopher could be so rigid as to condemn us.

Hitherto 'tis well, but 'tis hardly Love, for that like a Bee, forfeits its Name if it has no Sting. But alas ! the lurking Fire quickly bursts out, and that pleasing Idea which represented it self so sweetly and so respectfully to the Soul one Moment before, now insolently obtrudes upon our most serious Thoughts, and makes us impious even at the Horns of the Altar ; she perfidiously betrays us in our very Sleep its self, sometimes appearing haughty and scornfully, sometimes yielding and kind ; and this too when there is no Reason for either The Infant-Passion is now become a cruel Father of all other Passions ; cruel indeed, for he has no sooner given Birth to one, but he stifles it to introduce another ; whose short-liv'd Fate is just the same, and destroy'd the next Moment it is born.

Hope and Despair, Joy and Sorrow, Courage and Fear, continually succeed each other; Anger, Jealousy and Revenge, distract the Mind: And all these mingled, their Fury is like a Storm blowing from every Corner of the Heavens: Then the Lover, like the Ocean, agitated by such boistrous Winds, he foams and roars, the swelling Waves of his boiling Appetite dash each other to Pieces: The foggy Clouds of Melancholy and Disappointment intercept the glittering Rays of Reason's Sun; the rattling Thunder of jealous Rage breaks through his trembling Sphere: when his Understanding returns but for a Moment, 'tis like darted Lightning piercing through the Obscure of violent Passions, and shews Nature in every Lover a Confusion almost equal to her original Chaos.

Whoever was really in Love (*charming Sempronia*) will readily confess the Allegory to be just. Tho' nothing has surprized me more in Affairs of this Nature than that most Men who have been sensible of this Passion do not care to own it, when once their more indulgent Fate has put a Period to it; as if it were a calling their Judgment in question to believe they thought a Woman handsome. Your Eyes justify our Adoration, and will ever constitute the Felicity of

Corn. Gallus.

From Bully DAWSON to Bully W——

Confound you for a Monumental Sluggard,

I Have been dead and damn'd these seven Years, and left your talkative Bulkiness behind me, as the only fit Person in the Town to succeed me in blustering Bravadoes and non-killing Skirmishes; and you, like a lazy Hulk, whose stupendious Magnitude is full big enough to load an Elephant with Lubberliness, to sot away your time in *Mon-gue's* Fumitory, among a Parcel of old smoak-dry'd Cadators,

dators, and not so much since my Departure, as cut a Link-Boy over the Pate, pink a Hackney-Coachman, or draw your Sword upon a Cripple, to fill the Town with new Rumours of your wonted Bravery, and make the callow Students of the wrangling Society wag their unfledg'd Chins over their Pennyworths of *Ninny Broth*? Ads fleshly Wounds: In what Sheeps-head Ordinary have you chew'd away the meridian Altitude of your tygerantick Stomach? And where squander'd away the tiresome Minutes of your Evening-Leisure, over seal'd *Winchesters* of Three-penny Guzzle? That in all this time you have never exerted your hectorian Talent, but keep your Reputation musty'ng upon an old Foundation, which is ready to sink, for want of being repair'd by some new notable Atchievements.

Do you think the obsolete Renown of cutting off a Knight's Thumb in a Duel, and keeping on't in your Pocket three Weeks for a Tobacco-Stopper; lying with the *French King* in your Travels, and kicking him out of Bed for farting in his Sleep; answering the Challenge of a Life-Guardman for tearing a Hole in his Stocking with the Chape of your Sword when his Jack-Boots were on; gone where Honour calls, behind *Southampton-Walls*; return by five, if alive, *Hen. W—— n.* disarming three Highwaymen upon the Road with Two-pence-half-penny in your Pocket, and letting them go upon their Parole of Honour; wearing a Wigg for ten Years together without losing the Curl or combing out one Hair; taking a Tyger by the Tooth; and the *Grand Seignior* by his Whiskers; bearing an Ensign in a mimic Fight upon your Atalantick Shoulders; knocking a thitting Porter down, when you were drunk, backwards into his own Sir-reverence; your Duel with *Johannes in Nubibus*, in Behalf of a Lady you never set Eyes on; your eating five Shillings-worth of Meat at a Nine-penny Ordinary, and at last treated by the

the Man of the House to have no more of your Custom; do you think these, or a hundred like antiquated Exploits are sufficient to maintain the Character of a stanch Bully without fresh Enterprizes? No, an old Reputation is like an old House, which if not repaired often, must quickly fall of necessity to decay, and will at last, by little, for want of new Application, be totally obliterated.

Therefore, if ever you intend to be my Rival in Glory, you must fright a Bailiff once a Day, stand Kick and Cuff once a Week, challenge some Coward or other once a Month, bilk your Lodging once a Quarter, and cheat a Taylor once a Year, crow over every Coxcomb you meet with, and be sure you kick every Jilt you bully into an open-legg'd Submission and a Compliance of treating you; never till then will the Fame of *W——* ring like *Dawson's* in every Coffee-House, or be the merry Subject of every Tavern Tittle-tattle.

To let you know I am not like a Cock or a Bull-Dog, to lose my Courage when I change my Climate, I shall proceed to give you a very modest Account of some of my bold Undertakings in these diabolical Confiners, these damn'd dusky unsavoury Grotto's, where although there are whole Rivers of Brimstone for the convenient dipping of Card-Matches, yet if a Man would give an Ounce of Immortality for so much of a Rush-Candle, 'tis as hard to be purchas'd, upon the Faith of a Christian, as if you were to buy Honey of a Bear, or a Stallion of a lascivious Dutchess, that wants Friction more than she does Money; so that, at my first Entrance into this damn'd dark Cavern, I stagger'd about by guess, like some drunken Son of a Whore tumbled into a *Newcastle* Cole-pit; and finding my self in this ugly Condition, I could not forbear breathing a few Curses out upon the Place, which, by the Lord of the Territories, were thrown away as much in vain, as if I had carried Lice to *New-*

gate, or wish'd the People mad in *Bedlam*: As I thus blunder'd about like a Beetle in a hollow Tree, I happen'd to break my Shins against a confounded Poker, upon which I made a damnable swearing for a Light, that I might see whereabouts I was, but to no Purpose; I found I might as well have call'd upon *Jupiter* to have lent me his Hand to have dragg'd me out of *Pluto's* Dominions. This sort of stumbling Entertainment so provok'd my Patience, that tho' I knew I was under the Devil's jurisdiction, yet I could not tell, but like a Debtor in a Prison, or a Bully in a Bawdy-House, I might fare the better for mutinying, so that I discharg'd such a Volly of new-coin'd Oaths, and made such a damn'd roaring and raving, that the Devils began to fear I should put Hell in an Uproar; upon this, a Couple of tatterdemalion Hobgoblins, that look'd like a Brace of Scare-crows just flown out of a Pease-field, seiz'd me by the Shoulders and run me into the Bilboes; confound you, said I, for a couple of Hell-cats, what's this for? For, crys one of the grim Potentates, as saucily as a reforming Constable, for your tumultuous noisy Behaviour, why sure, you don't think you are got into a Bear-Garden. Wounds, quoth I, thou talk'st as if the Devil kept a Conventicle; why Hell at this rate is worse than a Parliament-House, if a Man mayn't have the Liberty of Speech, especially when 'tis to redress his Grievances.

Just as we were thus parlying, who should come by, but *Bob Weden*, jabbering to himself like a Jackdaw in a Cherry-Tree that had lost his Mate, I knew him by his hoarse Voice, which sounded like the lowest Note of a double *Courtial*: Who's there, *Bob*, said I? Captain, says he, I am heartily glad to see you; yes, yes, I am that very Drone of a Bagpipe, you may know me by my Hum; I have got my *Quietus* at last, and I thank my Stars, by the help of Rum and hot Weather, have bilk'd all my *English* Creditors. Why where the Devil, said I, did

did you die then, that you gave your Creditors the Epithet of *English*? Just over our Head, says he, in that damn'd Country *Barbadoes*, where my Brains us'd to boil by the Heat of the Sun like a hasty-Pudding in a Sauce-pan; I have been in a Sweat ever since about seven Months before I died; all the while I liv'd in that damn'd treachy Colony, I fancied my self to be just like a live Grig toss'd into a Frying-pan, and now Death, Pox on him for a raw-head and bloody-Bones, has toss'd me out of the Frying-pan into the Fire. Indeed, *Bob*, said I, I could wish my self in an Ice-house heartily, for I have been in a kind of hectic Fever ever since my Admittance. Zounds, says he, 'tis so hot there's no enduring on't; its a Country fit for nothing but a Salamander to live in; If *Abednego's* oven had been but half so hot, if any of them had come out with, out singeing their Garments, I'd have forsworn Brandy to all Eternity. Well, but prithee Captain, how came your Pedestals to be in this Jeopardy? I told him the Truth tho' I was in a damn'd lying Country, only for cursing and swearing a little. Oh! says he, you must have a great care of that, for here are a Parcel of whiggish Devils lately climb'd into Authority, who, though they were the forwardest of all the infernal Host, in the Rebellion against Heaven, yet of late they pretend to such Demurity as to form a Society for the Regulation of Manners, though themselves are a Parcel of the wickedest Spirits in all Hell's dominions; but however, have a little Patience, I have a Justice of Peace hard by of my Acquaintance, who tho' he be one of their Kidney as to matter of Religion, yet I know he'll be as drunk with burn'd Brandy as a Sow with Hogwash; will bugger a *Succubus* when his Lust's predominant; and as for cursing and swearing, he's more expert at it than a losing Gamester, and if I meet him in a merry Humour, I don't doubt but to prevail.

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Thus *Bob* left me for a few Moments, and indeed had we been in a Brandy-shop where we had any thing to have paid, I should have much question'd his Return, but being in a strange Country, where Friends are always glad to meet one another, and being free from the Predicament of a Reckoning, I had some Hopes of his being as good as his Word, which in the other World all his Acquaintance know as well as my self, he was never overcareful to preserve.

During his Absence, I had little else to do but to curse the Country, and scratch my Ears for want of Liberty, which were terrified with the buzzing of a parcel of fanatical Souls, who swarm'd as thick as Bees at a *Hampshire-Farmer's*, some damning of Doctor *B—ges*, others confounding of *Timothy Cr—see*, some raving against *Me——d* of *Stepney*, others cursing of *Saliers-Hall*, &c. as if the ready Road to Hell was to travel through *Presbytery*.

By this time my Friend *Bob* was as good as his Word, which was the first time I ever knew him so. Well, says he, you may see I am as sure as a *Robin*, I have got your Discharge; but the Justice swears, had you been confin'd for any thing besides whoring, drinking and swearing, you should have been shackled and been damn'd before he'd ever have releas'd you; but however here's a little *Scribere cum dasbo* will set you at Liberty; upon which we call'd the Constable of the Ward, who, upon sight of the Discharge, freed my Supporters from Confinement, which was no sooner done, but with a reciprocal Joy for my happy Deliverance, we began a Ramble together thro' all the neighbouring Avenues, in hopes to meet with something that might give us a little Diversion; we had not travelled above an hundred Years, but who should we meet but the old snarling Rogue that us'd to cry *poor Jack*, with his Wife after him; he no sooner espy'd us, but attack'd us open-mouth'd after the

following manner, *Two Sharpers without one Penny of Money in their Pockets; a couple of Bullies, and both Cowards, ha, a, a.* Now for a Fool with a full Pocket, a good Dinner on Free-cost, a Whore and a Tavern, a Belly-full of Wine without paying for't, *ha, a, a, a Hackney-Coach for a Bilb, or a Brass-shilling, a long Sword, never a Skitr, Whitefryers i'th' day time, a Garret at night, ha, a, a, a.* Thus the old Rascal run upon us as we pass'd by him, that we were both as glad when we were out of his Reach, as a Hen-pec'd Cuckold that has shunn'd the Hisses of of that Serpent he hugs every Night in his Bosom.

We had not gone twenty Yards farther, scarce out of the Reach of the noisy Tongue of this railing Peripatetick, but we met *Bowman* that kept the *Dog-Tavern* in *Drury-Lane*, whose first Salutation was, Pox take you both for a Couple of shamocking Rascals, if it had not been for you and such others of your Company, I had been a living Man to this day, for you broke my Tavern and that broke my Heart. When I went off, besides Book-Debts never paid, but cross'd out and forgiven, I had as much Chalk scor'd up in my Bar, upon your Account, as would have whiten'd the Flesh of twenty Calves at *Rumford*, or have cur'd half the Town of the Heart-burn, that never were satisfied to this day; and as certainly as you are both damn'd, I would arrest you here in the *Devil's Name*, but that I know a foreign Plea, or the Statute of Limitation are pleadable in Defiance of me; and that Whore my Wife too, that us'd to open her Sluice and let in an Inundation of Shabroons to gratify her Concupiscence, she lent her helping Buttock among you to shove on my Ruin, but if ever I catch the Strumpet in these Territories, I'll sear up the Bung-hole of her filthy Ferkin, but I'll reward her for her bitching. Confound you, cries *Bob*, for a Cuckold Cyder-monger, don't you know Damnation pays every Man's scores, and though we tick'd

in the other World for Subsistence, 'twas not with a Design to cheat you or any Body else, for we knew we should have the Devil to pay one time or other, and now you see like honest Men we have pawn'd our Souls for the whole Reckoning, and so a Part for our Creditors; you see we had rather be damn'd than not to make a general Satisfaction, and yet you are not satisfied. Why, a Man at this rate, had better live in *Newgate* to Eternity, than be thus plagu'd with Creditors after his Arse, to put him in mind of old Scores wherever he Travels; besides, it's against the Law of Humanity, for a Man to be dunn'd for a domestick Debt in a foreign Country. Well, *Gentlemen*, says he, I find you have not forgot your old Principles, and so good by to you; and thus as old *Nick* would have it, we got rid of our second Plague.

As we went from thence, turning down into a steep narrow Lane, irregularly pav'd with rugged Flints, like the Bottom of a Mountain in *North-Wales*, a damn'd greasie great Fellow, with his Hair thrust under a dirty Night-Cap, in a Dimity-Waistcoat and Buff-Breeches, with a huge Bucks-Horn-Handle-Knife hanging by a Silver-Chain at his Apron-Strings, came puffing and blowing up the Hill against us, like a *Grampos* before a Storm, sweating as if he had been doing the Drudgery of *Sisyphus*, and coming near us he makes a Halt, and looking me full in my Face, gives a mannerly Bow, and cries, your Servant noble Captain: Friend, said I, I don't know thee. Ah! Master, said he, Time was, when you condescended to eat many a Sop in the Pan in my poor Kitchen; I kept the Sign of the *Gridiron* in *Water-lane* for many Years together, but have been damn'd, the Lord help me, above these nine Months, for only cozening my Customers with stink Veal. I told him I was sorry for his Condition, and hop'd I did not owe him any thing: No, *worthy Master*, says he, not a Farthing, for you never had more at a Meal than a
Half-

Half-penny Rowl, and I always, because you were a Gentleman, allow'd you the Benefit of my Dripping-pan, and every time you came, you paid me for my Bread very honestly. I did not much approve of the Rogue's memory, so bid him farewell: But my Friend *Weden*, like a bantering Dog, did so terrifie my Ears about my Half-penny Ordinary, that I had rather for the time been flung naked into a Tuft of Nettles.

As he was thus teasing me, who should we stumble upon but Captain *Swinny* the *Irishman*; you cannot but imagine a very joyful Congratulation pass'd between us; who had been stanch Friends, such old and intimate Acquaintance. No sooner was our Salutation over, but we began to enquire as we us'd to do upon Earth, into one another's Circumstances: Upon which, says *Swinny*, By my Shoul and Shalvation, I have got my good old Lord here, that I us'd to procure and pimp for in t'other World; and as he gave me Money upon Earth to indulge him in his Sins, and provide him Whores to cool his Leachery, now he's damn'd for't, like a grateful Master, he allows me every day a Dish of Snap-dragons to fetch him Water from *Styx*, to cool his Entrails. I think, says *Bob*, you were always very careful of your Lord's health, and never brought any thing to his Embraces but unpenetrated Maids, or very sound Thorn-backs. By *Chriesh* and *Shaint Patrick*, 'tis very true, says he, for I always made my self his Taster for fear he should be poison'd, and first took a sip of the Cup to try where the Juice was good or no; and tho' he was as great a Wencher as any was in *England*, I'll take my swear, excepting the Gout, he's come as sound a Nobleman into Hell, as has took leave of the other World these fifty Years, and was so very bobborous two days ago, tho' he's near seventy, that he bid me look out for a soft-handed She-Devil to give him a little Frication, and said nothing vex'd him but that he was damn'd among

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a parcel of Spirits, with whom he could have no carnal Copulation: Well, *Gentlemen*, I must loiter no longer, I am travelling in haste to *Stryx* to fill my Lord's Bottle, but all won't cool his Letchery, though he be turn'd a perfect Aquapote; so, my dear Joys farewell.

We had not parted with him as many Minutes as a Man may beget his Likeness in, but who should we meet but *Mumford* the Player, looking as pale as a Ghost, sailing forward as gently as a Catterpillar crosses a Sicamore-leaf, gaping for a little Air, like a Sinner just come out of the Powdering Tub, crying out as he crept towards us, *Oh my Back! Confound 'em for a pack of Brimstones: oh my Back!* How now, *Sir Courtly*, said I, what the Devil makes thee in this pickle? Oh, *Gentlemen*, says he, I am glad to see you, but I am troubled with such a Weakness in my Back, that it makes me bend like a superannuated Fornicator: Some Strain said I, got in the other World with Overheaving your self. What's matter how 'twas got, says he, can you tell me any thing that's good for't? Yes, said I, get a good warm Girdle and tie round you, 'tis an excellent Corroboratick to strengthen the Loins; pox on you, says he, for a bantering Dog, how can a single Girdle do me good, when a Brace was my Destruction? I think, said I, you did die a Martyr for a pair of penetrable Whiskers, fell a bleeding Sacrifice to a cloven Tuft, that was as glad, I believe, of your going out of the other World, as old *Nick* was of your coming into this, for I hear you kept the poor Titmouse under such slavish Subjection, that a Peer of the Realm notwithstanding his Honour, could not so much as come in to be Brother Starling with you. Nay, some say you put an *Italian* Security upon't, purposely to indict any Body for Felony and Burglary that should break open the Lock. Pox confound you, says he, for a Liar, how can that be, when half the Pit knows they had Egress and Regress when they pleas'd, without any manner

ner of Obstruction? But tattling here won't do my Business, I must seek out *Needham, Lower*, or some other famous Physician that may give me Ease; so Gentlemen, adieu to ye.

We had not gone much farther, but at the corner of a dirty Lane we found a wondrous Throng of attentive Scoundrels, serenaded by a couple of Ballard-Singers, who stood in the middle of the tatter'd Audience, with their Hands under their Ears, singing, *With a Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, in and out, in and out ho*: Who should come limping by just in the intrin, but Mr. D——e——n the Poet: There's a delicious Song for you, *Gentlemen*, says he, there are luscious Words wrapt up in clean Linen for you, though there is a very bawdy Mystery in them, yet they are so intelligibly exprest, that a Girl of ten Years old may understand the meaning of them; my Lord *Rochester's* Songs are mine Arse to it: Well my dear *Love for Love*, thou deservest to be Pope Laureat, were it only for the composure of this Seraphick Ditty, it's enough to put Musick into the Tail of an old Woman of fourscore, and make a Girl of fourteen to be as knowing in her own Thoughts, as her Parents that got her. Oh, 'tis a Song of wonderful Instruction; of incomparable Modesty, considering its Meaning. Who should come puffing into the Crowd in abundance of Haste, with a Face as red as a new Pantile, but *Nat L——e*? Hark you *Nat*, says D——d——n, did you ever hear such a feeling Ballad in your Life before? Egad, the Words steal so cunningly into ones Veins, that Nature will scarce be pacified till she has dropt some loose Corns into ones Bræeches. Foh, you old letcherous Beast, says *Nat L——e*, here's a Song indeed for a Poet-Bays of your Gravity to admire! I have heard twenty better under *White-fryars* Gate-way. You're a Madam, says D——d——n, you never understood a Song in your Life, nor any thing else, but jumbling the Gods about, as if they were so many Tapsters in a Lum-

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ber-House. I'll sing you a Song, says *L—e*, worth fifty on't that I made when I was in *Bedlam*, to be sung in my Play, that had five and twenty Acts in't; now pray observe me, and your self shall be Judge.

*The Gods on a day when their Worshipers were idle,
Met all at the Sign of the Half-Moon and Fiddle;
Old Bacchus and Venus did lovingly join,
And swore there was nothing like Women and Wine:
They drank till they all were as merry as Grigs,
And wallowed about like a litter of Pigs;
Till their Heads and their Tails were so little apart,
That the breath of a Belch, mix'd with that of a Fart;
But as it fell out, poor unfortunate Mars,
Just nodded his Nose into Venus's Arse;
Why bow now, says Mars, ye old Jade d'y' suppose,
Your Arse was design'd as a Case for my Nose?
Then pulling his Head from her Bumb, fell a swearing,
Her Honour smelt worse than a stinking Red-Herring,*

Well, says *Mr. L—e*, after he had ended his Ditty, what think you now *Mr. D—d—n*? Think, says he, what should I think? I think there is more pretty tickling sort of Wit in the very Chorus of the other, than there is in all your piece of fanatick Trumpery. Thus we leave them squabbling together, which Song should have the Preference, and so stept forward.

We had not jogg'd on above a quarter of a Mile further, but a parcel of Spirits in the shape of Screech-Owls came hovering over our Heads, crying out, *Make room, make room, for the chief Pastor of the Flock will be here to Night*. Thinks we, here's some great Guest or other a coming; for my part, I thought nothing less than an Archbishop of *C—b—y*. My Friend *Bob* was much of my Opinion, and cry'd, there was some fat Priest coming into pay his Garnish; but who should it prove at last but a dissenting Doctor, trick'd up in a Band and Cloak, and all the factious Ornaments becoming a squeamish

mish Conscience, attended with abundance of bald Crowns and gray Hairs, who came hobbling after him like the old Men of the *Charter-House*, behind their Chaplain to eleven a Clock Prayers. My Friend *Bob* and I, having both a Curiosity to know what *Don Prattlebox* it was, enquir'd of a Devil who had a discerning Countenance, if he knew who this new Comer was? He answer'd us 'twas *Doctor Ma-thew T...y* of *Salvers-Hall*, and those that attended him were some of his Congregation, who were come in order to take up Lodgings for the rest, who would not be long after: Adheart, says *Bob*, they are the most faithful Flock in the Universe, for if their Shepherd comes to the Devil, I see they will be sure to follow him, whilst the Churchmen are such a parcel of straying Sheep, that tho' their Guides go to Heaven themselves, they can persuade but very few of their Congregation to bear them Company.

The next Person that we met with as we were rambling about, was *Harry Care*, the whiggish Pamphleteer, who was stuff'd all over with Papers as thick as a Buttock of Beef with Parsley, and coming near us, he ask'd how long we had been in? Sir, said I, we are both but lately come from the other World: Pray *Gentlemen*, says he, can you tell me how my old Friend *Sir Roger L* — ge does, and whether you hear any thing of his coming into these Parts, for I am at a great Loss for some body to exercise my Talent with? I left him very well, said I, but when he takes leave of the upper World, whether he goes up hill or down hill to Eternity I can't inform you. Sir, says he, your humble Servant; and away he troop'd and left us without further Impertinence.

As we were passing by the Door of a little Brandy-shop, who should be sitting upon an old Worm-eaten Bench, but *Sam Scott* the Fiddle-seller, and *Will. Elder* the Graver, each with a huge Dutch Pipe of infernal Mundungus in their Mouths,

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smoaking for two penny-worth of *Anniseed-Water*. *Sam Scott* had one while got the start of him, which *Will Elder* perceiving, exercised his Lungs so very strenuously, that he overtook him at the last Whiff, which they discharg'd with such remarkable Exactness, that none of the Standers by could undertake to decide the Wager: When their Pipes were out, we saluted one another with abundance of Friendship, and *Sam Scott* having an ascendancy over the House, invited us to take part of a Bowl of Punch, and just as we were stepping in, who should come by but *O——n P——ce* that dy'd drunk at the *Dog-Tavern* in the Company of my Friend *Weden*: Mighty joyful we were to meet thus fortunately together; and to crown the happy Juncture with an hour's Mirth, we stept into the little Convenience, every Soul seating himself upon an empty Runlet like a Godson of *Bacchus*, in order to receive the promis'd Blessing: By that time we had every one ramm'd a full charge of Sot-weed into our infernal Guns, in order to fumifie our Immortalities, the Scull of *Goliath* was brought in for a Punch-Bowl, fill'd with such incomparable Heliconian Juice, that six Drops of it would make a Man a better Poet than either *Shakespear* or *Ben. Johnson*: By that time a Cup or two were gone about to *Pluto* and my Lady *Proserpine*, we began to fall into a merry Inquisition about one anothers Damnation: Prithee *Sam Scott*, said I, what the Devil were you damn'd for? Why, I'll tell you, says *Sam*, I was found guilty of a couple of Indictments; one was for consuming 975 Papers of Tobacco in six Months, without any Assistance, to the poisoning of many a Pticky Citizen about *Temple-Bar*; and the other was for smoaking my Dog to death without any Provocation. Come, *Bob Weden*, said I, it's your turn next, let's go round with it, prithee what Charge did the hellish Informers bring against you? To tell you the truth, says he, they prov'd me guilty of two great Crimes too, The one was for

for dealing by my Friends very knavishly; and the other was for living by my Wits very foolishly. Come Captain *Dawson*, says the Company, what sort of Conviction are you under? As for my part, *Gentlemen*, said he, the chief thing that condemn'd me, was the Sin of Forgetfulness; 'twas only for bilking my Lodging, and being so careless to leave my Perriwig-Comb behind me. Well Neighbour *P——ce*, said I, what was it brought you into these Territories? 'Twas for living like a Rake, says he, without Money, and dying drunk in a Tavern with twelve Shillings in my Pocket. *Will Elder* being the last, we sum'd up our Enquiry with his Confession; truly says he, mine was a very great Fault I must acknowledge, no less than the damnable Sin of Omission: You must know, *Gentlemen*, the chief of my Business was to grave the *Lord's-Prayer* within the compass of a Silver Penny; but to tell you the truth, I never thought of it but when I was at Work, since my Eyes were open, and 'tis chiefly for that Neglect I suffer this Confinement.

Well says, *Bob Weden*, for my part, now I have gotten a Bowl of Punch before me, and such good Company, I would not give a Nitt out of my Shirt Collar to return back to my old Quarters upon Earth, for that was but a Life full of Extreame, and this can be no other; for there I was always very drunk or very drowfie, surfeited or very hungry, generally very poor and very pocky, afraid to walk the Streets, and no Money to keep me within Doors; thought very witty by Fools, and by wise Men very wicked, was every body's Jester that wanted Wit, and a Blockhead to all those that had it; dur'd every where, and trusted no where, car'd not for any body, and belov'd by no body: And what Station on this side Death can be worse than such a miserable Life? What signifies a little hot Weather, when a Man's assur'd it can't endanger his Health; nothing can be subject to Sicknes but what is liable to Death,

Death, and that Period, Immortality is free from. Come then said I, if it be so, here's a Bumper in memory of the Sellar at the *Still*, and honest *Jack Ni—ls* the Harper, Count *C—ni—s*, Captain *Wa—k—r*, and all the jolly Lads of our loving Acquaintance, with a Huzza. In this manner we spent the Evening as merrily as so many Tars under the *Tropicks*, over their Forfeitures, till at last we had the Devil to pay with empty Pockets: But *Sam Scott*, who was the Undertaker of the Treat, having made his Coffin into a *Bass-Viol*, gave my Landlady a Lesson, two or three Kisses, and a few fair Words, and prevail'd with her to trust him for the Reckoning; so being all saluted with you're Welcome *Gentlemen*, we all arose like a Company of Coopers from our Tubs and our Runlets, and went away hooping for more Liquor.

These are all the remarkable Passages that at present I think worth transmitting to you: So, hoping you will requite me after the like manner with something that may be Entertaining to a Gentleman under my warm Circumstances; if it be an Essay upon *Ice*, or a Treatise of the sovereign Efficacy of *Rock-water*, it will be a very cooling Satisfaction to your parboil'd Friend,

DAWSON

Mr. HENRY W ——— Answer to Bully
DAWSON.

*Noble Captain and Commander in Chief of all the
Cowards in Ch istsendom.*

IF being smoak-dry'd up a Chimney, like a Flitch of Bacon, through fear of Bayliffs, being kick'd thro' the whole Town by every Coxcomb, being pox'd by every Whore, and dunn'd by every Scoundrel, starving, lousing, begging, borrowing, bullying,

Bullying, and all the Plagues of human Life, would never mend your Manners upon Earth, I have little Reason to believe the strict Discipline of *Hell* can make any Reformation in so incorrigible a Libertine; what Reason have I ever given you to affront a Poet? A Gentleman of the Law, a Member of an Inn of *Chancery*, an Officer in the Trained Bands, a Man of Invention, known Courage, Worth and Integrity; a Gentleman of my Stature, Figure and Parts, that am able to crush a thousand such Nitts as thou art under my Thumb-Nail: It's well known to the World, I have fought many Duels with Success, writ many Lampoons with Applause, manag'd many Causes to my Clients Satisfaction, told many a pleasant Story to the benefit of Coffee Houses, flirted out many a Jest to the Delight of my Companions, march'd out often to the Credit of St. *Clement's* Train-bands, when I have been the only Wonder of all the little Boys that followed us, who to the Pleasure of my own Ears, have cry'd aloud, there goes a tall Ensign, there's a swanking Fellow for you between the two Blunderbusses; there's a *Goliath*, says the Men; there's a strong-back'd *Sampson*, says the Women: And shall I, because I have been guilty of two or three little Slips, which no Man is exempt from, be put in mind of 'em, by such an arrogant Crack-fart as thou art: I tell thee, Bully, if thou wer't but to be found upon Earth, I would grind thee in a Paper-Mill for thy Insolence, till I had made Bumfodder of thee: But however, since Charity obliges every good Christian to forgive a Man when he is Dead, I shall pass by your Affront, and take no more notice of it for the future, but upon the Word of a Man of Honour, had you been Living, I would no more have forgiven you, than I would have gone one Day without a Dinner if I had but one Book in my Library; therefore all things shall be forgotten, though you have deserv'd the contrary. And since you have oblig'd me with
a short

a short Journal of your Transactions on the other side *Stryx*, I think my self oblig'd in Honour to make a return of your Civility after the like manner, for the World knows me to be a Man of a forgiving Temper, and I scorn by bearing Malice, or studying Revenge, to forfeit my Character.

I happen'd the other Night in Company with some Men of Honour, brave Fellows, who were a little nice in their Conversation, as well as their Wine, that try'd every Word that was spoke by the Touch-stone of good Manners, and one of them happening to say he was a Lieutenant on board one of his Majesties small Frigots, when so violent a Storm rose upon the Coast of *Ireland*, that a Monumental Sea washing over the Topmast Head, by the very pressure of its Weight sunk the Vessel to the bottom of the Ocean, which gave such a prodigious knock against the Sand with her Keel, that the very rebound, being a tight Ship, sent her up again to the Surface, without Damage; and that by a Watch of *Tompion's*, which he had in his Pocket, they were three quarters of an Hour and some odd Minutes in this dangerous Expedition; that is, in going down and coming up again. Lord Sir, says I, how did you breath all that while? Zoons, Sir, says he, it's an Affront to ask a Gentleman such a Question, and I demand Satisfaction? Am I bound to tell every Blockhead how many times I fetch my Breath in three Quarters of an Hour? Nay, Sir, said I, if you are for the Sport, have at you, I'm a Man of Honour, and dare wait upon you any where; with that he whisper'd me to go down Stairs, which we both did accordingly, and drawing at the Door, the first Pass I made was a home Thrust (for I never love to dally in such Cases) and I run him through the Centre of the fifth Jubile Button of his Coat, and just scratch'd him in the Breast, upon which he drop'd his Sword, believing I had kill'd him; but I taking up the fallen Weapon, stept to him and unbrac'd him, found he was
more

more afraid than hurt ; and that it was but a small prick that signified nothing : Now pray, Sir, said I, how did you Breath, I think I may make bold to ask you ? I'll tell you, Sir, said he, I took in the Water at my Mouth, just as a Fish does, but having no Gills to give it Vent, I let it out of my Fundament. Upon which answer, I was well satisfied, gave him his Sword, and we became as great Friends as the Devil and the Earl of Kent.

Another Duel I had since that, (for you must know Challenges come thick and threefold upon me, like Actions upon a breaking Shop-keeper) which I hope for its Singularity, will prove a little Entertaining to you ; I happened lately to be invited to a Gentleman's Chamber in *Grays-Inn*, to drink part of a Bowl of Punch ; accordingly I went, and was very plentifully entertained among some other Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, with a capacious Vessel of this most noble *Diapente*, insomuch that we were all elevated above the use of our Legs, as well as our Reason. The Gentleman that gave us the Entertainment, by the assistance of his Man, made a shift to get to Bed about twelve at Night, but the rest lay up and down in the corners of the Room, snoring like so many gorg'd Swine, and battenning in their own Snivel, which Tobacco had drain'd from their moist Entrails : I guarded the Garrison of good Liquor the very last Man, and maintain'd my Post at the Table like a true *English* Heroe, till between *Bacchus* and *Morpheus*, like the rest of my Companions, I was lull'd into a Lethargy, and falling forward in my Chair upon the Table, my Forehead happen'd to take the Edge of the Punch bowl, and turn'd it clear over my Head, that it served me for a Night-Cap, my Nose being drowned in the remains of the Punch ; every time I drew up my Breath, up went a Spoonful, so that in a little time my Nostrils were syring'd as clean as a Lady's Honour by Noon, that has drank two Quarts of *Epsom* Waters for her

her Mornings Draught : But after some time being almost suffocated, Nature finding it self oppress'd, gave me a Jog, and wak'd me out of this drunken Slumber. I had not scratch'd my Ears, and rubb'd my Eyes above three Minutes, but awakes another ; O Lord, says he, that a Man should lead this wicked Life, to be married but a Fortnight and play these Tricks, my Wife will think I am a whoring already, or plague herself with some damn'd Whimsy or other. By this time a third awakes, starts up like a Ghost out of a Grave, crying, A little drink for the Lord's sake, for I am as drowthy as if I had been dry'd in an Oven all Night, and with that whips up the Punch-bowl to his Head, and drinks off the rincings of my Nostrils as heartily as if it had been *Sherbet* made on purpose for a Cooler, and by the way, ever since that time has found such an Alteration in his Faculties, that from a very dull Fellow he is become an absolute Wit, to the Admiration of all that know him, though I never durst tell him it was from the dripping of my Brains that he deriv'd his Ingenuity. But to be short in my Story, when I was thoroughly awak'd, I began to have a wambling in my Stomach, as if I had sup'd over Night with a Mountebank's Toad-eater, the Chamber-pot being full, I was unwilling to defile the Room, and before I was aware, let fly into my *Lignum vitae* Night-Cap, and being then pretty well at Ease, I open'd the Chamber-Door, and stagger'd homewards ; at the end of *Turnstile* I happen'd to make a Trip at a Drunkard's Enemy, a Stump, and down I tumbled ; who should come by before I could get up again, but the Constable going his Rounds, who quickly made me the Centre of a Circle of *Jack of Lamborns*, and seeing me grovelling on the Ground, did not know but some body had mischiev'd me, upon which they ask'd me if I was wounded ? Yes said I, sadly cut. Where, where, Sir, crys the Watchmen ? I reply'd, about the Head ; then a cry'd out, who did it, who did

did it? Punch, Punch, said I, One of the Watchmen being a fat short Fellow, they us'd to call him *Punch*, by my Soul, Sir, said he to the Constable, I never saw the Gentleman all the Night before, and with that they haul'd me up, and perceiving their Mistake, two of them, like honest Fellows, handed me home to my Chambers, without so much as stealing my Hat, or picking my Pockets, which was a Wonder: I had not been many Hours in Bed, but comes the Footman of the Gentleman who entertain'd us, to my Door with a Challenge, for affronting him for his Civility, by Spewing into his Punch-bowl. I sent him Word I would not fail to meet him at the Time and Place appointed, God willing; so put on a clean Shirt, and equipp'd my self for the Adventure. But considering I had a Man of Fortitude to deal with, and one that would face any thing upon Earth, except a Cat, which he hated much more than he did the sight of the Devil; I therefore thought Policy beyond Strength against such an Adversary, so resolv'd to set my Wits on work to prevent Blooshed, and fortunately having a Cat in my Chamber that had not Kitten'd above a Week; I took the whole Progeny out of the Nest, which consisted of half a Dozen, puts three into one Coat-pocket, and three into t'other, and away I march'd behind *Southampton-Wall* to meet my Antagonist; where I waited but a few Minutes e'er he approach'd the Place in a great Fury; I argu'd the Matter reasonably with him, but found nothing would atone for the Affront but downright Fighting, so stepping a few Paces back, he gave me the Word and draws. I instead of applying my Hands to my Sword, apply'd them to my safer Ammunition the Kittens, and fortifies each Fist with a young Mrs *Evans*; I grip'd 'em hard to make 'em Mew, that the Onset might be the more terrible; no sooner did he set his Eyes upon his little squawling Adversaries, but away he scower'd, as if a Legion of Devils had been in pursuit.

suit of him. I after him, tossing now and then one of my Hand-Granadoes at him, but took care to pick them up again, lest my Ammunition should be spent. Who should follow me into the Fields at a distance by the Scent, but the old one, in quest of her young, who by this time came up with us, and seeing her hopeful Issue thus terribly abus'd, she flew about like a Fury; at first he only travers'd his Ground at a little distance, but when he saw the Mother of the Family come cocking her Tail, whetting her Talons, and staring worse than a dead Pig, he ran outright to *Totnam-Court*, as if Vengeance had pursued him, took Sanctuary at *Inman's*, since which Retreat I have not yet seen him; but for Self-preservation, which you know is Nature's Law, I have ever since walk'd arm'd with a Brace of Kittens in my Pocket, for fear of farther Danger.

These are late Testimonials of my Courage, to let you see I dare yet meet any Body upon the old killing Spot, though he be a better Man than my self, and what is wanting in Courage, I can supply with Policy at any time: Therefore consider how much you wrong me when you accuse me of Idleness, since my Prowess is sufficiently shewn in every Days Adventure,

So much for my Courage, and now for a few Certificates of my Wit, for which the World, as well as your self, knows I am equally famous: I happen'd the other Day to be at *Nando's* Coffee-house, in Company with a Parson, who was Exclaiming heavily against a Weaver of Whores Hair for cheating him in a Wigg. Sir, said I, next time you have occasion for a new Noddle-Case, if you please, I'll recommend you to the honestest Periwigg-maker in *Christendom*; I bought this Wigg on my Head of him, it cost me but fifteen Shillings, and I have wore it *de die in diem* these nine Years and upwards, and you see it's not yet dwindled into scandalous Circumstances; and Sir, if you please,

I'll tell you for what Reasons he can afford better Penny-worths than the rest of the Trade: In the first Place, you must know he dwells at *Chelmsford* in *Essex*, and the Country you are sensible admits of cheap Living; in the next Place, he has nineteen Daughters in his Family, all bred up to his own Trade, who being kept unmarried, that their radical Moisture should by no Means be exhausted, their own Hair grows so prodigiously fast, that it keeps them all employ'd from the first Day of *January*, to the last of *December*, setting aside Holy-days; once in four Years he Mows the Family round, never failing of a very plentiful Crop; much about this time I reckon his Harvest is ripe, and all the neighbouring Gentlemen are flocking in to bespeak their Perriwigs; some are fair Girls, some brown, some black, so that he can mix up a Colour to suit any Complexion. And is this true, Sir, says the young Priest? True, Sir, said I, I hope you don't think me so little of a Christian to impose upon a Scholar, a Gentleman of your Function: 'Tis so true, Sir, that it brings a great Trade to the Town, and every body knows that *Essex*, for *Chelmsford* Wiggs, and *Rumford* Calves, out-does all the Counties in *England*. Say you so, says the Levite, I am come up to Town about a little Business that will require my Attendance about a Fortnight, and having a Horse that has nothing else to do, I'll e'en make a Journey thither to morrow, and try if I can chaffer. Sir, said I, there is not such Hair in the Kingdom of *England*, as in his Family, for they are all virtuous Girls, and that makes their Hair the stronger, besides, all the Clergy round him are his Customers, because he makes up his Wiggs without any Mixture of Whores hair; for as contagious Fumes we are sensible will corrupt the Body, who knows but the Effluvia's emitted from the Locks of a polluted Woman, hanging so near the Nostrils may be suck'd in, to the Strengthening of loose Inclinations, and may beget
an

an Appetite to Fornication, too rebellious and powerful for Reason to curb into an orderly Subjection. Well, says the young Doctor, I'll have one of the Wiggs to carry into the Country with me and please the Pigs; at *Chelmsford* you say? Yes, Sir, at *Chelmsford* said I, the least Child in the Town knows him; ask but for the Barber and his nineteen Daughters, and you cannot miss of him.

Having thus laid the Scene, I took my leave, and adjourn'd about the Business of the Day, and coming from *Montague's* Shop three or four Days afterwards, I stepp'd into the same Coffee-House, where I happen'd to meet with the spiritual Pastor just coming to Town, who had been erring and straying like a lost Sheep in quest of *Tansor in Nubibus*. As soon as ever he set Eyes upon me, he attack'd me Tooth and Nail, with as much Fury as if I had been Brother to the *Whore of Babylon*, and told me, I was some *Papist*, or otherwise a *Fanatick*, or else I would have had more Religion in me, than to have made a Fool of a Man of his Function, for that he had taken a Journey on purpose to *Chelmsford*, and could not find no such Barber. Pray, Sir, said I, don't be so angry, for since I never gave ear to your Preaching, why should you listen to my Prating? And since you make Fools of a whole Parish every Sunday, how can you be so angry with a Man to make a Fool of you once in his Life time? so turn'd my back, and left the whole Company to laugh at him.

You must know I love dearly to put a Jest upon a Priest, because it was always my Opinion, they put more Jest upon the World than any People; besides, any Body may put a Trick upon a Block-head, but that conduces but little to a Man's reputation. I love to put my Jokes upon Men of Parts, that the World may see I can bite the Biter; nothing carries the Burthen of another Man's wit with a greater Grace, than a sacerdotal Dromedary; therefore to let you see the wonderful Regard

I bear

I bear to Religion, I have one Story, or piece of Wit more to entertain you with, that I hope may further divert you.

I chanc'd to be in company with a parcel of grave Sermon-Hunters, and among a long Catalogue of reverend Orators, whose name should bring up the Rear of the eminent *Black-List*, but my honest Neighbour the Dean's? I took not their Flattery for my Example, but gave my Tongue the Liberty to speak as I thought, and said, he was a learned Blockhead; some of my good Friends had the Civility to report my Saying to him. Upon which, he sent the Reader of the Parish to admonish me, who came one Morning very solemnly to my Chamber, and took upon him to tell me how dishonourably and unchristian-like I had done, in aspersing the Doctor with the Calumny of being a learned Blockhead. Truly, Sir, said I, I am sorry I should be so unmannerly to express my Sentiments so freely; but however, since it is done and can't be help'd, I desire you will go back and tell him it's more than I can say by you, for thou art a Blockhead without any Learning at all, and a fit Man to be sent upon such an Errand. Upon this Answer he lugg'd his Hat over his Eyes, and ran away as sullen and as silent as the Devil pinch'd by the Nose did from St. *Dunstan*, when the old Gentleman had loosen'd his Barnacles.

Now for a Piece of my Poetry, to let you see my Talent is universal, and then I believe I shall have quitted Scores with you. In a hot Sunshine Day this Summer, when the Sun was climb'd to his meridian Heighth, and the Progeny of every Cow-turd had taken Wing, and were buzzing about Streets in search of Cooks shops, Sugarbakers and Grocers, that a Man cou'd not walk *London-streets* without having his Nose persecuted by Gnats, Wasps or Blue-bottles, my Stomach, which is generally as froward without Sustenance at that Hour as a hungry sucking Child without the Bubby; would

would not let me be at rest till I had purchas'd its Pacification at the Expence of Nine pence; in order to gratifie the Cormorant, I stepp'd into a Cook's shop, where a Six-penny Slice of Veal was brought me, so garnish'd with Fly-blows, that there lay a whole Covey of the little Embryo's upon every Morsel, that I had more picking Work than a Surgeon has with a Patient whose Buttocks are pepper'd with small Shot, which put me in such a poetick Fury, by that time I had half swallowed up my Noonings, that I pluck'd out my Pen and Ink, and whilst my Fancy was warm, writ a Satyr against *Fly-blows*, wherein perhaps you may find as much Wit and ill Nature mix'd artfully together as you may in that incomparable Satyr, *The True-born Englishman*; so pray read and judge favourably.

A SATYR against FLY-BLOWS.

By Mr. W——

YE worst of Vermin that our Isle affords,
 Spawn of curs'd Flies, engender'd first in T-rds,
 Te nitty Off-spring of a winged Plague,
 That swarms in Mutton from the Rump to th' Crag :
 Tormentors of our Cooks, all England's Foes,
 From rural Gluttons, to our London Beaus,
 In ev'ry cloven Joint thy Mother's blow,
 Where if not crush'd, you will to Maggots grow,
 Raise your black Heads, and crawl about our Food,
 And poison what was eatable and good;
 Pollute that Flesh which should our Lives maintain,
 To Dogs condemn what was design'd for Man.
 Te Eggs of Mischief that in Clusters dwell,
 Hateful to the Eyes, and nauseous to the Smell,
 Ill Omens of a worse succeeding Harm,
 That makes good Housewives blush, the Husbands storm.

For thee the faultless Cook-maid bears the blame,
More Salt, you Slattern, crys the angry Dame,
And then the Falchion-Ladle goes to work:
I'll teach you, Fade, to salt the Beef and Pork.
May Showers of Brine each Powdering-Tub o'erflow,
Pepper and Salt in every Orchard grow;
Then may each Hand to seas'ning be employ'd,
That thy curs'd Race may be at once destroy'd.

I'll assure you, Captain, these Verses are highly in Esteem among all Dealers in Flesh, I have had many a Dinner for a Copy of them, to be put into a gilt Frame, and hung up in a Cook's shop to give People a concocting Laugh after Dinner, that their Victuals mayn't lie heavy upon their Stomachs. By this time I believe I have pretty well tir'd your Patience, so think it full time to conclude my self,

Your Humble Servant,

W—

From NELL GWIN to P--G H--HES.

Sister P--g,

OF all the Concubines in *Christendom*, that ever were happy in so kind a Keeper, none sure ever squandered away the Fruits of her Labour so indiscreetly as your self; whoring and gaming I acknowledge are two very serviceable Vices in a Common-wealth, because they make Money circulate; but for a Woman that has enrich'd herself by the one, to impoverish herself by the other, is so great a Fault, that a Harlot deserves Correction for. Some People may think Copulation a very easy and delightful Way of getting Money, but they are much mistaken, for the Pains, you know as well as

my self, which we take to please your Benefactors, destroy our own Pleasure, and make it become a Toil we are to forc'd sweat at. Then who, but you, that had acquired such plentiful Possessions by the Labour of her Bum, and Sweat of her Brows, would have tossed away Thousands in a Night upon the Chance of a Card, or Fate of a Die, as if you believed your Honour was an *Indian Mine*, which would furnish you with Gold to Eternity for the Trouble of digging: But now, *Madam*, you find your self mistaken, for those Crows-feet that have laid hold of the Corners of your Eyes, and wrinkly Age, that in spite of Art, supplies the Places of your absent Charms, fright away the Amorous and the Generous from your experienc'd Embraces: Besides, Women I hear, are so plentiful upon Earth, that a Lady of our Quality, must be the true Copy of an Angel in Appearance, whose Favours shall be thought worth Meat, Drink, Washing, Lodging and Cloaths; so that a pretty Woman now a-days may make a Slave of her Bumfiddle for Thirty Years together, and not get Money enough to keep her out of an Hospital, or an Alms-house at the Age of Fifty. I, you see, through the whole Course of my Life, maintain'd my Post, and as I was Mistress to a King, liv'd as great as a Dutches to my last Minute; and you, like an extravagant Concubine to game away an Estate, in few Years, large enough to have maintain'd a Score of younger Brothers list'd into your Ladyship's service, who would have drudg'd to oblige you as much as you did to delight the good old Gentleman that gave it to you; fie upon't, I am asham'd to think that a Woman who had Wit enough to tickle a Prince out of so fine an Estate, should at last prove such a Fool as to be bubbled of it by a little spotted Ivory and painted Paper; if that Mouth could have spoke that had labour'd hard to earn the Penny, and Miser-like was always gaping for more Riches, sure it would have scolded at your profuse Hands,

Hands, for flinging away that Estate so fast which they had but a small Share in getting of, but indeed it is not fit the silent Beard should know how much it has been abus'd by the other parts of the Body, for if it did, it would be enough to put it into a pouting Condition, and make it open its Sluice to the drowning of the Low-countries in an Inundation of Salt-Water. I would advise you, Madam, with the small Remains of your squander'd Fortune, to go into a Nunnery, turn *Roman Catholick*, which is the best Religion in the Universe (for Ladies of our Occupation, grow wonderful pious, and make a Virtue of Necessity) and there remain till Death, as a living Testimony of the Truth of the old Proverb, (*viz.*) *That what is got over the Devil's back, is spent under his Belly*: Which is all the Consolation you deserve from your Sister in Iniquity,

N—ll G—n.

P—G H—HES *Answer to NELL GWIN.*

Madam,

I Am sorry a Mistress of a King should degenerate so much from that Generosity which was always applauded as a Virtue in us Ladies, who like the industrious *Beaver*, do our Business with our Tails; for a Woman of my Quality to value Money, looks mean and mercenary, and is becoming no Body but an unmerciful Miser or a common Strumpet; should I have plac'd an Esteem upon the Riches that was left me, the World might have suppos'd it was for the Greediness of Gain, that made me yield my Favours; and what had I been better than Madam *Ja—es*, or Mrs. *Kn—ght* of *Drury-lane*; had I expos'd my Honour for the Lucre of base Coin, and sinned on for the sake only of Advantage. Beauty's

the Reward of great Actions, and I generously bestow'd mine upon a Prince that deserv'd it, abstractedly from the Thoughts of Interest, but rather to shew my Gratitude, in return of his noble Passion for me; and since he had made me the Object of his Affections, I resolv'd thro' the true Principle of Love to surrender the ultimate of my Charms to make him happy: My Embraces was all he wanted, and the utmost I could give, and if a Prince would submit to take up with a Player, I think on my side there was Honour enough, without Interest, to induce me to a Compliance. I know I am old and past recovering an impair'd Fortune, after the same manner that I first got it; but then consider what a small matter is sufficient to keep a superannuated Grannum, past the Pleasures of this Life; warm Cloathing and a few Sugar-Sops, what else can an old Woman want, that is fit for nothing but to mumble over her Prayers, or sit nodding in a Chimney-corner like an old Cat, when her Company becomes as nauseous to all that are younger than herself, as a sober Divine is to a prophane Libertine? What Conversation need she have besides one Maid to exercise her Lungs upon, and keep Life's bellows open? I am so far from repenting the Loss of my Estate, that I look upon't my Glory, and the only Piece of Carelessness I ever committed worth my Boasting. It's a Pleasure to me to behold the Vicissitude of Fortune, and see her snatch that out of my Hand, which before she had dropp'd into my Mouth; besides, without a Taste of Poverty there can be no true Repentance, for I always observe, Affliction goes a great Way in making a good Christian. I have said my Prayers within these few Months, as heartily as ever I neglected 'em, and am oftentimes pleas'd I am grown poor, because it makes me the more pious: Every fifty Guineas I now lose, makes me when I come home, read a Chapter in *Job*, and take his Patience for my own Example. The Gold that I thus fling
away

away, puts me in mind how sinfully it was got, and to that cause I ascribe the Badness of my Fortune. To be rich and godly, I have found very difficult, but to be needy and religious, is the easiest thing in the World, which inclines me to believe Poverty and Piety, are as great Compassions as Impudence and Ignorance, or Love and Jealousie; so that when I have lost all, perhaps I may take care to save myself, which will be much better, than like you to be damn'd with a full Pocket. It often makes me laugh to see hungry Quality, craving Courtiers, as insatiate as the barren Womb; how industrious they are to add to their own Estates by the Ruin of an old Fornicatrix; who can part with her Money as freely at one Sport as she got it at another, and therefore desires you will rest but as quietly under your Damnation, as she does under her Losses, and she believes you will find your self much easier: So

Farewell.

*From HUGH PETERS to DANIEL B—s
in Rogue-lane.*

Most reverend Brother in Iniquity,

IF you don't remember of your own Knowledge; you cannot but have heard from some of our grilly Historians, that in the late Times of Confusion, when the pious Scoundrels of England arose with their Arses uppermost, I was not a Man inferior in my Function to your learned and most eloquent Self; or any other fanatick Cackler of the holy Law, by the Corruption of which (thro' the Spirit of Nonsense, and Grace of Blasphemy) our Party has always supported the worst of Causes in the best of Times; and be it known to you, Brother Do-

stor, for so I presume to greet you, that I had not only the practical Knack of moistning the Eyes of my Congregation with the dreadful Doctrine of *Predestination*, but could also dry up their Tears with a Sponge of Comfort, and make 'em laugh as heartily whenever I pleas'd, as a City-Audience at a *Smithfield-Comedy*; in which most excellent and renown'd Faculties, you are the only modern Chatterist, that I hear has since succeeded me, for which Reason, I am very desirous of corresponding with you after this manner, till Fate shall give us your good Company in these Territories, to which (if our subterranean Governor changes not his Opinion) you need not doubt of being heartily Welcome,

I am sensible News from another World to a Man of Curiosity, cannot but be acceptable: I shall therefore proceed to give you some account how our Party (who are very numerous) fare in these sultry Dominions, towards which I hope in a little time you will set forward on your Journey.

My quondam Master *Oliver Cromwel* of ever famous Memory, to whom upon Earth, you must know, I was not only Chaplain in ordinary, but as well Jester to his Excellency, an Honour which I hear most Noblemen confer upon the black Robe; now good old House-keeping, and the party-colour'd Coat are quite thrown out of Fashion: My Master, I say, who in Honour to his *Exit*, was fetch'd away out of the upper World in a Whirlwind, and conducted into these parts with all the Solemnities of an Usurper, was establish'd in a notable Post at his first Admittance into *Pluto's Court*, in which eminent Employment (that like a faithful Servant follow'd him) I found him, to my great Satisfaction. *Alecto*, one of the Furies, having taken a Surfeit with overflogging *Guido Faux* (which is a Ceremony perform'd here in Publick every Fifth of November) for discovering the *Gun-Powder-Treason-Plot*, and defeat-

defeating that notable Design, which by the indefatigable Industry of the most skilful Politicians on this side *Acheron*, was so hopefully projected : And fearing some Disorders should arise in our infernal Common-wealth for want of strict Discipline, my old Master *Oliver* was pitch'd on to be Deputy-sirker to the sick *Beldam*, and a scorpion Rod was accordingly presented him, with all the usual Ceremonies of so grand an Instalment. This News of his Advancement was so terrible a Conflict to the *Cavalier* Party, who dreading the Severity of his Correction, petition'd *Pluto* to remove him, but to no purpose ; which Insolence so inflam'd my cholerick Master, that his Nose swell'd as big at the end as an Apple-dumplin, and look'd as fiery red (to the Terror of those that came under his lash) as if his magnificent Gigg had been a living Salamander, so that wherever he met with a Cavalier, he did so sirke and jirke him, that *Busby* was never a greater Terror to a Blockhead, or the *Bridewell* Flog-Master to a Night-walking Strumpet, than he is at this Day to a High-flyer or a Jacobite. Great Regard has been shewn by his infernal Majesty, to all that in Forty eight were Members of the high Court of Justice : Some are made Master and Wardens of the Devil's Mint, for the Coining of new Sins ; some Commissioners of the *Temptation-Office*, others, Barons of the Diabolical *Stink-Ports* ; and particularly Solicitor-General *Cook* is made Lord-Keeper of *Hell's Punishments* ; and *Bradshaw* and *Ireton*, two of his Imperial Smuttiness's Privy Councillors : So that all the Posts of Honour and Preferment in these lower Regions are in the Hands of our Party, hoping those of the same Kidney who live over our Heads, enjoy the like Advantages, as we have heard below by a certain Courier from *Amsterdam*, you are all pretty firmly possess'd of.

There lately arriv'd in these Parts a certain Woolen-Draper out of *Covent-Garden* Parish, who being touch'd with a deep Sense of Ingratitude, could not rest quietly in his Whigwam, till he had made a publick Confession of a great Indignity he had put upon Mrs. *Meg's* Chaplain, by which he gave us to understand you were the worthy Gentleman he had most sordidly Affronted ; the manner of which he declared with as much Sorrow and Concern for the Action, as ever was beheld in the Face of a dying Penitent, between the Severity of a Halter, and decency of a Night-Cap, the substance of his Report being to this Purpose ; after he had fetch'd two or three deep Sighs, as loud as the Puffs of a Smith's Bellows : Alas ! says he, to you I speak, good People, that are here about me, I was blest with a Wife of such singular Piety in the other World, who rather than not hear that reverend Teacher of the Gospel *D. B.* twice every *Sunday*, she would Cackle for a whole Week. far worse than an old Hen that has drop'd a Benefit to her Owner ; whilst I, like a true profligate Suburban, us'd to confound her Zeal, stop the Current of her Devotion, and damn her Hypocrisie ; but the good Woman was too strict a Protestant to be thus seduc'd, and still persever'd in spite of all Restriction in her accustomary Righteousness, till at last I bethought my self the best way to reclaim her from this disagreeable Purity (for so I thought it) and bring her over, like me her Husband, to be a good sociable Sinner, was to keep a close guard over my Pocket, and another over my Till, well considering, that if the Flock could not live without spiritual Consolation, the Shepherd could not spend his Lungs without temporal Subsistence : After I had try'd this Experiment for about a Fortnight before the time of Contribution, when the Hearts of the Hearers are usually as open as their Teacher's Conscience, I found my Wife's extraordinary Zeal had stirr'd up a tumultuous Spirit within

wirhin her, so that nothing would pacifie her stubborn Disposition, but ten times the price of a fat Pig, to gratifie the great Benefits she had often receiv'd from her Soul-saving Physician; but I, looking into the Merits of the Cause, and finding other Mens Wives us'd to be sav'd, (or at least made believe so) at a much cheaper Rate, and therefore for good Reasons best known to my self, would by no Means comply with her religious Generosity; upon which the good Woman my Wife, lest she should be thought an ingrateful Reprobate by her deserving Guide, convey'd a Present to the worthy Doctor of a whole piece of black Cloth, without my Knowledge, and like a true lover of Peace and Quietness, conjur'd my Apprentice to keep it secret; but my Man's honesty being equal to my Wife's Religion, in a little time after, he inform'd me of the Matter, upon which (forgive me good People) I waited upon the Doctor with a Bill, and without any Tendereness to his Piety, or regard to his Function, gave him such a Tally-man's Dun, that he swore through Divinity, and deny'd the Matter of Fact as sturdily as if he had been bred a Citizen; yet at last, upon positive Proof thereof, paid the Money like an honest Gentleman, but huff'd away as if the Passion of Envy had overcome the Patience of the Priest. But since I find (most worthy Gentlemen) that Fate has doom'd me to these sulphurous Mansions, where the Devil rules the Rost, and Presbytery flourishes; I here, before the Protector of this Commonwealth, and all his infernal Host, submit my self to the present Government in Hell establish'd, and heartily declare a penitential Sorrow for the Indignity offer'd upon Earth to that famous and most spiritual Kid-napper, who I cannot but acknowledge has contributed more towards the peopling of these Dominions, than the States of *Holland* have ever done towards the peopling your Neighbouring Country the *East-Indies*.

But now, Brother Doctor, to make you sensible of the Interest you have in these Parts, the Audience (notwithstanding the Offender's Submission) were so highly inflam'd that so disgraceful an Affront should be put upon so worthy a Benefactor to the *Good old Cause*, that some cry'd out with a true Spirit of Diffension, *Flay, flay the Rogue, flay him for a Cavalier, what abuse the Doctor ! Others, Scald him, scald him, he's a Church Papist : Others, Geld him, geld him, he's certainly a Priest : But the Women were against the last Sentence, and cry'd the Devil had no Law for that Severity. So a great Hurly-burly arose about the manner of his Punishment ; but at last the Crowd hurry'd him away as the Rabble in your World do a Pickpocket, to a Pump, or a Horse-pond, and what became of him afterwards I have not yet heard.*

We have abundance of Souls flock hither daily, that bring us in very comfortable Tidings from *Mincing-Lane, Salters-Hall, Bishopsgate-street, Fenchurch-street, Moorfields, Bartholomew-Close, Fetter-Lane, Stepney, Hackney, Bednal Green, &c.* but more particularly from *Covent-Garden* ; among whom, to your Credit be it spoken, I have always pick'd out the most agreeable Conversation : For you must know, a little before I absented my self from the Pleasures of the upper World, 'twas my Fortune to be haul'd before a dozen of damn'd crabbed *Cavaliers*, revengeful Fellows, who look'd as if they would lose a Dinner to hang an honest Round-head at any time ; and as three or four Tun-belly'd Lumps of Gravity, in blushing Formalities, lin'd with Coney-skin, and those twelve unlucky Disciples order'd the matter (to show they were all Fire and Tow) they told me a dreadful Story of hanging and burning at *Charing-Cross*, in sight of that old Palace we before had plunder'd. About which ugly sort of Business, when I came to find they were in good earnest, I began to grow as dizzy in my Brains, as a Hog troubled with the Megrims,

Megrimms, and could no more endure the Thoughts on't, than I could of *Papery*, or my dying Day; I strove all I could to make it easie, but I protest it was in vain, for it prov'd still as hateful to me, as Castration to a Priest, or Barrenness to a young Woman: In short, at last it made me think of nothing but rattling of Chains, and picking of Straws, insomuch that when they faggotted up my Thumbs together, and tumbled me into a Hell-Cart well litter'd with Straw, but the Devil a Wheel to't, I did but just shut my Eyes, and fancy'd my self to be in a dark Room in *Bedlam*. In this manner they rumbl'd me through a long Lane of Spectators, who star'd at me as if I had been a *Rhinoceros* with a *Bantam* Queen upon my Back; at last they dragg'd me to an ill-favour'd piece of Timber, in the shape of a Welch Sign-post, where they ruck'd me up to a Beam, and made me keck a little, as if something had gone the wrong way; upon which I fell into a kind of a Hag-ridden Slumber for a quarter of an Hour, dreaming I sunk a thousand Leagues into the Bowels of the Earth, and no sooner awak'd, but found my self, as I told you before, in Company with my old Master: My sleep prov'd much too short for the Recovery of my Senses, and tho' I saw several of my old Friends about me, the pain of my Neck, and terror of my Fall, made me rave worse than a narrow scutt'd Punk under the Hands of a Man-Midwife; till by the Advice of a consult of Physicians, who are here as numerous as *Crocodiles* in the Land of *Egypt*; a Vesicatory of Devil's-Dung was apply'd to my *Costern*, which restor'd me to my Wits in a few Minutes, which in the time of Adversity, like ungovernable Rebels, had abdicated their Master. But that which most troubled me when I found my self *Compos Mentis*, was the circular Impression the Hempen Collar had left about my Gullet, by which my Fellow-Subjects discover'd I swung into Hell the back Way; for which Reason, some prodigal *Jackadandys* refus'd

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to keep me Company, despising me as much as a Butcher does a Bull-dog, that instead of running fair at the Head, catches hold of the Tail, and hangs at the arse of his Enemy; for you must know, Doctor, the most reputable way of entring into this Subterrestrial Country, is to come in at the fore-Door, thro' which none are admitted but such as spend their full time in Wickedness in the upper World without flinching: Nay, be as proud of a notorious Sin, as a Jockey is of his riding that has won a Horse-Race, and glory more in the Invention of a new Vice, than a Coward does of a Victory, till at last, by the Effects of his Debaucheries, Pox, Gout and Rheumatism, he is lifted out of your World into ours, without one thought of Repentance. These are highly rewarded here for the glorious Examples they have left behind them; but he that comes hither like a Dog, with the print of a Collar about his Neck, is no more respected than a Prophet in his own Country; the reason is, because they who pass Gallows-way into these Shades, generally at their *Exit*, show a Sorrow for their Sins; so that if Heaven did not take their Contrition for a kind of Death-bed Repentance, the Devil would be a great loser; besides, they soften the Hearts of Sinners by their sniveling and howling, and deter others from the like Wickedness. These Considerations occasion the Tyburnians to be very much slighted by other Company: But I, through good Fortune, by that time I had been here a Fortnight, met with a good honest Shoemaker, who had cut his Throat in a Garret in *Russel-street*, upon the point of *Predestination*, which he had heard you handling of for three Hours together the very same Afternoon, before he could find in his Heart to perform the decent Execution. Upon serious Examination, I found the Fellow talk'd very notably of Religion; nay, much better than he did of a Shoe-soal, or an Upper-leather; he had such an Assurance of his Parts, as to challenge

Bunyan

Bunyan the Tinker to chop Logick with him; and *Naylor* the Quaker, who was of a Principle between both, was thought the best qualify'd Person in all Hell for an impartial Moderator; but your nimble chop'd Pupil was as much too cunning for the *Pilgrim*-Author, as a Fox is for a *Badger*, that at last the Shoemaker got his Ends, and left the poor Tinker without one Argument in his Budget. By the assistance of this honest Cordwainer, (who hearing I had been a Minister of the Gospel in the other World, was mighty respectful to me) I got acquainted with several others, who had been of your Congregation; some old Women, who had hang'd themselves in their Garters, thro' fear the Lord had not elected them: Others, who had waited for a Call to Heaven till their last dram of Patience, as well as their Patrimony, were quite exhausted, the first in religious Exercises, and the last in holy Offerings to you their Teacher; and finding very little come of either, they resolv'd the King shou'd lose a poor Subject, and your self a pious Communicant; and so by the judicious Application of either Knife or Halter, convey'd themselves thro' Death to these infernal Shades, which they always liv'd in dread of, but not finding the Climate so terribly hot on this side *Styx*, as you have often represented it, they rest well satisfy'd in their Conditions, and all heartily present their humble Service to you, hoping with my self, you will always stick close to your old Doctrine, and labour hard to support and infuse into your Followers, the true Enthusiastick Principles of *Fanaticism*, and you need not question but to wallow in the Pleasures of human Life whilst above Board, and be doubly D——nd hereafter among us for the signal Services you have done to the sable Protector of these populous Territories, which can never want Recruits, whilst there is a *B——s* in the upper World, and a *Lucifer* in the lower one.

HUGH PETERS.

D—l B—s's Answer to HUGH PETERS,

I Receiv'd your insolent Epistle with no small Dissatisfaction, and had you not inform'd me, I should have guess'd it came from Hell, and that none but the Devil, besides your self, could have dignify'd a Pen after so scurrilous a manner: How I came to be your Brother, as you are pleas'd very saucily to call me, I can't tell, for thou wer't no more than a meer Pulpit Merry-Andrew, fit only to Jest poor ignorant Wench'es out of their Bodkins and Thimbles, and I, D—l B—s, am known thro' all *England* to be a reverend Teacher of the good Word the Gospel, and a Saver of Souls by the Means of Grace, and the help of Mercy.

'Tis true, I cannot but acknowledge that you were a serviceable Agent in the promotion of the *Good old Cause*; but when you came to die a Martyr for it, the whimsical fear of Damnation so disturb'd your Fly-blown Brains, that a Dog hang'd by a cleanly Housewife for dropping a Sirreverence in a Room new wash'd, or a Cat condemn'd to the same Punishment for licking up the Childrens Milk, were never certainly such a scandal to a Haltes, as thy Frantick self. When like a true Teacher of spiritual Dissension, thou should'st have glory'd in all the past Actions of thy Life, that had the least tendency to the pulling down of that papistical Government, that Whore of *Babylon*, Monarchy, and setting up in it's stead, those wholesome and inseparable Twins, *Presbytery* and a *Commonwealth*; you hasten'd on your own Damnation by foolish Fear and cowardly Repentance, and shew'd fifty times more Distraction than a Horn-mad Cuckold, that had catch'd his Wife playing at Flipflap with her Tail like a live Flownder in a Frying-Pan.

As

As for that Woollen Jack-a-dandy, that fed his Family by the Product of a Sheeps-back, that unrighteous Tell-tale Rogue, that us'd to Curse his Wife for being godly, if ever you will do me a piece of good Service in your damnable Country, I beg you to entreat *Lucifer* on my behalf, to freeze him once a Day into a Cake of Ice, and then thaw him without Mercy, in one of his hottest Hell-Kettles; or let him be flogg'd three times a Day by your old Master, worse than *Titus Oates*, or Brother *Johnson*, for he's as rank a Cavalier as ever had the Impudence to spit in a Round-head's Face, or speak Treason against the *Rump Parliament*; and tell him, tho' he made me pay for the Cloth, given me as a just Reward of my Pastoral care of his Wife's Immortality, yet she had the Christian Gratitude, to make me doubly amends before a Fortnight was expir'd; but how the Donor came by the Benefit she bestow'd, I thought was a little ingrateful for the Receiver to enquire into, and unbecoming a Minister of the Word, bearing my Figure and Character.

As for the sorry Wretches you mention, who by the Virtue and Efficacy of my Doctrine, took a By-path into the other World, that happen'd to lead 'em into your Territories: I must tell you, they were such a parcel of Scoundrels, whose diminutive Souls I look'd upon to be meer Trumpery, damag'd Goods, not worth their Freight, fit for nothing but to be thrown over-board; poor tatter'd scraps of Immortality crouded into Skins, each of less value than a Hog's pudding. *Lucifer* himself I'm sure, should he wage new War with Heaven, would not have given Threepence a piece to have list'd them into his Service, they would not have been fit for so much as Powder-Monkeys, to have handed Fire and Brimstone after the Army; for my part I wonder now you have got 'em, how you bestow 'em, or what use the Devil can put 'em to; I protest when they were living upon Earth,
I found

I found them such needy Communicants, I thought them fitter to be confin'd within the narrow Limits of some old Alms-house for Subsistence, there to read and Practice Mr. Tryon's Water-gruel Directory, and enjoy the charitable Income of Three-half-pence a Day, settled by some old Rogue who had cheated the World of Thousands, and hopes to make an Attonement by starving perhaps twenty old Women every Year in his little Row of Charity Pigeon-holes, endow'd with nine-pence *per* Week, and a Thimble full of Coals; as if providing a miserable Life for one Person, was a sufficient Recompence for cheating another: I say, They were fitter to be made close Tenants to some such bountiful Nest of Drawers, than to come like a parcel of thred-bare Zealots into a Meeting, like Bullies into a Tavern, without a Penny of Money in their Pockets, and disturb People of good Fashion and Credit, zealous Benefactors to their Guide, in the height of their Devotion, an intolerable Grievance to a pious Congregation, that pay well for the assurance of Salvation: And if we did not sometimes by the frightful Doctrine of *Non-Election* and *Damnation*, make these Ragamuffin Reprobates take up the Knife of Despair, and clear the Garden of the Righteous from those rascally poor Weeds who are always sucking Juice from the more valuable Plants, in a little time the fruitful Soil would be so overrun with Docks and Nettles, that there would be no living for the Gardener, whose Profits must arise from the Products of those Trees laden with rich Fruit, which for yielding plentifully in due Season, become more worthy of his Care.

This is the Case, and therefore who can blame me for my Doctrine, if it should be a Means of making two or three Gareteers, and as many Cellular-Divers, by the help of twisted-Hemp, or cold Iron, forward their Journies to the Lord knows whither, the World has the less to provide for, and those that are gone have according to the Opinion

tion of our Fore-fathers, nothing to care for? So to tell yon the truth on't, I am never without a Score of such Communicants to spare, and if they were all to be with you before Night, I should think it a very comfortable Riddance.

I am sorry I have not so much time to Abuse you as I could heartily wish I had, for you cannot but be sensible how much you have deserv'd it, and how well qualified I am for such an Undertaking, if I had but leisure to exert my Talent; and why we of the same Function should treat one another scurvily, would be no Wonder, because two of a Trade can never agree; however I shall reserve my Fury till another Opportunity, being just now Invited to a Supper by a devout Communicant, whose Husband's in the Country, and I am sure she will have provided something worth my nibbling at, which I scorn to lose the Benefit of for a piece of Revenge: So farewell.

D. B. — s

LUDLOW the Regicide to the CALVES-HEAD-
C L U B.

Most diabolical Sons of Darknes,

OF all the Villanies perpetrated upon Earth, that the greatest Rebel could be proud of, or *Lucifer* blush at, I my self had so large a share in, that the *Devil* for my hearty sincerity, and trusty Management therein, gives me the Right-hand, and has dignify'd and distinguish'd me with the superb Title of his elder Brother: No Man ever gloried more in Wickedness than my self, and that which now makes my Punishment a Pleasure, is to think how nobly I deserved it. Many I know are the treasonable Plots and Contrivances transacted in

in the upper World, but never was any magnificent Piece of Wickedness, or superlative Deed of Devilism, ever perform'd with more Ostentation and Alacrity, than that most impious and audacious Act, in which I was so highly concern'd, and that the very Monarch of *Hell* might have been proud to have had a hand in; to fire Churches, commit Sacrilege, ravish Virgins, murder Infants, or spit in in the Faces of our Parents, are trifling Sins that a Man of my Figure in Iniquity would be asham'd to be caught in; but to murder the best of Princes, and glory in the Deed, is such an infernal Evil that *Hell* can't blacken, or Earth can't pallel; a sacred Piece of Villany becoming only the Treachery of a *Puritan* to execute, and the Pen and Principles of a *Tuchin* to endeavour to justify.

Lucifer and all his Kingdom of *Hob-goblins*, drink a Health to your Society every Thirtieth of *January*, in burnt Brandy, and are well assur'd the Interest of these infernal Territories can never sink, as long as there is a *Calves-Head-Club* upon Earth, to glory in the Remembrance of the worst of Villanies; and a whiggish Society of Reformation, for the better Establishment of Hypocrisy. We, who had the Honour to be His Majesty's Judges, or rather as some call us, *Regicides*, are all mess'd together in an Apartment by our selves, and the Murderers of *Henry* the Third and *Henry* the Fourth of *France* are appointed to attend us at our Table; and *Felton* that stabb'd the Duke of *Buckingham*, is our Lacquey to run of Errands.

In all *Lucifer's* extensive Dominions, there is not one Society so much respected as our selves, and the greatest Villains that ever were upon Earth, are by the Devil, when they come here, scarce thought wicked enough to wait upon us in the most fervile Station; the very *Jesuits* themselves known by all the World to value royal Blood no more than a *Jew* does a Hog's-pudding, are not suffer'd to walk within a hundred Yards of us; nay, the very dissenting

diffenting Shepherds of that rebellious Flock, who always follow'd me as their only Bellweather, are not here thought worthy of our Conversation, only now and then a Member of our sanctify'd Society the *Calves-Head Club*, drops headlong in among us, and *Old Nick* indeed appoints them to grind Mustard and scrape Horse-Radish for us his well-beloved Brethren the Regicides; for you must know 'tis the Custom in this sweating Climate, for People to deal much in very hot Sauces, and that most delicate Palate-scorching Soup called *Pepper-Pot*, a kind of Devil's Broth much eat in the *West-Indies*, is always the first Dish brought to our Table.

All Hell applauds you mightily for your Zeal and Integrity for the *Good old Cause*, and your cordial Approbation of the great Effects thereof, which you annually show upon every Thirtieth of *January*, that derisionary Festival, which you keep like the bold Sons of Confusion, that the true Spirit of Rebellion may never die, and the dreadful Consequences of a damnable Reformation may never be forgotten, in which most notable, audacious and courageous Piece of Insolence, you not only declare your selves the brave Defenders of all King-killing Principles, but plainly discover your undaunted Souls are ready upon all occasions of the like Nature, to solemnly engage in the most startling Mischief that Hell's politick *Divan* are willing to contrive, or a Body of the most resolute Infidels in the Universe able to perpetrate; this do I speak to your eternal Reputation, that *Lucifer* and all his sable Legions have publicly acknowledged their Pride and Malice, are much out-done by your private Assembly, and the expertest Devils among all the infernal Host turn pale with Envy, and degenerate from their Blackness to see their Impudence out-brazen'd by a Club of mortal *Puritans*; so that I would advise you as a Friend, when Death, by virtue of his uncontrollable

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able *Habeas Corpus*, shall remove you to these dusky Confiners, you will put on a little Modesty, tho' you play the Hypocrite, lest if you behave yourself here as you do in the upper World, you shall dash the Devil out of Countenance.

So farewell.

*An Answer by the CALVES-HEAD CLUB,
to LUDLOW the REGICIDE.*

Most Noble Colonel,

WE receiv'd your Letter, wherein your Hatred to Kings is discernable in your Stile; you scorn, like our selves, the Flattery of a Courtier, and write to your Friends in the rough Language of a bold Soldier, that did not only dare to uncrown, but to unhead a Monarch, to advance the Authority of the good People of *England* above sovereign Domination, and free them from the Bridle of the Laws, which are no more in our Opinion than a politick Restraint upon their natural Freedom, an Act worthy of so indefatigable a Patriot, who would leave no Stone unturn'd, that the wrong Side of every thing might be rais'd uppermost, and that those who had long against their Wills been brought under a compulsive Subjection, might once have an Opportunity of trampling upon that Ambition to which they were once Slaves, and of raising up their groveling Snouts above that aspiring Head, which for many Ages had oppress'd Millions of Mankind by the Dint of Power, eclips'd their native Liberty, and crush'd them into a slavish Obedience.

What Ass in the Universe would not kick at his Master, if he was sure he could knock his Head off, and shake off that Burthen beneath which he groans,

if he was not such a Coward to be fearful of a greater? Rebellion is always sanctified if it succeeds well, and the End propos'd, obtain'd with Safety, always gives Glory to the Atchievement. Authority is only obey'd, 'because 'tis fear'd; and if once trodden under Foot, nothing appears so despicable; as he that mounts a restif Steed is counted a good Horse-man, if he tames the Beast; but if the stubborn Courser throws his Rider, he falls a laughing-stock to the glad Spectators.

You seem to be truly sensible how much we glory in that Act, which ought to be as much your Pride, as it is our Satisfaction: We reverence the valiant Arm that did the Deed, and daily signalize our Gratitude to the pious Memory of those illustrious Heroes, who by their undaunted Magnanimity brought their unparallel'd Undertakings to a hopeful Issue, and left behind them such a glorious Example, which we shall never neglect to imitate when our selves have Opportunity. We have long hop'd for the lucky Minute, wherein we might show the World the Strength of our Resolutions, and the Constancy of our Principles, and make those cowardly Slaves know, who pretend an Abhorrence to your past Bravery, that we are the Cocks, when we dare crow, that will make the Lyon tremble; we have at all times when we meet, an Ax hung up in our Club-Room, in *pia Memoria* of your sacred Action: but had we the true Weapon, as much as we hate *Popery*, we should turn Idolaters, and worship it much more than *Roman Catholicks* do their Pictures. We have every Thirtieth of *January*, a *Calves-Head Feast*, in contempt of that Head which fell a glorious Sacrifice to your Justice, over which we drink to the pious Memory of *Oliver Cromwel*; Confusion to Monarchy; to the Downfall of Episcopacy; a Health to every noble Regicide, and to the universal Propagation of all King-killing Principles; and if these are not meritorious Formalities, and decent Observances,

we

we know not how to oblige our honest Brethren, who are Co-habitants with you at such a Distance beneath us.

To be accounted Rebels and bold Villains, does not in any measure make us uneasy; for the believing our selves otherwise, is a compleat Satisfaction to balance their Envy that so think us; besides the Pleasure we find in accounting them Fools, Slaves and Cowards, is really more to us than a sufficient Recompence: so that by our vilifying our Opposites, we deny them Opportunity ever to be even with us. The Author of the Dialogue between *Vassal* and *Freeman*, is our Secretary; you guess'd his Name very right in your Letter, and a notable Fellow he is either in Verse or Prose, for the Justification of our Principles; and is such a desperate Tongue-stabbing Heroe at *pro* and *con*, that he clears the House of all People wherever he comes, but those of his own Kidney; he vindicates all the Proceedings of the *High Court of Justice*, with such admirable Obstinacy and Impudence, that the best Lawyer in *Westminster-Hall* is not able to cope with him, and justifies the bringing of a King to a Scaffold, when the People dislike his Stewardship, with so much Insolence and Arrogance, and drags him to a Block, as you would a Bear to a Stake, with so much Decency, that had he liv'd in the happy Days when you erected a *High Court of Justice*, he would have been the fittest Man in the Universe for two Posts under you; *First*, To have been *Attorney-General*, and then *Executioner*, and would, I am confident, have so strenuously exerted himself in both Offices, that he would have gained a double Reputation with our godly Party. *First*, For the Discharge of the one with the utmost Malignancy. And, *Secondly*, For the Dispatch of the other without Disguise; for I dare be confident, he has Assurance enough to go through stich with any thing that the World calls Villany, if we but think it Virtue without the fear of Shame, or dread
of

of Punishment: Indeed, had our growing Principles at this Day but such another Champion to defend 'em, I do not question but in a few Years we might bring Matters to bear, and by downright Dint of our own Weapon, *Calumny*, make way to play the old Game over again, to a far better Purpose than has been yet effected. With the great Hopes of which we take leave at present, desiring your Brother *Lucifer* upon all occasions to lend us his Assistance. So we subscribe our selves both His and your

Humble Servants,

J. T. S. B. J. S. &c.

*From J. NAYLOR, to his Friends at the
BULL and MOUTH.*

Friends and Brethren in the Spirit,

YOU who are the true Transcript of the People originally call'd *Quakers*, may perhaps expect, that I *James Naylor* in the Dark, should commend my hearty Love to you my Friends in the Light, in such-like manner as the Spirit us'd to dictate to me upon Earth, before I unhappily fell under this wonderful Transfiguration, which I now am appointed to maintain thro' the whole Course of Eternity.

I had no sooner set Footing into this deep Abyss of Midnight, to which the Sun, Moon and Stars are as great Strangers, as Frost and Snow are to the Country of *Ethiopia*, but a parcel of black spiritual Janizaries saluted me as intimately as if I had been Resident in these Parts during the Term of an Apprenticeship; at last up comes a swinging, lusty, over-grown, austere Devil, arm'd with an ugly Weapon

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like a Country Dung-fork, looking as sharp about the Eyes as a *Woodstreet* Officer, and seem'd to support himself after such a manner, that discovered he had an Ascendency over the rest of the immortal Negroes, and, as I imagined, so 'twas quickly evident; for as soon as he espied me leering between the dimnutive Slabbering-bib, and the extensive Brims of my Cony-wool Umbrella, he chucks me under the Chin with his ugly Toad-colour'd Paw, that stunk as bad of Brimstone as a Card-match new lighted, crying, How now, honest *James*, I am glad to see thee on this side the River *Styx*, prithee hold up thy Beard, and don't be asham'd, thou art not the first Quaker by many Thousands that has sworn Allegiance to my Government; besides, thou hast been one of my best Benefactors upon Earth, and now thou shalt see like a grateful Devil, I'll reward thee accordingly: I thank your Excellence kindly, said I, pray what is it your infernal Protectorship will be pleas'd to confer upon me? To which his mighty Uglinefs reply'd, *Friend Naylor*, I know thou hast been very industrious to make many People fools in the upper World, which has highly conduc'd to my Interest. Then turning to a pigmy Aerial, who attended his Commands as a running Footman; Haste, *Nump*, says he, and fetch me the painted Coat, which was no sooner brought, but by *Lucifer's* command I was shov'd into it Neck and Shoulders, by half a dozen smutty *Valets de Cham'bre*, and in a Minutes time found my self trick'd up in a Rainbow-coloured Coat, like a merry-Andrew. Now, *Friend*, says the ill-favour'd Prince of all the Hell-born Scoundrels, for the many Fools you have made above, I now ordain you mine below; so all the Reward, truly, of my great Services, was to be made *Lucifer's* Jester, or Fool in ordinary to the Devil: A pretty Post, thought I, for a Man of my Principles, that from a Quaker in the other World, I should be metamorphos'd into a *Jack Adams* in the lower one. I could not but thin

think it a strange kind of Mutation, and knew no more how to behave my self in my gaudy-colour'd Robes, than if I had been damn'd, and cramm'd into a Tortoise-shell, and must have walk'd about Hell upon all Four with a House upon my Back.

In a little time after this new Dignity was conferr'd upon me, the Devil happen'd to make a splendid Entertainment for all the Souls in his Dominion, who in the upper World had been profess'd Quakers, where I, quoth the Fool, was order'd to give my Attendance for the Diversion of the Company, but found my self so strangely disappointed when I beheld the Guests, that had I been messed in Noah's Ark among Lyons, Bears and Aligators, I could not have been more amaz'd than I was at the unexpected Appearance and Deportment of such a confus'd Assembly: My Master *Lucifer* and *Ramsay* the Jesuit at his right Hand, sat at the upper End of the Table, and the rest of the scrambling Company were seated like so many hungry Mechanicks at a Corporation-Feast; but instead of their Conversation being *Yea* and *Nay*, there never was heard such Swearing and Cursing at a publick Gaming-Table, nor all the Points of Copulation more lewdly discuss'd at a Bawdy-house; Blasphemy was the modestest of their Talk, and there I came in with 'em for a Fool's share, and exerted my Talent to the Approbation and Applause of the whole Society.

Observing such a wonderful Change in these our infernal Friends, from what they appeared to be in the upper World, made my Curiosity itch mightily to know the reason of this surprizing Alteration; upon which, said I, prithee *Lucifer*, in plain Words, (for we Fools you must know may say any thing to our Masters) what is the meaning that these People who were *quondam* Quakers when upon *Terra firma*, should turn such debauch'd Libertines in these lower Regions, and from the most religious and precise of all hypocritical Heaven-Servers,

to become the most degenerate Reprobates in all your damnable Dominions? I'll tell you, says *Lucifer*, the reason; Always those that pretend to the greatest Purity in the other World, put on the Cloak of Religion, not to save their Souls but to hide their Vices, as some Women wear Masks, not to preserve their Beauty, but to hide their Ugliness; and when that Veil is taken away which obscur'd the Sinfulness of their Natures, or when Opportunity gives them leave to be Wicked without Damage to their Interest (as they may here) you see how loose and wanton the most Zealous of both Sexes will be, notwithstanding all the external Promises of Piety and Vertue. These Words, tho' they came from the Father of Lies, yet their satirical Force gave me such a Stab in the Conscience, that had my Label of Mortality been stung by a Wasp or a Hornet, it could not have griev'd the outward Man more, than this diabolical Saying did the inward; and knowing by Experience it favour'd of a little Truth, I thought I could do no more than communicate his Answer to you my Friends, who are Lovers of Verity, from whence you may discern with half an Eye, that *Satan* understands you as well as he does the College of *Jesuits*, or a Dutch Conventicle, and if you take not timely Care, will certainly prove too cunning for you.

Perhaps you will think me a very imperfect Intelligencer, to tell you of a Feast, and give you no Account of the Provisions, or what sort of Food the Devil in his sultry Dominions entertains his Friends withal; therefore in the next Place I shall venture to give you a Bill of Fare, that you may know at present what you may expect hereafter, lest otherwise I should leave your Curiosities unsatisfied and keep you ignorant of those Avernous Dainties by which Immortality is here sublisted.

The first Course consisted of a huge Platterful of Scorpions Spits-cock'd, a Fricassee of young Salamanders, a Bailiff's Rump roasted, baisted with its own Dung, and a Cock Phoenix scalded in his Feathers, smother'd with melted Soap and boil'd Arsnick; these were gross, substantial Meats, design'd chiefly for keen Appetites. The second Course contain'd six dozen of *West-India* Gwana's roasted in their own Shells; a Dish of Squab-hickaries poach'd, a brace of flying Dragons stew'd in their own Blood, and a Dish of Shovel-nos'd Sharks fry'd with a Leviathan in the middle, toss'd up with what's as good for a Sow as a Pancake; these were Dainties that could not but be acceptable to the most squeamish Stomachs; but now for Rarities that must please the Ghost of an Emperor. The third and last Course consisted of such spiritual Nutriment, that the nicest palated Soul on this Side the Adamantine Gates, without a Surfeit, might subsist on to all Eternity, which was serv'd up to the Table, in much greater Order than any foregoing part of the Entertainment. In the first Place, a Dish of Metaphysical Curds, swimming in the Cream of Eloquence, was brought to the upper End of the Table, by a Devil in a long Gown, upon which Piece of Cookery, *Lucifer* and the *Jesuit* fed very heartily. In the next Place, a Dish of pickl'd Enthusiasms well pepper'd with Obstinacy, and cover'd with the Vinegar of Dissension, was handed to the Board by a meagre-fac'd Devil in a little Band and long Cloak, which by abundance of the Company was highly approv'd on. The third Dish was a mess of melancholy Humdrums, mix'd with Sobs and Sighs, and garnish'd round with Blasphemy and Nonsense, serv'd up with a She-Devil in *Querpo-Hood* and green Apron, which the whole Assembly in general commended, and devour'd as greedily as a Gang of *Welsh* Drovers would do a Mess of Leek-Porridge, or a Dish of Cows Pubby. When every Soul had fed plentifully,

tifully, and refresh'd his Immortality with a cheerful Dose of Spirit of Sulphur, I, quoth the Fool, for the Jest's sake, was appointed to say Grace after Meat; and when I had discharg'd the Office of a Chaplain, as comical as I could, the Guests stagger'd away like so many fluster'd Long-Tails from a *Kentish* Feast, and so the Solemnity was ended.

I have little more News to communicate from these Parts, only that within these few Months, we have had five or six thousand diabolical Spirits, return'd from their Embassies in the upper World, who were many Years since commanded thither by Prince *Lucifer*, to the Assistance and further Establishment of our Party and Opinion, and had every one of them possess'd themselves of good Quarters, and lay snug in the Bosoms of our sanctified Friends, but reported when they came back, that an old Trout-back Apostate, who lately fell from Quakerism to the Church, arming himself Cap-a-pe with the Armour of Truth, took up the Sword of the Gospel, and by downright Dint of Scripture and sound Reason, made so large a Conquest over *Satan's* Subjects, that the Devils were forc'd to quit their Possessions, and leave great Numbers of our Friends to the Mercy of G—d and their Ecclesiastical Enemies; but fresh Recruits are daily sent among you from these infernal Territories, hoping in a little time to recover our lost Interest.

I would have troubled you a little further, but that *Lucifer* being put in a merry Mood by the pleasing News of your *European Differences*, has order'd all his Jesters to be in waiting, and you know, all Princes upon publick Rejoycings at Court, must have their Fools as well as Knaves, to attend 'em. So farewell.

J. N.

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*The QUAKERS Answer to JAMES NAYLOR.**James Naylor,*

THY Friends are all very much afflicted to hear that *Satan* the Father of the Wicked, has laid violent Hands upon thee, and has drawn thee out of the Light into the Land of utter Darkneſs; if the Droſs of the World, that ungodly Mammon, which tempts the Unwary often into the Sins of the Fleſh and many other Iniquities, would redeem thee from thy woſul Priſon, where nothing is to be heard but weeping, wailing and gnashing of Teeth, we would lend thee our Aſſiſtance with all our Hearts; but the Spirit within us has declar'd the Truth, and told us, That thy unmerciful Jaylor will take no Bribe or Bail, and that the Debt thou art in for, the World cannot pay, and therefore we all fear thou art trapann'd into a loathſome Gaol from whence there is no Redemption. We thought the many Perſecutions thou underwent'ſt for the L-d's ſake in this World, (*viz.*) As peeping thro' the Yoak of Infamy, and loſing thy two Members of Attention. *Secondly*, For hugging the Vagabonds Land-mark againſt the Will of the Spirit, and undergoing the Rod of Correction. And, *Thirdly*, For ſuffering the Clack of the Spirit to be bored thro' with a hot Wimble, for warranting thy ſelf to be the true Son of thy Father, would have been Merits ſufficient to have rais'd thee upon the Pinacle of Mount *Sion*, and there to have fixed thee as a ſtanding Evidence of the Truth to all Eternity; but ſince the Spirit within thee prov'd a lying Spirit, that extinguished the Light, and led thee like a blind Guide into the dark-ways of Deſtruction; We that were the Followers of thy falſe Glimmerings, muſt forſake thy Errors, and ſeek the Lord by a more perfect Illumination, for the falſe,

fading *Jack-a-Lantern* which thou left'st among us, is burn'd into the Socket, and now stinks in the Nostrils of the Righteous, far worse than the dying Snuff of a Cotton-Candle ; Besides, What spiritual Pilgrim in his Progress to the Land of the Living, would follow a wicked *Will with a Wisp*, who has led a Friend before into dark Ways, and there left him to grope among the Filthiness of Sin and Pricks of Conscience, to all Eternity ? No, if we follow thy Ways, we shall err like stray'd Sheep, and be pounded by *Satan* for wandering into the Paths of the Wicked.

That the Father of Lies, upon thy first Entrance into his wicked Habitation, should put thee into a Fools Jacket, we do not much wonder, for the painted Marks of Folly are *Satan's* gay Livery, with which he cloaths his wicked Servants in this World as well as in his own Dominions ; for didst thou ever behold on Earth the Sons of Darkness, who follow the Lusts of the Flesh, and delight in those Poms and Vanities which the inward Man forbids our frail Natures to pursue, but they always were distinguish'd by some gaudy Badge, which discovered their Pride, or other Infirmities ? Do not the High-Priests of *Baal* wear lawn Coversluts, and their head Journeymen red Pokes upon their Backs ? Do not Flatterers of Princes wear Badges on their Breasts, and adorn their Spindle-shanks with glittering Gimcracks ? Do not their lazy Slaves wear blue and yellow, that the World may know whose Fools they are ? Do not the Blessers of their Food wear silken Ornaments dangling from their proud Necks to their Ancles, that the Publick may mistake them to be wiser than their Neighbours ? Do not the Captains of the Host hoop their Loins with golden Sashes, and stick Feathers in their Caps to fright their Foes with their Finery ? Do not Judges wear Gowns of a Crimson Die, and the great Men of the Law wear the Skull-caps of Knavery, with the Edges tipp'd with Innocence, to deceive the Vulgar ?

gar? Do not Physicians ride in Coaches with the Weapons of Destruction ty'd dangling at their Arses, as if they were hurrying on a full Trot to kill and not recover their Patients? Do not haughty Vintners hypocritically tie on their blue Ensigns of Humility, to cozen their Customers into an Opinion of their Lowliness? Do not Whoremongers and Adulterers thatch their empty Noddles with whole Thickets of Whores-hair? And do not wanton Women wear Turrets on their Heads, and cover their Tails with the Bowels of the Silk-worm? Do not Drunkards wear red Noses, Knaves Hawks Eyes, and Liars impudent Faces? In short, Friend Naylor, most People upon Earth have some Badge or other of *Satan's* Livery; even Kings themselves wear Purple, and the Whore of *Babylon* Scarlet; therefore our Friends are all of an Opinion, that since thou departed'st so far from the Light, as to suffer wicked *Satan* to decoy thee into his Trap-soul of eternal Darkness, he has done thee but Justice to put thee into a Fool's Coat, that every time thou art thoughtful of thy miserable Confinement, thou may'st look upon thy Party-coloured Livery, and cry with a pitiful Voice, alas, what a Fool am I! Which is all the Comfort thy Friends who are sorrowful for thy Condition, are able to administer unto thee at this immensurable distance.

We are very glad to hear that *Satan* is no Niggard in his Family, but like a generous Host, provides so plentiful a Table for his numerous Guests: We thy Friends upon Earth, have taken his infernal Food into our serious Consideration, and have resolv'd, *Nemine contradicente*, to lead a starving Life upon Earth, rather than enter his Palace-gate to be beholden to him for a Dinner. We shew'd thy Bill of Fare to our Friend *Roberts*, at the *White-Hart* in *Chancery-lane*, approv'd by the wicked Men of the Law, who love to prophane their Stomachs with fine feeding, to be as nice a gratifier of luxurious Palates as ever handled Ladle; and he decla-

reth-for Truth, by the motion of the Spirit, that tho' he has often roasted a Cod's-Head larded with Bacon without tying it upon the Spit, boil'd a pound of Butter stuff'd with Anchovies without melting it, grillia lo'd Jelly of Harts-horn without dissolving it, fry'd a Jack-boot into incomparable Tripe, stew'd Pebble-stones till they have become as soft as stew'd Prunes, and has made good savoury Sauce with an addled Egg and Kitchen-stuff, yet he acknowledges himself wholly ignorant how to dress any one Dish thou hast mention'd in the Catalogue of thy Dainties, and therefore desires thou wilt do him the friendly Kindness to acquaint us in the next Letter, what sort of Cook *Satan* has got in his Kitchen; and if he be a Friend, whether thou think'st our Friend *Coquus's* Wife mayn't be admitted as his Scullion, in Case she would become a Servant in thy Master's Family, for she is grown so peevish, he is willing to part with her. So hoping thou wilt give us an Account the next Opportunity, we rest thy,

Loving Friends.

*From LILLY to COOLEY the Almanack-maker
in Baldwin's-Gardens.*

My dear old Bottle Friend and Companion,

EVER since I took a Trip into this lower World, and left you (by the help of Moon-groaping and Star-fumbl'g) to project Almanacks, predict Prodigies, and conjure up lost Spoons, stolen Goods, and stray'd Cattle, I have had no Opportunity of paying my Respects to you, till now, for 'tis so abominably up-hill from our World to yours, that none but the Devil himself is able to climb it, he being forc'd to creep upon All-four like a Squirrel up a Nut-

Nut-Tree all the way of his Journey; and had I sent a Letter by his cloven-footed Worship, I was fearful you would not have thought him at your Years, a proper Messenger. I hear since I left you, you are grown as grey as a Badger, and that you are approv'd by all Cook-Maids, Porters Wives and Basket-women, to be the most eminent Bodkin and Thimble-hunter of all the *Ptolemeans* in the Town, and by the help of the twelve Heavenly Houses and their seven twinkling Inhabitants, not only undertake, but make wonderful Discoveries. Flat-Caps and blue Aprons; I hear haunt your Door every Morning, as Hawkers do a Publisher's, or Journey-men Taylors a *Smithfield* Cook's at Noon, some for a Sixpenny, and some a Twelvepenny slice of your astrological Judgment, of which to show your Honesty to the World, you give them such lumping Pennyworths, that you have made the noble Science of Heaven-peeping as cheap to the Publick, as boil'd Tripe in *Fee-lane*, or bak'd Sheeps-heads in your own Element *Baldwin's-Gardens*. I am joyful to hear you are grown so great a Proficient in the Celestial Gimmcracks; but indeed, when I first knew you a Joyner at *Oxford*, that us'd to make Cedar Cases for Close-stool Pans, I thought you as ingenious a Mechanick in your way, as he that invented a Mouse-trap or a Nut-cracker, but little thought then, you would have laid down the Plain and the Hand-saw, of which you were an absolute Master, to take up *Albumazar's* Weapons, the Celestial Globe and Compasses, to which you were a meer Stranger: But however, Astrology being a kind of a liberal Science, all Men I know are free to dive into the Mystery, from the whimsie headed Scholar, to the stroling Tinker; therefore your Leather-Apron and the Glue-Pot are no Disparagement to your pursuit of the seven wandering Informers, any more than it is a Scandal to a Mountebank to be first a Fool, and then a travelling Physician. *Gad-*

bury we know was no more than a Country Botcher, before he was admitted as a Tenant into the twelve Houses, and Partridge was no more than a London Cocker, before he was made running Footman to the seven Planets; yet both these Students in Astrology have arriv'd I hear, to as great an Eminency in their Heavenly Profession, as ever was acquir'd by the fam'd Dr. Saffold, or his Successor Case, by long Study and Experience, in the noble Arts of Poetry and Physick. Therefore why mayn't that spurious Issue of a Carpenter call'd a Joyner, make as legitimate an Astrologer, as profound a Conjuror, as infallible a Fortune-Teller as the best of 'em; nay better, if he knows but to use his Tongue like a smoothing-Plain, and can take down the Roughness of some Peoples Incredulity, then may he work 'em as he does his Deal boards, till he has glu'd or nail'd 'em fast to his own Interest. These are the Talents for which I hear you are famous above other Astrologers, and that by downright dint of Craft, Pout and Banter, you have wheedled more Money in your time out of Chamber-maids, Cook-wenchs, old Bawds, Midwives, Nurses, and young Strumpets, than ever was got by the Rug and Leather, Luck in a Bag, or that most excellent Juggle on the Cards, call'd *Preaching the Parson*: Nay, if all the Gains that you have made of these three profitable Inventions were to be join'd together, besides a whole Mustard-pot full of Broad-pieces, a Drudging-box full of Guineas, a Meal-tub full of Crowns and half-Crowns and an old Powdering-tub full of Shillings and Sixpences, which lye parcel'd up in your own House; I hear that you have several hundreds of Pounds in the Stationers Company, which besides the Interest of the Money, entitles you every Year to four good Dinners in the Hall, as many Noddles full of rare Claret, and four Pockets full of Venison Pasty for your Female Deputy, who is said to be a notable Understrapper to you in the Business
of

of Astrology, and is of as much Service to you as a Second to a Merry-Andrew, for without the one, the other could do nothing.

I cannot but highly approve of the Method I observe in your Almanacks, for since you write every Year four, *i. e.* Three in other Persons Names, and one in your own, you have wisely projected a way to be infallibly right in your Predictions of the Weather, which are commonly vary'd under no more than four several Denominations in any one of the four Seasons; so that by making your Prognostications in every Almanack different, one must certainly tell right, and by keeping all four in your Pocket, which, I am inform'd you have Cunning enough to take care of, by plucking out that which you know is agreeable and falls right, declaring your self to be the Author, you gain Reputation, and by this Juggle make some Fools in your Company believe that you have the Stars at more command than the Haberdasher of Dead Bodies has his Linkmen at a Funeral. This piece of Cunning none of the Celestial Fraternity can justly blame you for, every Artist well knowing a Jugler and an Astrologer are as inseparable Companions as a Bawd and a Midwife, or a Lawyer and a Knave, for either without the other, like an *Adjective* without a *Substantive*, would be unable to stand by himself.

Of all the Almanacks that are extant, none are so valuable in these subterranean Regions as your own; few Hawkers travel into these Parts but they bring whole Baskets full along with them, and the Cry of Cooley's Almanack for two Months in the Year, is as universally bawl'd about Hell's Metropolis, as Mackrel among you when they come to be fix a Groat, or *Chichester* Lobsters, when they sink at Midsummer. Of all the *Almanacks* brought among us, Prince *Lueifer* gives yours the Preference, and never goes without one in his Pocket, to put him in mind of an *Holy-Rood* Day, that his Devil

ship may not lose his Nutting time. Your last *English Merlin* but one, wanted one of the four Cardinal Points, for which piece of Forgetfulness, the Devil in a great Rage cry'd he ow'd you a Shame, and I was since inform'd, that one of our infernal Plenipotentiaries upon Earth discharg'd his Master's Promise in a short time after, at the *Derby Alehouse* in *Fulwood's Rents*; by the same Token, the Liquor had so eclips'd your distinguishing Faculties, that instead of a Tankard of warm Ale, that stood by you, you took hold of the Candlestick, and in a drinking Posture convey'd the lighted Candle to your Mouth, the Taste of which was so intolerable to your Lips, that you flung it away in a great Passion, believing 'twas the Tankard of Drink, and swore the Bitch of a Wench had made it so scalding hot there was no drinking it. This unhappy Accident occasion'd some ill-natur'd People to reflect on you, and say, How should you know a Star from a Kite-Lanthorn, that could not distinguish between a Tankard of warm Ale and a lighted Candle?

I have no News from these Parts that can be welcome to a Man of your Gravity and Profession. As for Astrologers, they are no more regarded in this Kingdom, than an honest Man in your World, or a modest Woman in a Theatre, for the best Employment that most of them aspire to here, is to carry a Closestool-pan upon their Back after a Quack-Doctor, which savory Receptacle being put in a square Case, makes our Fraternity look like so many Raree-show Men loaded with their Boxes of dancing Baubles.

I must confess, Doctor *Saffold*, that famous Student in Physick, Poetry and Astrology, whose Verse was as good an Emetick, as his Pills were a Purge, being *Lucifer's* peculiar Favourite, was advanc'd to the Dignity of being Fleath catcher to his Royal Consort—but the other Day had like to have lost his Place, by chasing one of his Lady's
little

little Enemies into her Mount of *Venus*, and beating the Bush to start the Game, was so wonderfully pleas'd at the Pastime, that the old Fool could not forbear Laughing, which ill Manners so inflam'd the infernal Dutchess, that she vow'd, except he would down on his Knees and kiss what he laugh'd at, she would never forgive him; upon which the poor Doctor was forc'd to join Beards, or else would have been turn'd out, to his eternal Shame as well as Misery.

Albumazar and *Ptolomy* are set up like the two Loggerheads at St. *Dunstan's* Church, and once in a hundred Years they strike upon a huge Bell the number of the Centuries from the Fall of *Lucifer*, that the Devils and the damn'd may know how Eternity passes; for you must imagine, as a quarter of an Hour is to the time of your World, so is a hundred Years to the Eternity of ours, every Watch here goes at least ten thousand Years with but one winding up, for their Movements, like our Form and Substance, are all Spiritual, and the worst Artift we have among us, your *Fleet-street* T—pion is but a meer Blacksmith to; as for my own part, I trudg'd for the first six Months after Doctor *Ponteous*, with a Steeple-crown'd Convenience, as I mention'd before, but having always such a stink of Devils Dung in my Noftrils, I petitioned for a Remove, and was admitted to be a Yeoman of the Bason to *Lucifer's* Cloven-Hoofs, to pick, wash and refresh them after his return from Earth, which he visits very often for the Preservation of his Interest in the upper World; and the worst Inconveniency I find is, That his Worship's Feet smell worse after much walking than a sweating Negro's.

But however, my old Friend, let not this Discourse discourage you from venturing to come among us, or frighten you into a Repentance of your Frauds and Subtilties, that may carry you another way; for a Man of your Merits, learn'd
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in *Astrology* from the very Nose of the great *Bear*, to the extream point of the *Dragon's Tail*, and skilful in the *Mathematicks*, from the Mensuration of a Surface, to the most profound Nicety in solid Geometry, need not question, but that your old Acquaintance and Assistant *Satan*, who has faithfully stood by you upon all Occasions, will bestow some reputable Post upon you, answerable to the Gravity and Skill of so understanding a Wiseacre, to whom I subscribe my self a loving Friend and Brother *Philomat*.

LILLY.

COOLEY's Answer to LILLY.

S I R,

I Would have you to know, I am not so far in my Dotage, but I have Reason enough left plainly to discern I am very much affronted in your Ironical Letter: As for my part, Mister, mean it as you please, I take it in good Earnest, for it is not consistent with my Temper and Gravity at these Years, to like such unmannerly Jestings. Time was, I was a young Fellow, that would have scolded with a Butter-whore, box'd a Carman, or have scribbled scurrilously with any *Lilly* in the Universe; but alas! When a Man has liv'd in this World to the Age of near Seventy, and has had familiar Conversation with all the foolish Women in the Town, puzzl'd his Brains with more Angles, Circles, Squares, Pentagons, Hexagons, Heptagons and Parallelopipedons, &c. than ever has been yet found in that most famous Introduction to the Mathematicks, 'call'd *Euclid's Gimcracks*, pour'd as much *Derby Ale* through his Guts every Year, as would have fill'd the great Fat at *Heydelburg*, and metamorphos'd as much Tobacco into Smoak every Month,

Month, as would have put a whole Country into a Mist; I think it is high time for a Man to have done with Discord, and begin to compose himself into a little Harmony; therefore I take it Ill you should attack me in my old Age, especially when you have Hell on your side, and the Devil and all to help you.

What, tho' I was a Joyner at *Oxford*, and once to shew my self a good Work-man, made a Cedar Close-stool-Case for the Dean of *Christ-Church*, I question not but one time or other for the Excellency of its Work, it will be carried into the Library, and be there preserv'd as a Monument of its Maker's Glory to all succeeding Ages, when you will have no Remains to put the World in mind of you, but your old conjuring Countenance, painted upon a Sign, and hung up over *Black-fryars* Gateway, subscribed with a little paultry Poetry, fit for no body's Reading but a parcel of Country Hobbies, who have left the Plow and the Flayl, to come up to *London* to be cozen'd out of the Fruits of their Labour. It is well known, I was born and educated in a learned Air, and tho' a Man be bred a Cocker in that Climate, he cannot help being a Scholar, if he be but furnish'd with as much Brains as will fill a Cockle-shell. I confess, I have not had the Honour to be entred of a College, yet by my own Chamber-Study, without a Tutor, having a good natural Genius, I could tell how many Parts of Speech there were by that time I was eighteen Years of Age; and I will appeal to the World who may judge by my Conversation, whether I have not made a wonderful Advancement within these fifty Years, insomuch that you may see I dare write *Philomat* in the very Title Page of my Almanack, and therefore, Mister, am not to be Banter'd at these Years.

You have the Confidence in several parts of your Letter to call me Conjurer, tho' I must tell you, Mister, by the Way, you are the first Person that
ever

ever thought me so. It's true, I do sometimes when I am well-paid for it, erect a Scheme in search of lost Goods, or stray'd Cattle, and do presume, *Secundum Artem* to send the Querent East, West, North or South, a Mile or two distance from the Loser's House, to search within six Doors of the Sign of the four-footed Beast, and if they cannot find the Thief one way, I can send them as far another for a new Fee; and all this I can justify by the Rules of Astrology as well as any Man; but must an Artist for this be call'd a Conjuror, and by a Person too who has been a Professor of the same Science? Indeed, old Acquaintance, I take it very unkindly, because you your self must needs know we are honest Men that deserve no such Character.

As for my mistaking the lighted Candle for a Tankard of hot Ale, I remember nothing of the Matter; but *Bacchus* tho' he be no Planet, yet all Men know he has a great ascendancy over us Mortals, and whrt he might influence me to do, when the Light of Reason, by which we see to distinguish was eclips'd, I know not; but I am morally sure, when my Senses are about me I am not easily to be so deceived; for I presume to know a Pig from a Dog, or the difference between a Thing and Cart-wheel, as well as *Ptolomy* himself were he now living.

You say, to my Reputation, that my Almanacks sell beyond any body's in your subterranean Country, and that *Lucifer* himself is never without one in his Pocket: I am very glad to hear he is so much my Friend, as to give mine the Preference, and for his Civility intend to send him one next Year well gilt on the Back, and bound up in Calves-Leather, by the Hand of some Friend or other, that shall swim in *Derby-Ale* to the very Gates of his Palace; such a wet Soul that shall be as welcome as a shower of Rain to your drowthy Dominions. The pleasing News you have sent me is, That my Works

Works are so vendible in your Parts, for I assure you, upon your Intelligence, I shall raise the Price of my Copy the next Year; for if my Almanacks sell as well in Hell as they do upon Earth, I am sure the Company of *Stationers* must get the Devil and all by them; so I rest yours between Enmity and Friendship.

H. C.

From TONY LEE to C—VE UNDERHILL.

Brother Cave.

CONsidering how often you have Jested in the Grave to please *Bet—ton* Prince of *Denmark*, I wonder the Grave by this Day has not been in Earnest with you, that in process of Time, when the Church-yard Vermin have feasted themselves upon your *Cadavers*, your own Scull may become a Jest to some other Grave-digger. I must confess when I left you, you were a good sociable sort of a Drunkard, and pretty little pedling sort of a Whoremaster, but I hear since you have droop'd within a few Years into such a dispirited Condition, that 'tis as much as a plentiful Dose of the best Canary can do to remove the *Hyppocon* for a few Minutes, that you may entertain your Friends with a little of your Comick Humour, grac'd with that agreeable Smile that has always render'd what you say delightful, and that is not in the subtil Power of intoxicating *Namq* to add new Life to that decay'd Member, which has in a manner taken leave of this World before the rest of your Body: You have so often been us'd to a Grave in your Life-time, that I think you never wanted a *Memento Mori* to put you in Mind of Mortality: Death sure can be no Surprise to a merry Mortal, who has so often Jested with him upon the Stage, and I long to hear when the

the grinning Skeleton shall shake you by the Hand, and say, *Come old Duke Trinculo, thy last Sands are running, thy ultimate Moment is at Hand, and the Worms are gaping for thee.* What a Jocular answer you will make to the thin-jaw'd Executioner, for every Comedian ought to die with a Jest in his Mouth to preserve his Memory, for if he makes not the Audience laugh as he goes off the Stage, he forfeits his Character, and his Fame dies with his Body; therefore I would advise you to set your Wits on work to prepare your self, that as you have always liv'd by repeating other Peoples Wit, you may not make your *Exit* like a Fool, but show you have some remains of your own Juvenile Sparklings to oblige the World with at your last Minute.

I hear the Effects of your Debauches are tumbled into your Pedestals, and make you walk with as much Deliberation as Mr. *Cant* Preaches; when a Man is once so founder'd by the Iniquity of his Life, that his full Speed is no faster than a Snail's Gallop, and that his Memory and his Members both equally fail him, it is full time that he was travell'd to his Journey's end: For with what Comfort can a Man live in when the World is grown weary of him? Young Men I know look upon you as superannuated Conversation, and had rather see a Death's-head and an Hour-glass in their Company, than see you make wry Faces at your rheumatick Twitches, or hear you banter upon your gouty Pains, and the past Causes thereof between Jest and Earnest. When a Man once comes to answer a bawdy Question over the Bottle silently, that is, with a feign'd Simper and a shake of the Head, no body cares a Fart for him, he is good for nothing at those Years, but like *Solomon's* Proverbs, to let young Men foresee that worldly Pleasures, when they come to be old, are but *Vanity and Vexation of Spirit*, and to stir up young Women to despise the impotency of old Age, which their fumbling Fathers in vain admonish them to reverence. A young
Com.

Comedian is apt to make every body his Jest, but when arriv'd at your Years, himself becomes a Jest to every body. Youth gives an Air to Wit that renders it delightful, but for an old Man to pretend to talk wisely, is like a Musician's endeavouring to fumble out a fine Sonetta upon a Wine-broach, tho' the time be good, the Instrument is imperfect, and the Organs want that Sound which should give a Grace to the Harmony. Some Men at sixty, are apt to flatter themselves in Publick under the imbecilities of Nature, and will boastingly say, They can do every Thing as well as they could at thirty; but experienc'd Women, who are the best Judges of human Decay, are too sensible of their Error, and if Modesty would give them leave, could easily demonstrate the Difference. I thank my Stars, I knew not by Experience the Winter of old Age, but made my *Exit* in the beginning of my *Autumn*, but yet I found what Nature at Midsummer esteem'd a Pleasure, was even then become a Drudgery; and what us'd to be a Refreshment to Life, was found but a slavish Exercise to the Body; therefore I heartily pity your impotent Condition, who has near twenty Years surviv'd your grand Climacterick, till thou art forc'd to crawl about the World with a load of diseas'd Flesh upon thy Back, and art no less than a Sumpter-horse to thy own Infirmities. Methinks I see thee creeping upon the Surface of the Earth, upon a feeble pair of gouty Supporters, thy Loins swath'd up in Flannel, leaning upon a Crutch-head Cane, and bending towards thy Mother Earth, who catches thee at every Stumble, sometimes reflecting on the past Pleasures of human Life, and sometimes looking forward with imperfect Eyes, towards the doubtful State of Immortality, grinning as you walk at the Gaiety of Youth, and snarling in thy Thoughts at those Delights the Weakness of thy Age has put thee past enjoying; pursuing only that Pleasure, which tho' thy Youth made Vicious, is in Age become

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come thy Support; that is, the Bottle, which in thy younger Days was oft made nauseous by Excess; but wise Experience now has taught thee sure to make the Darling comfortable by a seasonable Moderation: Methinks I see thee use it now with Caution, as if you hop'd by every Glass you drink, to strengthen Nature's Union, and keep your Soul and Body still from Separation.

The Ghost of a Comedian in these Shades is but an useless piece of Immortality, for all the Entertainment upon the Stages of our infernal Theatres are very Tragical, no Smile, no merry Looks, or monkey Gestures us'd by your Merry-Andrews upon Earth to provoke your listening Audience to a Laughter, are fashionable in these Parts. If you intend to come among us, you must learn to howl, to grin, and gnash your Teeth, unless you can make your self so compleat a Philosopher as to laugh at your own Misery. Horror, Darknes, and Despair o'er-spread the whole Dominion, and our tyrannical Prince is never better pleas'd than when he sees his Subjects the most miserable. As for my part, as merry a Representative of some foolish Plebeian as I was in the upper World; I cannot in these melancholy Grotto's for the Heart of me, frame so much as one chearful Conceit to mitigate those Torments, which by Virtue of our diabolical Laws are perpetually inflicted upon me: Therefore those who betake themselves to these Regions ought to arm themselves with abundance of Resolution; for whoever flinches beneath their Pains, do but encrease their Punishments, for which reason I advise you to consider what you have to trust to, if your Journey be downwards; and if you find it in your Power, to divert your coming hither with Prayers and Tears to Heaven, or else I must tell you in good Earnest, you may Jest on as I did, till you die and be damn'd like your Humble Servant,

ANTHONY LEE.

C—ve

C ——— VE UNDERHILL'S *Answer to*
TONY LEE.*Honest Friend Tony,*

WHEN I first read your Letter, as merry as the World thinks me, I was struck with such a terrible Tremulation, that it was as much as three gulps of my Brandy-bottle could do to put my chill'd Blood into its regular Motion; I had no sooner recover'd my self, but thinking of Death and the Devil, which I had scarce done in sixty Years before, I fell into such an extravagant fit of Praying, that if any Body had heard me, they would sooner have guess'd me, by the length of my Devotion, to have been a *Presbyterian* Parson than Duke *Trinulo* the Comedian; it was the first time that ever I found my self in earnest in my Life, and I was suddenly sensible of so vast a Difference betwixt that and Jest, that I believe for a whole Hour together I was chang'd from an old comical Merry-Andrew, into a new sorrowful Penitent; and was I to con over your Letter but once in a Day, I believe it would go near to fright me into abundance of Religion, which we Players, you are sensible, seldom or never think on, except we are put in mind on't by some extraordinary Accident; and the main Reason I believe why we are not overburthen'd with Zeal, is our drolling upon the Clergy, by representing Mr. *Spin-Text* the Preacher, or Mr. *Love-Lady* the Chaplain, after a ridiculous manner for the loose Audience to laugh at; which we repeat so often, till at last we are apt to fancy Religion as well as the Teachers of it, to be really no more than what we make them, that is, a meer Jest, and worthy only to be smil'd at and not to be listen'd to.

Certainly you have a very good Intelligence in your World, of the Circumstances of us who dwell
above

above you, or else you are the Devil of a Gueffer, for you seem in your Letter, to have as true a Sense of my Condition as if you were an Eye-Witness of it; for to tell you the Truth on it, I find all the Members of my Body in such a fumbling Condition, that I begin to think of a Leap in the Dark, and to wonder what in a little Time will become of me; the People are still pleas'd to see me crawl upon the Stage; indeed the shuffling Pace that Age and Decay hath brought me to, makes the Audience as merry as if it was a counterfeit Gesture to provoke Laughter; but, ifaith, Brother *Tony*, that which makes them glad makes me sad, insomuch that my Heart has aaked every time these five Years, when I have play'd the Sexton in *Hamlet*, for fear when I am once got into the Grave, the grim Tyrant should give me a Turn over the Perch, and keep me there for jesting with Mortality.

Nature, which finds her self declining in me, is so greedy of new Breath, that I gape as I crawl for the Benefit of the fresh Air, as if I was Jaw-fallen, and those humming Insects that are a pestiferous Calamity this hot Weather to all Cooks-shops and Sugar-bakers, are so unmannerly, that they fly over those few Palisadoes of my Breathing-Hole that are left, and dung on t'other side the Pails, as if they took my Mouth for a House of Office; nay, sometimes in creeping along the Length of a Street, I have had my Tongue so Fly-blown, that had I not gone into a Tavern and wash'd them off with a Pint of Canary, I don't know, but my whole Head might have been as full of Maggots in a little time, as a Sheep's Arse at Midsummer.

I find the greatest Curse of my old Age is, my Desire surviving my Capacity, for I protest, my Inclinations are as youthful as ever, tho' my Ability is quite superannuated.

I am just now entring into a Fit of the Gout, which so terrifies me, that I pray one half Minute, and curse the other, like a true-bred Seaman in a Storm,

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Storm, therefore am forc'd to break of, Blood and Wounds, abruptly. So farewell,

C—ve Underbil.

From Alderman B—— to ——

HEaring what a noisy Reputation you have acquir'd within the Walls of *England's* Metropolis, and what a popular Rumble your politick Generosity makes over the Heads of us, out of whose Ruins you have, true Citizen like, erected your own Welfare, I could no longer forbear putting you in mind of some of your former Managements, lest some rakehellly Rhime-Tagger or other, should flatter you to believe you have Honesty and Integrity enough to qualify you for a Bishop; I took you a meer Bumkin, and taught you your Trade for a Basket of Turkey-Eggs, and therefore it highly concerns your Prudence to consider the Obligation you lie under of carrying your self to the World with all Humility, tho' aspir'd to the very Pinnacle of Prosperity, since the first Cause of your Advancement dropp'd out of the Fundament of a Turkey: The Eggs, as an Argument of their being new laid, I remember were besmeared with excrementitious Tokens of good Luck, which made me fancy when I receiv'd them, they were besh—ten Omens, of your future Fortune, in whose Behalf they were presented me.

Birds have often shew'd their Tenderneſs and Compassion to Mankind: *Eagles* have preserv'd Infants in their Nests, who have afterwards become singularly prosperous in the Ages they have liv'd in. *Sappho* rais'd himself to the Reputation of a God among the *Persians* by *Parrots*, and your self to the Grandeur of an Alderman by your Mother's

thers *Hen-Turkies*: For in all wonderful Effects the leading Cause ought to be reverenc'd and respected.

Nothing conduces more to the Rise and Riches of a Citizen, than these three Qualifications; nor can a Man be a compleat Trader without them: *First*, To be a Hypocrite undiscernably: *Secondly*, A Knave, and not mistrusted: And *Thirdly*, To be diligent in all Matters that concern his own Interest. These profitable Talents I must needs confess you are absolute Master of, and managed them with that admirable Cunning, that I always conceiv'd a different Opinion of you, till I had given it irrevocably into your Power to feather your own Nest, by compleating of my Ruin; and like a true Politician (I thank you) you made an excellent Use of the lucky Opportunity: For when the Vicissitude of Fortune had put my Affairs in a little Disorder, and I thought it best for the Safety of my Person to take foreign Sanctuary, what friendly Protections did you make, from the Teeth outwards, of the faithful Service you would do me in my Absence, in order to compose and settle Matters after such a manner, that all the Difficulties should be remov'd and made easie, that had lessen'd my Credit, and occasion'd me to withdraw? Upon which, I being too forward to believe a Person, I had rais'd from Sheep-skin Breeches, and Leathern Shoe-ties, to the Substance and Reputation of a topping Citizen, could never forget the Obligation he lay under to do me Justice, as to prove treacherous to his Master, trusted you alone with my whole Effects, and the sole Power of managing my Affairs according to your own Discretion: But you, like a faithless Steward, when my Back was turn'd, instead of endeavouring to support my declining Reputation, lessen'd my Circumstances to my Creditors far beneath their real Estimate, till you had bought up my Notes to the Sum of a hundred thousand Pounds, for an eighth Part of their Value, on your own Behalf,

Behalf, with the ready Specie I had left you to compound my Matters; and like an honest Man return'd them upon me at their full Contents, cheating my Creditors of seven Parts in eight of their Due, linking the Money to your self, and leaving, like an ungrateful Wretch, the kindest of all Masters to die a Beggar. In this, I say, you shew'd your self a compleat Citizen: *First*, A Hypocrite, in dissimbling Friendship to me: *Secondly*, A Knave, in cheating me and my Creditors: And *Thirdly*, An industrious Man, in diligently converting so fair an Opportunity so foully to your own Interest.

Upon this Basis (when down right Knavery, according to the City Phrase, was term'd outwitting) you rais'd a popular Esteem to your self for being a wealthy Man, and a cunning one, and as I have since heard, daily improv'd your Riches as honestly as you got it; and by changing broad Money into less, made your Sums the larger: A pretty sort of a Paradox, that a Man by Diminution should raise an Increase: But the Deed was darker than the Saying, yet both very intelligible to monied Citizens in the Age you live in. It is no great Wonder, if rightly consider'd, that a Man of your Dealing should acquire such vast Riches, since you were so well belov'd by your under Agents, that scarce a Session pass'd for seven Years together, but one or other was hanged for the Propagation of your Interest, whilst your self stood secure behind a Bulwark of full Bags, that skreen'd your Person from the Law, and your Reputation from the Danger of common Slander.

Another fortunate Opportunity you had of heaping more Muck upon your fertile Possessions, and manuring those mighty Sums you had before collected, was the Misfortunes of your Prince, which largely contributed (as you honestly order'd the matter) to your further Prosperity. Fourscore thousand Pounds more added to your preceding

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Stock, was, indeed, enough to make a reasonable Man contented; but as nothing less than the Conquest of the whole World could satisfie the Ambition of *Alexander*; so nothing, I am apt to think, but the Riches of the Universe, can quench the unbounded Avarice of so aspiring a *Cræsus*. But oh the Disappointments that attend the proud and wealthy! What signifies three hundred thousand Pounds to an ambitious Alderman, if he cannot take a peaceable Nod in the Elbow-Chair of State, and be registred in the City-Annals Lord Mayor of *London*, that Posterity may read *D——m* and his *Turkies* were as much renowned in the Age they liv'd in, as *Whittington* and his Cat? I am heartily sorry (since Fortune's Favours, and your own indefatigable Knavery, have so happily concurr'd to make you rich) that the Electors of the City would not also agree to make you honourable; and that your gilt Oracle of Time, that publick Monument of your Generosity, with your Promise of a Mansion-House for the City-Magistrate, and the twelve Apostles to be elevated at the East-end of *St. Paul's*, will not all prevail upon the Livery-men of *London* to chuse you into the Trust and Dignity, which would very highly become a Person of your Worth, Honour and Integrity. But, as I well remember, one of the Eggs was rotten, which I have since reflected on, and think it reasonable to judge, if there be any Divination by Eggs, that it predicted your Hopes would be addled in this very Affair; and do therefore advise you for the future, to decline all Thoughts of the Mayoralty. I am very well pleas'd that you deal barefac'd to the World in one Particular, which is, that though you keep a Chaplain in your House to feed your Ears with a few minc'd Instructions, yet you entertain two Mistresses publicly in your Family, to reduce the rebellious Flesh into an orderly Subjection; from whence your Neighbours may see, in Matters of Religion you are no Hypocrite, but
openly

openly do that which more secret Sinners would be ashamed to be caught in, who perhaps are full as wicked, tho' they hide their Vices with a sanctify'd Coverflut, whilst you professing not much Religion, scorn to make so ill a use as a Cloak, of that little you are bless'd with.

I fear you are grown too bulky in Estate to be long-liv'd in Prosperity, you are a well-fed Fish to be caught nibbling at the Bait, and abundance of great Men are angling for you; if you are once hamper'd by the Hook, you will not shake your self off easily: And methinks it's pity a Man that, I have some reason to say, has got an Estate knavishly should ever run the Hazard of losing it foolishly; but preserve it according to the Custom of the City, to build an Alms-house after your Decease, that may maintain about the thousandth Part of as many ple when he is dead, as he has cheated when he was living.

So farewell,

B——

The Answer to Alderman B——l.

S I R,

W H O would ever be a Servant, if it were not for the Hopes of being at one time or other as good a Man as his Master? It's the Thoughts of bettering our own Conditions without Danger, that makes a Man submit with Patience to a servile Subjection; But he that can govern his Master, will never truly obey him; and he that finds he can outwit him, will be no longer his Fool. Nature made us Freemen alike, and gave us the whole World to seek our Fortunes in; and he that by either Wit, strength or Industry, can straddle over the Back

of another, has the riding of him for his Pains. If one Man that is poor, worms a rich Man out of his Estate, it is but changing Conditions with one another, and the World in general is not a Jot the worse for it: Besides, in most Mens Opinions, he best deserves an Estate that has Cunning enough to get one, and Wit enough to keep it when he has got it. I know no Injustice but what is punishable by the Laws of the Land; and if I can acquire an Estate, tho' fifty Men starve for it, that the Laws will protect me in, I think my self as rightfully possess'd as any Man in the Kingdom: He that is bubbled out of an Estate will certainly fall under the Character of a Fool; and he that gets one will be as surely suspected for a Knave: No Man enjoys the Reputation of an honest Man, but he who bribes the World by Courtesies into that Opinion of him; and he who, like my self, scorns to be at the Charge of purchasing on't, shall be sure never to enjoy the Character. Honesty and Courage may be said to stand upon one Bottom, for all Men would derogate from both, and be Knaves and Cowards if they durst; for it's the Fear of being pist upon by every Body, that makes Men fight soberly; and the fear of Punishment that makes Men live honestly; yet a politick Coward often passes for a brave Man for want of being try'd; and an arrant Knave, for want of Opportunity for a very honest Fellow.

You blame me for building my own Welfare out of your Ruin, and charge me with Knavery for taking the Advantage of your Folly; I am of that old Opinion, that all Mankind are either Fools or Knaves; and it is a Maxim in my Politicks, that he who will not be a Knave, the World will make a Fool of him. One Man's oversight is always another's Game. How then can you condemn me for laying hold of that Opportunity, which your Weakness gave me as a Tryal of my Wit? And had I neglected making a true Use of it to my own Advantage, I had made my self a much greater Fool

than he who trusted a single Man's honesty with so large a Temptation. Could you have kept your Estate in your own Power, how great was your Indiscretion to deliver it into mine? And since I found, when I had it in my Custody, I could secure it to myself, beyond the Power of the Law to recover it, how foolish shou'd I have been to have omitted the Opportunity? In short, I am very well satisfied at the Usage I gave you, no Check of Conscience do I yet find that inclines me to Repentance; but am heartily resolv'd, through the Course of my Life, never to let slip so luscious an Advantage.

As for my sorting of Broad-Money for the royal Snippers, it was grown so universal a Practice among all Dealers, that it ceas'd from being thought criminal, and became a profitable Trade; and I never was so lazy in my Life, as to suffer any Project to be on foot, wherein Money was to be got, but I always had a hand in't. The *Hollanders* clipp'd it openly in their Shops, and pass'd it afterwards among us. And shall we suffer a foreign Nation to ingross that Advantage to themselves, which was doubtless rather the Property of a true-born *Englishman* to enjoy? No, I am a true Lover of my Country, and do assert, it's better to be Rogues among our selves, and cozen one another, than it is to be cheated in our own way by a Pack of knavish Neighbours.

As for my Master King *James*, I dealt honestly by him as long as he continued my Customer; but truly when his Credit was sunk, and he was forc'd to take Sanctuary in a foreign Country, my Conscience told me 'twas the safest Way, even to serve my Prince as I had done you my Master; for, indeed, I could not reasonably think Providence flung so many lucky Hits in a Man's way for him to make no Use of; besides, what signifies cozening a King of a trifling Sum of Fourscore thousand Pound, when he was going into a Country where every Body knew he would

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be well provided for? I consider'd it would do me more Kindness by half; and tho' some of his Friends blam'd me, yet I thought my self an honest Man by much, than those who stripp'd him of his Sovereignty; for if it was a Sin to cheat him at all, then those who cheated him most were doubtless the most wicked; and to deal with you like an old Friend, without Diffimulation, as long as I can imagine there's a Man upon Earth more sinful than my self, I have a Conscience that can fling nothing in my Face, but what I can withstand boldly without blushing.

You seem to highly reflect upon me for keeping two domestick Conveniencies publickly in my Family, as if a Man of my Grandeur should abridge himself of those Pleasures which every Apprentice-Boy has the Enjoyment of between the Mistress and the Maid, without stirring over the Threshold: And sure an Alderman in the City, a grave Magistrate, a Man worth three hundred thousand Pounds, need not be either afraid or ashamed of being suspected guilty of that little sniveling Sin practis'd daily in every Citizen's house, from the very Beds in the Garret, down to the Stools in the Kitchen. Why, at the rate you would muzzle ones Appetite, a Man had better by half be a Presbyterian Parson, and have two or three pair of holy Sisters to smuggle over every Week, than to be an Alderman of the City of the City of *Loadon*, and have his carnal Inclinations Priest-ridden with a Curb-Bridle.

As for the fair Promises I made to the City in order to have coaks'd them to have chose me Mayor, I design'd them only as alluring Baits to tempt the godly Party over to my Interest, and in the common Hall it took very good effect; but had I once got into the Chair, I should have shew'd them a Trick like Sir *Timber Temple*, and have reduc'd my Mountain-Promise into a Mole-hill Performance; which our cunning Fraternity mistrusting (for always set a Knave to catch a Knave) by a Piece of unpracticable

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ble Subtilty they threw me out, when I thought my self as Cock-sure of the Honour, as a Man is of a Morsel he has got in his Mouth: But the City is so corrupted, that an honest Church-man can put no Confidence in a Parcel of knavish Fanaticks, but he is sure to be deceiv'd. Had the Church Party been strong enough to have brought me in, I had then caught what I gap'd for, as sure as there's a Cuckold in *Guild-hall* in the time of Election: But knowing our Court of Wiseakers was at that time under the Ascendency of a whiggish Planet, I was fearful I should lose it; but they had better have chose me, for I assure them, I would sooner go into *Barbary* and feed Estriches with my Money, than I would lay out one Groat towards so much as the repairing of one of their old Gates, or in adding any thing to the Cities Magnificence, tho' 'twas no more than a Weather-cock: Nay, I have now so little Charity for that ingrateful *Sodom*, that I would not be at the Expence of giving them an Engine, tho' I was sure 'twould save them from a second Conflagration.

I fear, Sir, by this time I have quite tired your Patience, and shall therefore conclude with this Acknowledgment, that I liv'd under one of the best Princes in the World, and one of the best Masters in the Kingdom, and that under both, I thank my Stars, I have patch'd up a pretty good Fortune, and I profess, as I am a Christian of the true Church by Law establish'd, I would turn Subject to the *Grand Seignior*, and Servant to Alderman *Lucifer*, to enjoy again two such precious Opportunities.

*So I rest, with a quiet Conscience,
your thankful Servant*

C ——— D ———

From HENRY PURCEL to Dr. B——W.

Dear Friend,

TO tell you the Truth, I send you this Letter on Purpose to undeceive you ; I know that the upper World has a Notion, that these infernal Shades are destitute of all Harmony, and delight in nothing but Jarring, Discord and Confusion ; upon the Word of a Musician, you are all mistaken, for I never came into a merrier Country, since I knew a Whimsy from a Fiddle-stick ; every Body here sings as naturally as a Nightingale, and at least as sweet. Lovers sit perch'd upon Boughs by pairs, like murmuring Turtles in a rural Grove, and in amorous Ditties sing forth their passionate Affections ; all People on this Side the adamantine Gates have their Organs perfect, and *I burn, I burn, I burn*, which some Persons thought a critical Song upon Earth, is here sung by every Scoundrel : The whole infernal Territory is infested with such innumerable Crouds of Poets and Musicians, that a Man can't stir twice his Length, but he shall tread upon a new Ballad ; and as for Musick, it's so plenty among us, that a Fellow shall be scraping upon a Fiddle at every Garret-Window, and another tinkling a Spinnet, or a Virginal in every Chimney-Corner ; Flutes, Hautboys and Trumpets are so perpetually tooting, that all the Year round the whole Dominion is like a *Bartholomew-Fair* ; and as for Drums you have a Set of them under every Devil's Window, ratling and thumping like a Consort of his Majesty's Rat tat-too's at an *English* Wedding : We have such a Glut of all sorts of Performers, that our very Ears are surfeited ; and any Body may hire a Consort for a Day, large enough to surround *Westminster-Abbey*, for the Price of an hundred of Chestnuts ; yet every Minstrel performs to Admiration.

Every

Every Cobler here that dispatches a Voluntary whilst he's waxing his Thread, shall out-sing Mr. *Ab—I*, and a Carpenter shall make better Musick upon an empty Cupboard strung with five Brass-Wires, than *Bap—st* can upon the Harpsichord; every Trumpet that attends a Bodkin Lottery, sounds better than *Sh—re*; and not a Porter here plies at the Corner of a Street, but with his stubbed Fingers, can make a smooth Table out grunt the Harmony of a double Curtel. We have Catches too in admirable Perfection: Fish-Women sit and sing them at Market, instead of scolding as they do at *Bil-lingsgate*; Hymns and Anthems are as frequent among us as among you of the upper World; for to every Church God Almighty has on Earth, here the Devil has a Chapel.

You are sensible I was a great Lover of Musick before I departed my temporal Life, but now I am so surfeited with incessant Sound, that I would rather chuse to be as deaf as an Adder, than be plagu'd with the best *Ayre* that ever *Corelli* made, or the finest *Sola* or *Sonata* that ever was compos'd in *Italy*: For you must know the Laws of this Country are such, that every Man, for his Sins in the other World, shall here be punish'd with Excess of that which he there esteem'd most pleasant and delightful. Lovers, that in your Region would hang, or drown, or run thro' Fire like a Couple of Salamanders for one another's Company, are here coupled together like the Twins *Castor* and *Pollux*, pursuant to their own Wishes upon Earth, and have all the Liberty they can desire with one another, but must never be separated whilst Eternity endures. This sort of Confinement, tho' 'tis what they once coveted, makes them so sick of another in a little time, that they cry out, O damnable Slavery! Odiabolical Matrimony! and are always drawing two several Ways with all imaginable Hatred, endeavouring, to break their Fetters, and pursue variety; thus every one is wedded to what they like best, and yet

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every Persons Desires terminate in their own Misery, which sufficiently shews there is no other Justice to punish us for our Follies, than the Objects of our own loose Appetites and Inclinations; for that which we are apt to covet most when we are in the upper World, generally, if obtain'd, proves our greatest Unhappiness; therefore since Experience would not teach us to bridle our Inclinations on the other side the Grave, the Pleasures we pursued when we were living, are after Death appointed to be our Punishments.

Doctor Stag—s, is greatly improved since he arriv'd in these Parts, and has more Crotchets flow thro' his Brains in one Minute, than he can digest into Musick in a whole Week; he had not been here a Month, but his bandy-Legs stept into a very good Place, and his Business is to compose Scotch Tunes for Lucifer's Bag-piper. Honest Tom Farmer has taken such an Antipathy against Musick, upon hearing a French Barber play Banister's Ground in *Bmi*, upon a Jews-Trump, that he swears that the hooping of a Tub, and filing of a Saw, makes the sweetest Harmony in Christendom, Robin Smith, is still as Love-mad as ever he was; hangs half a dozen Fiddles at his Girdle, as the Fellow does his Coney-skins, and scours up and down Hell, crying a *Reevs*, a *Reevs*, as if the Devil was in him. Poor Vol Redding too is quite tired with his Lyre-way-Fiddle, and has betaken himself to be a Merry-Andrew to a Dutch Mountebank; and the Reason he gave for it was this, That he was got into a Country where he found Fools were more respected than Fiddlers. Dancing-Masters are also as numerous in every Street, as Posts in *Cheap-side*, there is no walking but we must stumble upon them; they are held here but in very slight Esteem, for the Gentry call them Leg-livers, and the Mob from their mighty Number, and their Nimbleness, call them the Devils Grass-hoppers. Players run up and down muttering of old Speeches, like

like so many Madmen in their own Soliloquies; and if any Beau wants a Bridge to bear him over a dirty Channel, a Player lies down instead of a Plank, for him to walk over upon; the Reason why they were doom'd to that piece of scandalous Servitude, was, because they were as proud upon the Stage as the very Princes they represented; and as humble in a Brandy-shop, as a Scold in a Ducking-stool; therefore were fit for nothing when they had done Playing, but to be trampled upon. I have nothing further at present to impart to you, so begging you to excuse this trouble,

I rest,

Your Humble Servant,

HENRY PURCEL.

Dr. B ——— w's Answer to HENRY PURCEL.

Dear Friend,

YOUR Letter was one of the greatest surprises to me, I ever met with; for after giving Credit to that fulsome piece of Flattery, stuck up by some of your Friends upon a Pillar behind the Organ, which you once were Master of, I remain'd satisfied you were gone to that happy Place, where your own Harmony could only be exceeded, and had left order with some of your Friends to put up that Epitaph only as a Direction where your Acquaintance upon occasion might be sure to meet with you; but since you have favour'd me with a Letter from your own Hand, wherein you assure me 'twas your Fortune to travel a quite contrary Road. I will always be of Opinion for the future, that when a Man takes a step in the dark, those that he leaves behind him can no more guess where

he is gone, than I can tell what's become of the Saddle which *Baalam* rid upon when his Ass spoke; for I find just as People please or displease us in this World, we accordingly assign them a Place of Happiness or Unhappiness in the next, Virtue shall be Rewarded, and Vice punished hereafter; it's true, but when or how, I believe every Man knows as well as the Pope; therefore many People have blam'd the Inscription of your Marble, and think it a Presumption in the Pen-man to be so very positive in Matters, which the wisest of Mankind, without Death, can come to no true Knowledge of. The Fanaticks especially are very highly offended at it, and say, It looks as if a Man could Toot himself to Heaven upon the Whore of *Babylon's* Bagpipes, and that Religion consists only in the true setting of a Catch, or composing of a Madrigal. I have had many a bitter Squabble with them in Defence of your Epitaph, upon which they scoffingly advis'd me to get *Monsieur d'Urfey* to tag it with Rhime, then my self to garnish it with a Tune, and so make it a Catch in imitation of *Under this Stone lies Gabriel John, &c.* which unlucky saying so Dumfounded me, that I was forc'd silently to submit, because you had serv'd another Person's Epitaph after the same manner.

I have no Novelties to entertain you with relating to either the *Abbey* or *St. Paul's*, for both the Choirs continue just wicked as they were when you left them; some of them daily come reeking hot out of a Bawdy house into the Church; and others stagger out of a Tavern to Afternoon Prayers, and Hickup over a little of the *Litany*, and so back again. Old *Claret-face* beats Time still upon his Cushion stoutly, and sits growling under his Purple Canopy a hearty old-fashion'd Base that deafens all about him. Beau *busby-Whig* preserves his Voice to a Miracle, charms all the Ladies over against him with his handsome Face; and all over Head with his Singing. Parson *Punch* makes a
very

very good shift still, and Lyrics over his part in an Anthem very handsomly. So much for the Church, and now for the Play-houses, which are grown so abominably wicked since the pious Society have undertook to reform them, that not a Member of the Fraternity will sit down to his Dinner, till he has repeated over a Catalogue of Curses upon the Crew of Sin-sucking Hypocrites, as long as a Presbyterian Grace, then falls to with a good Appetite, and damns them as heartily after Dinner; nor will they bring a Play upon the Stage, unless larded with half a dozen of luscious bawdy Songs in Contempt of the Reforming Authority, some writ by Mr. C—and set by your Friend Doctor B—; others writ by Mr. D—, and Set by your Friend Mr. E—: You know Men of our Profession hang between the Church and the Play-house, as *Mahomet's Tomb* does between the two Load-stones, and must equally incline to both, because by both we are equally supported.

Religion is grown a Stalking-horse to every Bodies Interest, and every Man chuses to be of that Faith which he finds to be most profitable. Our Parochial-Churches this hot Weather are but indifferently fill'd, but our Cathedrals are still crowded as they us'd to be, because to one that comes thither truly to serve God, fifty come purely to hear the Musick; the Blessing of Peace has again quite forsaken us, and the People tired with being happy, have drawn the Curse of War upon their own Heads; and the Clergy, like true Christians, confound their Enemies heartily. Money begins already to be as scarce as Truth, Honour and Honesty; and a Man may walk from *Ludgate* to *Aldgate*, near high Change-time, and not meet a Citizen with a full Bag under his Arm, or Jot of plain Dealing in his Conscience. The ready *Spesie* lies all in the Bank and the Exchequer, and most Traders Estates lie in their Pocket-books and their Comb-Cases: Paper goes current instead of Cash,
and

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and Pen and Ink does us more service than the Mines in the *Indies*. I am very much in Arrears upon the account of my Business, as well as the Brethren of my Quality; but whether we shall be paid in this World or the next, we are none of us yet certain. You made a timely step out of a troublesome World, could I imagine you were got into a worse, I could easily pin my Faith upon Impossibilities; but fare as you will, it cannot be long e'er I shall give you my Company, and discover the Truth of that which our Priests talk so much of, and know so little:

Till then I rest yours,

B—

From worthy Mrs. BEHN the Poetess, to the famous Virgin Actress.

Madam,

I Vow to Gad, Lady, of all the fair Sex that ever occupied their Faculties upon the publick Stage, I think your pretty self the only Miracle! For a Woman to cloak the frailties of Nature with such admirable Cunning as you have done hitherto, merits in my Opinion, the Wonder and Applause of the whole Kingdom! How many chaste *Diana's* in your Station have lost their Reputation before they have done any thing to deserve it? But for a Woman of your Quality first to surrender her Honour, and afterwards preserve her Character, shows a discreet Management beyond the Policy of a Statesman: Your Appearance upon the Stage puts the Court-Ladies to the Blush, when they reflect that a mercenary Player should be more renown'd for her Virtue, than all the glorious Train of fair Spectators; who, like true Women, hear your Praises whisper'd with

with Regret, and behold your Person with insupportable Envy. The Roman Empress *Messalina* was never half so famous for her Lust, as you are for your Chastity; nor the most Christian King's Favourite, *Madam Maintenon*, more eminent for her Parts, than you are for your Cunning; for nothing is a greater Manifestation of a Woman's Conduct, than for her to be vicious without Mistrust, and to gratifie her looser Inclinations without Discovery; at which sort of Managements you are an absolute Artist, as since my departure I have made evident to my self, by residing in those Shades where the Secrets of all are open; for peeping by chance into the Breast of your old Acquaintance, where his Sins were as plainly scor'd as Tavern-Reckonings upon a Bar-board; there did I behold, among his numberless Transgressions, your Name registred so often in the black-List, that Fornication with *Madam B*—came so often into the Score, that it seem'd to me like a Chorus at the end of every Stanza in an old Ballad: Besides, had I wanted so manifest a Proof, as by chance I met with; Experience has taught me to judge of my own Sex to a Perfection, and I know the difference there is between being really virtuous and only accounted so: I am sensible 'tis as hard a matter for a pretty Woman to keep her self honest in a Theatre, as 'tis for an Apothecary to keep his Treacle from the Flies in hot Weather; for every Libertine in the Audience will be buzzing about her Honey-pot, and her Virtue must defend it self by abundance of Fly-flaps, or those Flesh-loving Insects will soon blow upon her Honour, and when once she has had a Maggot in her Tail, all the Pepper and Salt in the Kingdom will scarce keep her Reputation from stinking; therefore that which makes me admire your good Huswifry above all your Sex, is, That notwithstanding your Powdering-Tub has been so often polluted, yet you have kept your Flesh in such Credit and good Order,
that

that the nicest Appetite in the Town would be glad to make a Meal of it.

You must excuse me, *Madam*, that I am thus free with you, for you know 'tis the Custom of our Sex to take all manner of Liberty with one another, and to talk smuttily, and act waggishly when we are by our selves, tho' we scarce dare listen to a merry Tale in Man's Company for fear of being thought impudent. You know the bob-tail'd Monster is a censorious Creature, and if we should not be cunning enough to cast a Mist before the Eyes of their Understanding sometimes, there would be no living among them; and therefore I cannot but highly commend you for your Prudence in covering all your vicious Inclinations by an hypocritical Deportment: For how often have we heard Men say, tho' a Woman be a Whore, yet they love she should carry her self modestly? That is as much as to say, they love to be cheated, and you know, *Madam*, we can hit their Humours in that particular to a hairs-breadth, and convey one Man away from under our Petticoats to make room for another, with as much Dexterity as the *German* Artist does his Balls, that the keenest Eye in *Christendom* shall not discern the Juggle, for a Woman ought to be made up of all Chinks and Crannies, that when a Man searches for any thing he should not find, she may shuffle about her Secrets so, that the Devil can't discover them, or else she's fit only to make a Semstress on, and can never be rightly qualified for Intriguing. I have just now the Remembrance of a few Female Stratagems crept into my Head, which were practised by a pretty Lady of my Acquaintance, perhaps, *Madam*, if they are not stale to you, you may make them of some service hereafter; therefore in hopes of obliging you, I shall acquaint you with the Particulars.

I happen'd long since in the time of my Youth, when powerful Nature prompted me to delight in amorous Adventures, to contract a Friendship with
a fair

a fair Lady, who for her Wit and Beauty, was oftentimes solicited by the Male Sex to help make up that Beast of Pleasure with two Backs, and hating to submit her self to the tyrannical Government of a single Person, never wanted a whole Parliament of Nipples to give her Suck, tho' she flatter'd one Man that kept her, to believe he was sole Monarch of the Low-Countries; but one time he unfortunately happen'd to catch her with a new Relation, of whom he was a little jealous, believing for some Reasons he had an underhand Design of liquoring his Boots for him, to prevent which he impos'd an Oath of Abjuration upon his Mistress, and made her swear for the future to renounce the sight of him, which to oblige her Keeper, she very readily consented to; but no sooner was his back turn'd, but she had invented a Salvo for her Conscience, as well as her Concupiscence, and dispatching a Letter to her new Lover; told him what had pass'd, but withal, encourag'd him to renew his Visits at such Opportunities as she inform'd him were convenient; at the time appointed her Spark came, she receiv'd him with a blind Complement, and told him, she would open any thing but her Eyes to oblige him; but those she must keep shut for her Oath's sake, having sworn never to see him if she could help it. The Gentleman was very well satisfied he had so conscientious a Lady to deal with: Love, *Madam*, says he, is always blind, and for my part, I shall be content to enjoy the darkest of your Favours; upon which he began vigorously to attack Love's Fortrefs, which you know, *Madam*, has no more Eyes than a Beetle; as she told me the Story, he was beat off three times, and at last was forc'd to draw off his Forces, so march'd off to raise Recruits against the next Opportunity. The next Day came the Governour of the Garrison, as he foolishly thought himself, and made a strict Enquiry whether she had any Correspondence with the Enemy? Lord, *Sir*, says she, what do you take me.

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me to be? A Devil! As I hope to be Sav'd, I never set Eyes of him since you engag'd me to the contrary: So all things past off as well as if no Evil had been acted.

The next fresh Acquaintance she contracted, she would never suffer to wait upon her at her Lodgings, other-ways dress'd than in female Apparel; so when a new fit of Jealousie put her Spark upon purging her Conscience upon Oath, as I have a Soul to be sav'd, says she, no Creature in Breeches but your self has been near me since your self had Knowledge of it; therefore why, my Dear, should you harbour such ill Thoughts of a Woman that loves you as dearly as I do my Beads and Crucifix? Thus, tho' she deceiv'd him as often as she had Opportunity, yet her Discretion kept all things in such admirable Decorum, that I never knew any of the fair Sex, except your self, like her.

If it were not for these witty Contrivances, subtil-Shifts and Evasions, which we are forc'd to use to keep the Male Sex easie, a pretty or an ingenious Woman, to make one happy, must make twenty miserable; for Wit and Beauty are never without abundance of Admirers; and if such a Woman were to sacrifice all her Charms to the miserly Temper of one single Lover, the rest must run distracted, and at this rate the whole World in a short time would become one great *Bedlam*; besides, since there is enough to make all happy, if prudently dispens'd, I know no Reason why one Man should engross more than he is able to deal with, and other Men want that, which by using there can be no miss of; therefore I commend you for the Liberty you take to oblige your chosen Friends, and the Prudence you use to conceal it from the envious number you think unworthy of your Smiles; so with this Advice I shall conclude, If you have twenty Gallants that taste your Favours in their Turns, let no Man know he has a Rival-sharer in the Happiness; but swear to every one a-part, none enjoys you but

but himself ; and by this Means you will oblige the whole Herd, and make your self easie in their numerous Embraces.

Tours,

A. BEHN.

The Virgin's Answer to Mrs. BEHN.

Madam,

IT is no great Wonder to me you should prove so witty, since so many Sons of *Parnassus*, instead of climbing the *Heliconian* Hill, should stoop so low, as to make your Mount of *Venus* the barren Object of their Poetick Fancies : I have heard some Physicians say, the sweet Sin of Fornication draws mightily from the Brain ; for which Reason, it is more affected with the Pleasure than any other part of the Body : If so, how could the Spirit of Poessie be otherwise than infus'd into you, since you always gain'd by what the Fraternity of the Muses lost in your Embraces ? You were the young Poets *Venus* ; to you they paid their Devotion as a Goddess, and their first Adventure, when they adjourn'd from the University to this Town, was to solícite your Favours ; and this advantage you enjoy'd above the rest of your Sex, that if a young Student was but once infected with a Rhiming Itch, you by a butter'd Bun could make him an establish'd Poet at any time ; for the Contagion, like that of a worse Distemper, will run a great way, and be often strangely contracted. I have heard a Gentleman say, that when he has bedded with a Poetess, or rival'd a Poet in his Mistress, that he has dreamt of nothing but Plays, Ballads and Lampoons for six Months after ; and has been forc'd to Cuckold a Critick, before he could get cur'd of the Distemper. From hence it appears, that a Man in his sober Senses

runs

runs a greater hazard of his Brains in having familiar Contrast with a Daughter of the *Muses*, than a drunken Man does of his nobler Parts, in Paving the Common-shore of a Town Prostitute.

You upbraid me with a great Discovery you chanc'd to make, by peeping into the Breast of an old Friend of mine; if you give your self but the trouble of examining an old Poet's Conscience; who went lately off the Stage, and now takes up his Lodgings in your Territories, and I don't question, but you'll there find, Mrs. *Behn* writ as often in black Characters, and stand as thick in some Places, as the Names of the Generation of *Adam* in the first Chapter of *Genesis*. But oh! That I had but one Glance into your own Accounts; there I am sure, should I find a compleat Register of all the Poets of your standing, from the *Laureat*, down to the *White-Fryars* Ballad-monger: At this Rate, well might you be esteem'd a Female Wit, since the least Return your Versifying Admirers could make you for your Favours, was, first to lend you their Assistance, and then oblige you with their Applause: Besides, how could you do otherwise than produce some Wit to the World, since you were so often plough'd and sow'd by the kind Husbandmen of *Apollo*? But, give me leave, *Madam*, to tell you, after all your amorous Intrigues to please the Tag-lines of the Age, and all the Fatigue of your Brains to oblige a fickle Audience, I never could yet hear that your Reputation ever soar'd above the Character of a bawdy Poetess; and these were the two Knacks you were chiefly happy in, one was to make Libertines laugh, and the other to make modest Women blush; and had you happen'd to have liv'd in a Reforming Age, under the Lash of Mr. C——r, he would have so fir'd you about the Pig-market, that you must have learn'd to have writ more Modestly, or he would have been apt to have said, you certainly thin'd your Ink with your own Water, or you could never have writ so bawdily.

You.

You seem almost to think it an indispensable Difficulty for a Woman in my Quality to preserve her Reputation, especially if she has done any thing to deserve the Loss of it; I say, a prudent Woman may do it with all the Facility imaginable, by keeping up to a few Maxims in female Policy, which few Women are Strangers to. *First*, Were I to give my self Liberty (as whether I do or no is no matter to any body) I would always bestow my Favours upon those above me, and those beneath me, and never be concern'd with any Man upon an equal Footing; and these are my Reasons. Suppose the vitious Eyes of a great Man are fix'd upon me, and my Charms should kindle a Love-Passion in the Cockles of his Heart; he writes, chatters, swears and prays, according to Custom in such Cases, I still defend the Premises, by a flat verbal Denial; but at the same Instant encourage him in my Looks, and am always free to oblige him with my Company; till by this sort of Usage I make him sensible downright Courtship will never prevail; and that the Cittadel he besieges is not to be surrender'd without bribing the Governess: Then he begins to mix his fine Words with fine Presents; he gives, I receive, returning a side Glance for a Diamond Ring, two Smiles for a Gold Watch, a Kiss for a Pearl Necklace, and at last, for a round Sum the ultimate of my Favours; of which, in one Months time, he is as much tir'd, as a Child is of a *Bartholomew* Knick-knack, and so we separate again, both fully satisfied: In this case, I say, a Woman's Reputation is pretty safe; for if he has any Brains, he will be afraid to discover I have been his Bedfellow, lest I should tell the World he has been my Bubble; for he can't help believing, if he had never been my Fool, I had never been his Mistress.

In the next place, why I would rather submit to make a Friend of an inferior, than an equal; I think these Reasons are sufficient: If I oblige a Man beneath me, he look upon my Condescension
to

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to be his greatest Honour ; and 'tis but now and then furnishing his Pockets with a little spending Money, and he'll drudge like a Stone-Horse to give me a competent Refreshment ; not only that, but he'll lye for me, swear for me, fight for me, and be always speaking in Praise of my Virtues upon every occasion ; my mixing his Pleasure with Profit, makes it so much the sweeter, and engages him to give my Favours a more diligent Attendance. I can govern, command, expect, and make him more my Slave, than a Woman is to her Keeper ; and he takes it to be his only Happiness to be so. And for my part, I think there is more Satisfaction in having a Man that one likes, in this sort of Subjection, than there is in being Curtizan to any gouty Peer in *Christendom* ; for I have always had the same Ambition to be Mistress over some of the Male Sex, as some of them have had to make me their humble Servant. These are the reasons why some Ladies submit themselves to the Lash of the long Whip, and love to be jerk'd by their Coachmen ; and why Lawyers Wives join issue with their Husbands Clerks ; and Shopkeepers Help-mates court the Benevolence of their Apprentices : For a Woman's Business is seldom done by a Man that's her Master ; and I must frankly confess, were I to be a Slave to the best Man's Lust in the Kingdom, tho' kept never so well for't, if I had not a Man beneath me in the same Classis, I should think my Life but a miserable Confinement ; for there is no other Pleasure in Money got over the Devil's Back, but in spending it under his Belly ; besides, if a Woman's Reputation be safe in any Man's Power, it must certainly be secure in the Custody of an inferior so oblig'd ; for Interest is the best Padlock in the World to confine a Tongue to silence : But if you make an Equal your Familiar, and no Interest binding on either side, upon every little Disgust it shall be, Confound you for a Wh—re, what made you disappoint me ? D—mn you for a Jilt, what

what Spark were you engag'd with? And this sort of Usage, in a little time, a Woman must expect to be treated with; and Ten to One, but at last expos'd; and this is all the Gratitude the poor loving Fool shall meet with for her Kindness.

Pray, *Madam*, tho' I have been so free with you, as to deliver you my Sentiments, don't you take me to be a Person that ever put them into practice; I only tell you, according to my present Judgment, what I believe I should do, was I under the same Predicament with many Ladies, whom I see daily in the Boxes; but I thank my Stars, I had always more Modesty than to be lewd; and more Generosity, than to be mercenary; and have hitherto took care to preserve a virtuous Reputation, notwithstanding I know what I know; therefore I desire your Conscience-peeping; besides, that was in another World; and when all comes to all, I believe it's only a Piece of your own *Romantick Wit*, and as such I take it.

So farewell.

*From Madam CRESWEL of Pious Memory,
to her Sister in Iniquity MOLL QUARLES
of Known Integrity.*

Dear Sister,

IT is no little Grief to me on this side the Grave, to hear what a low Ebb the good old Trade of Basket-making is reduc'd to in the Age yon live in; for I hear it is as much as a Woman of tolerable Beauty, and reasonable Share of Experience, can well do, to keep clean Smocks to her Back, and pay her Surgeon; when in my time, praised be the L—rd for it, I kept my Family as neat and sweet, poor Girls, as any Alderman's Daughters in the City

City of *London*. I don't know what Scandal our Profession may be dwindled into since my Departure from the upper World ; but I am sure, thro' the Course of my Life, I was look'd upon by the whole City to be as honest an old Gentlewoman, as ever hazarded her Soul for the Service of her Country ; and always took care to deal in as good Commodities, as any Shopkeeper in *London* could desire to have the handling of, true, wholesome Country-Ware ; whole Waggon-loads have I had come up at a time, have dress'd them at my own Expence, made them fit for Man's Use, and put them into a saleable Condition. The Clergy, I am sure, were much beholding to me, for many a poor Parson's Daughter have I taken care on, bought her Shifts to her Back, put a Trade into her Belly, taught her a pleasant Livelihood, that she might support her self like a Woman, without being beholden to any Body ; who otherwise must have turn'd Drudge, waited upon some proud Minx or other, or else have depended upon Relations ; yet these unmannerly Priests had the sinful Ingratitude before I dy'd, to refuse praying for me in their Churches ; tho' I dealt by all People with a Conscience, and was so well belov'd in the Parish I liv'd in, that the Churchwardens themselves became my daily Customers.

My Home was always a Sanctuary for distressed Ladies ; I never refus'd Meat, Drink, Washing, Lodging, and Cloaths to any that had the least Spark of Wit, Youth, Beauty or Gentility, to recommend them to my Charity ; Ladies Women, Chambermaids, Cookmaids of any Sort, when out of Service, were at all times welcome to my Table, 'till they could better provide for themselves ; and I am sure, tho' I say it that should not, I kept as hospitable a House for all Comers and Goers, as any Woman in *England* ; for the best of Flesh was never wanting to delight the Appetites of both Sexes ; the toppingest Shopkeepers in the City us'd

now

now and then to visit me for a good Supper; and I never fail'd of having a Tid-Bit ready for them; Dainties that were hot and hot, never over-done, but always with the Gravy in them, which pleased them so wonderfully, that they us'd to cry their own Victuals at home was meer Carrion to it; nay, their very Wives sometimes, contrary to their own Husbands knowledge, have tripp'd in, in an Evening, complain'd they have been as hungry as Hawks, and desir'd me to provide a Moriel for them that might satishie their Bellies; for you must know, both Sexes were wonderful Lovers of my Cookery, and would feed very heartily upon such nice Dainties that I toss'd up for them, when no other sort of Flesh would by any means go down with them. Many hopeful Babes have been beholden to my Mansion-house for their Generation; who, tho' they were never wise enough to know their own Father, yet some of them, for ought I know, may at this Day be Aldermen; for I have had as good Merchants Ladies, as ever liv'd in *Mincing-lane*, apply themselves to my fertile Habitation for change of Diet; and have come twice or thrice a Week to refresh Nature with my standing Dishes; for I always kept an open House to feast Lovers; and, *Jove* be thanked, never wanted Variety to gratifie the Appetites of Mankind. Thirty pair of Haunches, both Bucks and Does, have been wagging their Scuts at one another within the compass of one Evening; and many Noblemen, notwithstanding they had Deer of their own, us'd to come to my Park for a Bit of choice Venison, for I never wanted what was fat and good, tho' within my Pale it was all the Year Rutting-time.

It is well known, I kept as good Orders in my House as ever was observ'd in a *Nunnery*; I had a Church Bible always lay open upon my Hall-Table, and had every Room in my House furnish'd with the *Practice of Piety*, and other good Books for the Edification of my Family; that for every Minute

they sinn'd, they might repent an Hour at their Leisure Intervals. I kept a Chaplain in my House, and had Prayers read twice a Day, as constantly as the Sun rises in the Morning, and sets in the Evening; and tho' I say it, I had a parcel of as honest, religious Girls about me, as ever pious *Matron* had under her Tuition at a *Hackney* Boarding-School; nor would they ever dare to humble the proud Flesh of a Sinner without my Leave or Approbation; and like good Christians, as often as they had sinn'd, came to auricular Confession. I always did every thing in the Fear of the Lord, and was, I thank my Creator, so happy in my Memory, that I had as many Texts of Scripture at command, as a Presbyterian Parson. For my Zeal to Religion, and the Services I daily did to the publick Community, I bless my Stars, I never wanted a City-Magistrate to stand my Friend in the Times of Persecution, or any other Adversity; but could have half the Court of Aldermen appear on my Behalf at an Hour's warning. I kept a Painter in my House perpetually employ'd upon fresh Faces, and had as good a Collection of Pictures, to the Life, as ever were to be seen in *Lilly's* Showing-Room; Beauties of all Complexions, from the cole-black cling-fast, to the golden-lock'd insatiate, from the sleepyfy'd Slug, to the brisk-ey'd Wanton; from the reserv'd Hypocrite, to the lew'd Fricatrix; so that every Man might choose by the Shadow, what kind of beautiful Substance would give his Fancy the greatest Titillation. Every Room in my House was adorn'd with the Picture of some grave Bishop, that my Customers might see what a great Veneration I had for the Clergy; all my Lodgings were as well furnish'd, as the splendid Apartments of a Prince's Palace; that every Citizen, whose Wife had been kiss'd at Court, might fancy in Revenge, by the Richness of his Bed, he was making a Cuckold of a Nobleman. I never was without *Viper-Wine* for a Fumbler, to give a spur to old Age, and assist

Impo.

Impotency. I also had right *French Claret*, and the Flower of *Canary*, to wash away the Dregs of the last *Sunday's* Sermon, that the Bugbears of Conscience might not fright a good Churchman from the Pleasures of Fornication. I had Orders in every Room, against cathedral Exercise, or bestial Backslidings, and made it ten Shillings Forfeiture for any that were caught in such Actions; because I would not be bilk'd of my Bed-Money. These were the Measures I took in my Occupation to procure an honest Livelihood; and, Heaven be prais'd, I thriv'd as well in my Profession, as if my Calling had been licensable. How times are alter'd since, I know not; but I hear to my great Sorrow, that Bawding, of late Years, which us'd to be a Trade of it self, is now grown scandalous, and very much declin'd by reason that Midwives, like a parcel of incroaching Hufseys, have engross'd the whole Business to themselves, to the starving of you experienc'd old Ladies, who have spent their Days, and worn out their Beauty in the Service of the Publick; and ought in all Equity to be the only Persons, thought qualify'd for so judicious an Undertaking, to support them in their old Age, when Father Time has stripp'd them of their Charms, and their noble Faculties fail them; besides, I hear Noble-men employ their own Valets, Ladies their own waiting Women, Citizens Wives one another, and all to save Charges, to the Ruin of our poor Sisterhood.

Alack a-day! What a pernicious Age do you live in? that *Traders* should trust one another to buy their Commodities, and all to save the Expence of Brokerage. I fear, there are some Instruments among your selves, that have been the main Occasion of your being thus neglected. I shall further proceed, to give you a little Advice, which, if but duly observ'd, may, I hope, in a little time, recover the ancient State of Bawdery into a flourishing Condition, and make it once more as reputable a Calling.

as it was when Clergymens Widows, and decay'd Ladies at Court, did not disdain to follow it.

Never neglect publick Prayers twice a Day, hear two Sermons every *Sunday*, receive the Sacrament once a Month, but let this be done at a Church where you are unknown; and be sure read the Scriptures often, and be sure fortifie you Tongue with abundance of godly Sayings; let them drop from you in strange Company, as thick as ripe Fruit from the Tree in a high Wind; and whenever you have a Design upon the Daughter, be sure of the Mother's faith, and ply her closely with Religion, and she will trust her beloved abroad with you in hopes she may edifie; for you must consider, there is no being a perfect Bawd without being a true Hypocrite.

Always have a Lodging separate from your House, in a Place of Credit; where, upon an occasion you may entertain the Parents without being suspected, and corrupt the Minds of their Children before they know your Employment: You must first pour the Poison in at their Ears, infect their Thoughts, and when their Fancies begin to itch, they will have their Tails rubb'd in spite of the Devil.

Whenever you have a Maiden-Head, be sure make a Penny of the first Fruits, and at the second-hand let the next Justice of Peace have the Residue on free Cost, tho' you must give her her Lesson, and present her as a pure Virgin; by this sort of Bribery, you may win all the Magistrates in *Middlesex*; make *Hick's-Hall* your Sanctuary and gain an useful Ascendancy over the whole Bench of Justices.

Never admit common Faces into your Domestick Seraglio, 'tis a Scandal to your Family, a Dishonour to your Function, and will certainly spoil your Trade; but ply close at Inns upon the coming in of Waggon, and Geywo-Coaches and there you may hire fresh Countrey Wenches, sound plump

plump, and juicy, and truly qualified for your Business.

Whatever you do, never trust any of your Tits into an Inn of Court, or Inn of Chancery, for if you do they will certainly harasse her about from Chamber to Chamber, till they have rid her off her Legs; elevate her by Degrees, from the Ground Floor to their Garrets, and make her drudge like a Landress, thro' a whole Stair-Case; and after a good Weeks work; send her home with foul Linnen, torn Heed-Geer, rumpled Scarf, Apparel spew'd upon, without Fan, with but one Glove, no Money, and perhaps a hot Tail into the Bargain.

This Advice for the present, if put in Practice, I hope will prove of use to you; I must tell you, there is nothing to be done in the World you live in, without Cunning; Religion it self, without Policy, is too simple to be safe; therefore, if you do but take care for the future and deal by the World, as a Woman of your Station ought to do, and play your Cards like a Gamestres, I don't at all question, but the Mystery of Bawding, by your good Management, may be rais'd again, in spite of Reformation, to its pristine Eminency; which are the hearty Wishes of

Your Defunct Friend,

CRESWELL.

MOLL QUARLES'S *Answer to Mother CRES-*
WELL *of Famous Memory.*

Loving Sister,

YOUR compassionate Letter, has so won my Affections to your pious Memory, that it shall be always my Endeavour to pursue your kind In-

structions, and to make my self the happy Imitatrix of your glorious Example, having often, with great Satisfaction, heard of your Fame; which as long as there is a young Libertine, or an honest old Whoremaster living upon Earth, can never be obliterated. Were I to give you an account of the severe Usage, and many Persecutions I have been under of late days, since the mercenary Reformation of ill Manners has been put on foot, it would soften the most obdurate Wretches within your infernal Precincts, and make them squeeze me out a Tear of pity, tho' your unextinguishable Fire had so dry'd their Souls, that their Immortalities were crusted into perfect Cinder.

Of all the unmerciful Impositions that ever were laid upon Bumb-Labour, none ever so highly afflicted, or so insupportably oppress us, the Retailers of Copulation, as this intolerable Society, who have brib'd those who were our Pimps to forsake our Interest; and have made those Scoundrels who were our meanest Servants, our implacable Masters; who come in Clusters like cowardly Bailiffs to arrest a Bully; disfranchise our Commodities for want of Money to pacifie their greedy Avarice; fright away our Customers, and make us pawn our Cloaths to redeem little more than our Nakedness from a Cat of Nine-tails; and the filthy Confiners of a stinking Prison: At least five Hundred of these reforming Vultures are daily plundering our Pockets, and ransacking our Houses, leaving me sometimes not one pair of tractable Buttocks in my Vaulting-School to provide for my Family, or earn me so much as a Pudding for my next *Sunday's* Dinner: Nay, sometimes I have been forc'd to wag my own Hand to get a Penny for want of a Journey-Woman in my House to dispatch Business. To shun their Fury, I once got Sanctuary in the *Rolls-Liberty*, where I thought my self as safe as a Fox in a Badger's hole, and had bid defiance to the Rogues even to this Day, for only sacrificing now and then an eleemosynary

mosynary Maidenhead to the fumbling of old Impotency ; but some ill-natur'd Observators beginning to reflect, occasion'd my good Friend to look a little askew upon me, when he found his Gravity and Reputation began to be smear'd a little ; so that I was soon toss'd out by his untimely Fear, whose Lust before had kindly given me Protection : And now again, as true as I am a Sinner, the Rogues plunder me of at least eight Pence out of every Shilling for Forbearance-Money, and I believe will grow so unreasonable in a little time, that they will not be content with less gain than an Apothecary. The Officers of the Parish, where-ever I liv'd, had the scouring of their old rusty Hangers for a Word speaking, without so much as gratifying the Wench for making the Bed, or being ever at the Expence of presenting one of my poor Girls with a Paper-Fan, or a pair of Taffeta Shoestrings. One honest Churchwarden, I must confess, when I liv'd in St. Andrew's Parish, after I had serv'd him and his Son with the choicest Goods in my Warehouse for above two Years together, till they had got a Wife Between them, had the Gratitude, like an honest Man to present me with a Looking-glass ; which I took so kindly at his Hands, that I declare it, should he come to my House to morrow, I would oblige him with as good a Commodity in my way, as a worthy old Fornicator or Adulterer would desire to lay his hand upon.

This plaguing and pillaging of all our known Houses of Delight, has been a great Discouragement to young Ladies from tending their Service at such Places, or rendezvouzing in numbers upon the lawful Occasions that concern their Livelihood, for fear of Trouble or Molestation, and make them rather choose to deal singly, as Interlopers, than incorporate themselves with the Company of Town-Traders, for fear of being scratch'd out of their Burrows by those reforming Ferrets, who make worse havock with the poor sculking Creatures,

than so many Weasles or Pole-Cats would do with Coneys in a Warren; they sleep in Fear, walk in Dread, converse in Danger, do their Business poor Wretches, instead of Pleasure, with an aking Heart. Oh, Sister! What a miserable Age is this we live in after you, that one part of Mankind cannot obey the great Law of Nature, but the other part shall make a Law to punish them for doing it? Which Sport, if totally neglected, would soon make Lions, and Tygers Princes of the Earth, and turn the World into a solitary Wilderness.

I cannot but reflect with great Concern upon the Unreasonableness of some Men in Authority, who loving the old Trade of Basket-making so well themselves, are so inveterate against the same Practice in others, that I cannot but believe, they think the sweet Sin of Copulation ought to be enjoy'd by none under the Dignity of a Justice of Peace, or at least the Authority of a High-Constable: Nay, and are so inveterate when they grow old, against other Creatures who they know use it, that a grave City Magistrate, one of the Reforming-Society, seeing a young Game-Cock of his own, refresh his feather'd Mistress three times in about half an Hour, he grew so wonderful angry with the lascivious Chaunticleer, that he order'd him forthwith to be depriv'd of his Progenitors, for committing so foul an Act with such indecent immoderation; looking upon the Intemperance to be a shameful Example, sufficient to stir up inordinate Desires in Mankind, and to put the female part of his own Family upon unreasonable Expectancies; but the good Lady of the House enquiring into the Reason, why the noble little Creature was so severely dealt by, and being inform'd by her Chamber-Maid, she compassionately declar'd, that she would rather have given five Pound than so barbarous an Action had been done in her Family, for that the Bird committed no Offence, and therefore deserv'd no Punishment. Observe but in this particular

particular the Cruelty of sordid Man, and the Tenderness of the female Sex! And how can those poor Girls, who have nothing to depend on but the Drudgery of Flip-flap, expect any other than severe Usage from so morose a Creature? For certain whilst publick Magistrates are in their Authority so stiff, and private Women in their own Houses so pliable, the Ladies of the Town must starve, and be fir'd about from one *Bridewell* to another; for the Favours of a kind Mistress, which were once thought the most valuable Blessings beneath the Clouds, are now become, through the universal Corruption of the female Sex, such unregarded Drugs, that the Scene is quite revers'd, and as Women us'd to take Money formerly as but just Recompence for their soft Embraces, they are forc'd to give Money now, or else they will have a hard Matter to procure a Gallant that is worth Whistling after. How therefore at this Rate, are the poor Whores like to be fed, when the rich ones buy up all for their Cats, and the midling Whores in private lie and pick up the Crumbs? For what won't down with the Quality, are snapp'd up by Citizens-Wives, Semstresses and Head-dressers; insomuch that I have several pretty Nymphs under my own Jurisdiction, that some Weeks I may modestly say, don't earn Money enough to pay their three Penny Admittances into *Pancrass-Wells*, but are oftentimes forc'd to Tick half a Sice a piece for their Watering; and were it not for the Credit I always preserve in those Places, the poor Wenches might be dash'd out of Countenance by being refus'd Entrance; but Money or no Money, if they are my Puppits, and name but who they belong to, they are as kindly receiv'd as so many Butchers at the *Bear-Garden*; for without them there would be no Sport. You may from thence observe what an honest Reputation I maintain abroad for a Lady of my Calling, that the Word of the homliest Curri-zan protect'd under my Roof, will pass for Three-

pence any where that she's known without the least Exception, when many a poor House-keeper has not Credit for a Two-penny-Loaf.

We have nothing to hope for, but that the national Senate, through their wonted Wisdom, will find out, without shamming on't, some real Expedient to restrain the Looseness of the Age, and promote the Practice of Morality and strict Observance of Religion; for thro' all the Experience I have had in the Mystery of Intriguing, I have ever found the Lady's Students in the School of Venus, attended with the most Prosperity when the People are most Pious; whether it is that a good Conscience teaches Gentlemen to be more grateful to their Mistresses, or that as the Priests grow fat, the Petticoat flourishes, I will leave you to determine: So thanking you for the kind Advice you gave me in your Letter, which shall always be esteem'd a Guide to my future Practice,

I rest,

Your Loving Sister,

MOLL QUARLES

LET-

LETTERS

From the Dead to the Living.

PART III.

*The third and last Letter of News from Seignior
GIUSIPPE HANESIO, High German Doctor
in Brandipolis, to his Friends at Will's
Coffee-House in COVENT-GARDEN.
By Mr. THO. BROWN.*

Gentlemen,

I Was forc'd to break off my last abruptly, by reason of the vast Crowds of People, which press'd upon me then for Advice; so that I could not present you with a full Catalogue of my Cures, which you will find at the Conclusion of this, or acquaint you with what Transactions of moment have lately happen'd in our gloomy Regions. But having by miracle a vacant Hour or two at present upon my Hands, which, by the By, is a Blessing I am seldom troubled with, I was resolv'd not to neglect so fair an Opportunity of paying my Respects to you, and therefore without any more Preface or Formality, will continue the Thread of my Narration.

I had no sooner publish'd my Bill and Catalogue of Cures, but my House has been crowded ever

since with prodigious Shoals of Patients, that I can hardly afford my self an Hour to pass with my Friends: They flock from all Corners of this gigantic City, so that sometimes not only my Courtyard, which is very large and spacious, but even my Chamber, my Anti-Chamber, and if you'll allow me, Gentlemen, to coin a new Word, my Pro-anti-chamber, or my Hall, is full of them. I will only tell you the Names of a few Customers of Quality, that resorted to me for Advice yesterday Morning; to give you an Idea of my Business, and how considerable 'tis like to prove.

About a Month after my setting up, who should rap at my Door, but the famous *Semiramis*? I remembered her royal Phiz perfectly well, ever since my Friend *Nokes* carried me to her Coffee house, and treated me there with a Glass of *Geneva*; however, for certain Reasons of State I did not think it proper to let her *Babylonian* Majesty know, that I was acquainted either with her Name or Quality; come good Woman, says I to her, what is your Business? Oh, replies she, *You see the most unfortunate, unhappy Creature in the World.* Why what Calamity has befallen you? Only says she, *too big for Words to express*; with that she wrung her Hands, stamp'd upon the Floor, cursing the left-handed Planet she was born under, and pouring down such a deluge of Tears, that one would have thought it had been the second Edition of the *Ephesian* Matron, lamenting the Loss of one Spouse in order to wheedle on a second. When her Grief had pretty well exhausted it self at the Sluces of her Eyes, she thus continu'd her tragical *Historiettes*. Were I minded, Doctor, to trouble you with my Genealogy, I could perhaps make it easily appear, that few People are descended of better Parents than my self, but let that pass; the Scene is alter'd with me at present, and rather than take up with ill Courses, or be troublesome to my Relations, I am content to keep a Coffee-house. Now as I was sitting in my Bar

this Morning, and footing a pair of Stockings for Alexander the Great, in came two rascally Granadiers, and ask'd for some Juniper; but alas! while I was gone down into the Cellar to fetch it, these lubberly Rogues plunder'd me of a silver Spoon and Nutmeg-grater, and made their escape. Come Mistress, says I, this Loss is not so great but a little Diligence may retrieve it. Oh, never, says she again, unless you help me by your Art, I am utterly undone to all Intentis and Purposes. Finding her so much mortify'd for the loss of her two Utensils, I resolv'd to exert the Fortune teller to her, and banter her in the laudable Terms of Astrology; so putting on a very compos'd Countenance, I seem'd very seriously to consult a celestial Globe that stood before me; then enquiring the precise time when this horrid Theft was committed; I drew several odd Figures and Strokes upon a piece of Paper, and at last the Oracle thus open'd: 'Mistress, it appears I find by the *Heliocentric* Position of the Planets, that *Jupiter*, you understand me, is become Stationary to Retrogradation in *Cancer*, and consequently, you observe me Mistress, equivocal to him, but how and why in *Trine* to *Mercury* in *Scorpio*, both posited in watry Signs, and at the same time *Mars* being ascendant of the second House, as you may perceive, 'tis as plain that the culminating Aspect of *Saturn's* Satellites, do ye mind me, centres full in the aforesaid Configuration. So then Mistress, the horary Question thus resolves it self, viz. That your Goods were carry'd away South East by East of your House, under the Sign of a four-footed Creature, and if you'll leave open your Parlour Windows a-Nights, I dare pawn my Life and Honour, that both your silver Spoon and Nutmeg-grater will be flung into the House one of the Nights. *Semiramis* was wonderfully pleas'd to hear such News, dropt me a Fee, and went about her Business.

She was hardly gone, but in came Queen *Dido*, who the last time I saw her call'd *Virgil* so many Rogues and Rascals in my hearing, for raising such a malicious Story of her and the pious *Aeneas*; it was a long time before I could get her to tell me what Errand she came about: At last, after abundance of blushing, and covering half her Face with her Hood, Seignior *Hanesio*, says she, I doubt not but a Person of your Experience has observ'd in his time but too many Instances of female Infirmary. To be plain with you, I am one, and tho' I made as great a Splutter about my Virtue as the loudest of my Sex, yet I was damn'd recreant all that while. In short, I find by several Indications which I have not nam'd to you, Doctor, that I am with Child,——and being very tender of my Reputation,——which Doctor, is all we poor Women have to depend upon,——and loth to have my good Name expos'd in Ballads and Lampoons,——I beg the favour of you, dear Doctor,——and you shall find I will gratifie you nobly for your Pains, to help me to something that shall make me,——but you know my Meaning, Doctor.——To miscarry is it not, Madam? You are in the right on't, dear, Sir, reply'd she. Why then Madam, I must tell you, you are come to the wrong House; for whether you know it or no, I carry a tender Conscience about me, mind me what I say, I carry a tender Conscience about me, and would not be guilty of such a wicked thing as you mention for the World. But there's an *Italian* Son of a Whore at the corner of the Street, that will poison you and the Child in your Belly, and half the Women in the City for half a Crown. You may make your Application to him, if you think fit, but for my part, Madam, I'll be perjur'd for no body; for as I told you before, my Conscience is tender: Upon this our famous *Coquette* immediately withdrew in a great deal of Confusion, and curs'd me plentifully in her Gizzard, I don't question.

My

My next Visitant was *Lucretia*, who brought some of her Water in a *Urinal*, and desir'd me to give her my Judgment on't. Finding her Ladyship look a little blueish, and so forth, under the Eyes; what was more, having been privately inform'd of the Correspondence she kept with *Aesop* the *Fabulist*; Madam, says I bluntly to her, the Party to whom this Urine belongs, is under none of the most healthful Circumstances, but troubled with certain Prickings and Pains. I'll swear, Doctor, says she, you are a Man of Skill, for to my certain knowledge the Party is troubled with those Concerns you were talking of. You need not forestal me, Madam, says I to her, but especially when she makes Water; I knew it as soon as ever I cast my Eyes upon the Urinal: And pray Sir, what may be the occasion of it? for the Party is at a horrid loss, what is the matter with her. Why, Madam, says I, the matter is plain enough, the Party has been committing acts of privacy with somebody, and has disoblig'd Love's Mansion by it; or to express my self in the familiar Language of a modern Versificator and Quack;

*Has been dabbling in private, and had the Mishaps
In seeking for pleasure to meet with a Cl——.*

How, Doctor, says she, have you the impudence to say the Party is Cl——? Verily, Madam, and yet I am no more impudent then some of my Neighbours. Why you saucy Fellow you, continues she, I'd have you to know that I am the Party to whom the Urine belongs, and my Name is *Lucretia*, that celebrated Matron in Roman History, who scorning to out-live her Honour, preferr'd a voluntary Death to an ignominious Life. Yes, Madam, says I, I know your History well enough, and whatever Opinion I may have of your Chastity, I have yet a greater of your Discretion; for, between Friends be it said, Madam, before you left this insignificant World, you were resolv'd to taste the sweetness of young *Tarquin's* Person;

son; and finding what a vast difference there was between *vigorous Love* and *phlegmatick Duty*, you thought it not worth your while to be troubled any longer with the dull Embraces of an impotent Husband. *Oh most abominable Scandal*, cries our Matron, *but Heaven, be prais'd* Livy tells another Story of my Chastity; and to let thee see how scrupulous and careful I am to preserve my Reputation spotless, know I keep company with none but Moralists and Philosophers. Lord, Madam, says I, your Intrigues are no Mysteries to me: I am no Stranger to that laudable Commerce you keep with that crook-back'd Moralist and Fable-monger of *Phrygia*, they call him my Lord *Æsop* (at which unwelcome Words she look'd paler than I have the charity to believe she did when the impetuous *Tarquin* leapt into Bed to her), and as for those sage Recommenders of Virtue, the Philosophers, take my Word for it, a Clap may be got as soon among them, as any other sort of Men whatsoever. Since my coming into these Parts, Madam, I am able to give you a true account of the present State of most of these Philosophers Bodies. *Thales*, who held that *Water* was the beginning of all Things, is now satisfy'd, that *Fire* is the conclusion of Love. *Pythagoras*, that run through so many Changes in t'other World, has undergone a greater Transmutation here in a sweating Tub. The Divine *Plato*, and his Disciple *Aristotle*, are at this present Writing very lovingly salivating in my Garret. *Socrates* had his Shin bones scrap'd t'other Morning by my Toad-eater *Dr. Connor*, by the same token my *Hibernian* thrash'd him for swearing so inordinately at his *Demon* that led him into this Mischance. *Aristotle* told me last Night, that nothing in Philosophy troubled him so much as pissing of Needles. *Diogenes* has a Phiz so merrily collyflower'd, that he protests against planting of Men, since these are the Effects of it; and the virtuous *Seneca* has lost all his Roman Patience with his Nose. But alas, these solemn splaymouth'd Gentlemen,

Madam,

Madam, says I, only do it to improve in natural Philosophy, with no wicked Intentions, I can assure you, no carnal Titillation to urge them on, or the like, *Well* says she, *since 'tis in vain to play the Hypocrite any longer, I own my self a downright frail Woman, therefore resolve me what is best to be done for my Recovery?* Look you, *Madam*, says I, you must take Physick, and live sober for a Fortnight or so, and I'll engage to make you as primitively sound as when you first came squawling into the World. Here's a Dose of Pills, the Devil of any *Mercury's* in them; take four of them every Morning, and to make them operate the better, drink me a Quart of honest *Phlegmon* a little warm'd over the Fire, and mix some grated Nutmeg with it to correct the Crudity. She promis'd to observe my Directions, presented me with half a score broad Pieces, and as she was going out of the Room, *Worthy Doctor*, says she, *I conjure you to have a care of my dear dear Reputation: And, Madam*, answers I, *pray have you likewise a care of your dear dear Brandy Bottle, and your beloved Dr. Steven's Water with the Gold in it;* and so we parted.

I was thinking with my self, surely it rains nothing but female Visitants this Morning, when a brace of two-handed strapping Jades bolted into my Cloſet, and upon a due Examination of their Faces, I found one of them to be *Thaleſtris* the *Amazonian*, who as I hinted to you in my last, is become an *Haberdaſheress* of small Wares; and the other that termagant motly Composition of half Man half Woman, *Christina* the late Queen of Sweden. So my two chopping *Bona Robas*, says I to 'em, and what Business has brought you hither? *Why* you must know, cries *Thaleſtris*, *that both of us are furiously in Love, and want a little of your Assistance.*

The Ladies may be always sure of commanding that, answers I, but pray explain your selves more particularly. *For my part*, says *Thaleſtris*, *having formerly been happy in the Embraces of Alexander the Great, I could never fancy any thing but a Soldier ever since.*

fince. Why our military Men, says I, have been
 always famous for attacking and carrying all Places
 before them, but pray tell me the happy Person's
 name, whom you have singled from the rest of his
 Sex to honour with your Affection? *With the mali-*
cious World, continues she, *he passes for a Bully, but I*
call him my lovely charming Capt. Dawson. 'Tis true,
I am not altogether disagreeable to this cruel Insensible;
he likes the Majesty of my Person, my Humour and Wit
well enough: But t'other Morning he told me, over a
Porringer of burnt Brandy, when People are apt to un-
bosom themselves, that he had an unconquerable Aver-
sion to red Hair, and so I am come to see whether you
have any Relief for this Misfortune, as you promise in
your Bills. This is no Business of mine, says I to
 her, but my Wife's, who'll soon redress your Grievances,
 and furnish you with a leaden Comb and my
Anti Erythraan Unguent, which after two or three
 Applications will make you as fair or as brown as
 you desire. And having said so, address'd my self
 to her Companion, and enquir'd of her what she
 came for? 'I am up to the Ears in Love, says
 'Christina, with a jolly smock-fac'd Dutcheff's Cha-
 'plain lately arriv'd in these Parts; I have already
 'signify'd my Passion to him, both after the antient
 'and modern Way, persecuted him with *Latin* and
 'French *Billet-doux*, for which I was always famous;
 'but this stubborn Theologue tells me my Face is too
 'masculine for him, and particularly quarrels with
 'the Irregularity of my Forehead and Eyebrows.
Those will easily be rectify'd by my Wife, says I: And
 now, Madam, will you give me leave to ask you a
 civil Question or two? A hundred, my dear Seigneur,
 answers she very obligingly. To be short then, says
 I, a certain French Author, who has writ the *Memoirs*
 of your Life, has been pleas'd positively to assert, that
 your Majesty went thro' at least one half of the College
 of Cardinals, and that two or three Popes were suspected
 of being familiar with you. I wanted, answers she,
 no sort of Consolation from those noble Personages,
 while

while I liv'd at Rome; and to convince you how well I was satisfied in their Abilities, by my good Will, I would have to do with none but Ecclesiasticks; for besides that they eat and drink plentifully, and by consequence want no Vigour, they possess another no less commendable Quality, and that is Taciturnity. I applaud your Judgment, replies I, for your Churchmen are true Feeders and thundering Performers. No body knows that better than my self, says *Christina*, and take my Word for it, one robust well-chined Priest is worth a hundred of your lean half-starv'd Captains. I'll never hear the Soldiery blasphem'd, says *Thalestris*, in mighty Passion, I tell thee, thou insignificant North-Country Trollop, thou foolish affected Grammari-an-ridden she Pedant, that one Soldier is better than a thousand of your stiff-rump'd Parsons; and immediately saluted her with a discourteous Reprimand across the Mazzard. The Blood of *Gustavus Adolphus* began to be rous'd in *Christina*, and my Glasses, Globes and Crocodile and all, were infallibly going to rack between these two furious Heroines, when my Wife luckily stept in to put an end to the Fray. In short, the matter was amicably made up, and so they follow'd my Spouse into her Closet, where I'll leave them.

Thus, *Gentlemen*, you may perceive what sort of Customers resort to me, I could tell you a hundred more Stories to the same Purpose, but why should I pretend to entertain Persons of your Worth with so mean and unworthy a Subject as my self? Therefore to diversifie the Scene, I will endeavour to divert you with some Occurrences, of a more publick Importance, which have happen'd in our *Acheromis* Dominions since I writ to you last.

But before I proceed any farther I am to inform you, that we have a spacious noble Room in the middle of *Brandipolis*, where the Virtuoso's of former Ages as well as of the present, use to resort and entertain one another with learned or facetious Con-

Conversation, according as it happens. Of late we have had the same Controversie debated among us, which so long employ'd Monsieur *Petault* and the famous Wits of *France*, I mean, whether the *Antients* are preferable to the *Moderns* in the learned Arts and Sciences. The Question had been discuss'd one Afternoon with a great deal of heat on both Sides, when an honest merry Gentleman and a new Comer among us, whose Name I have unluckily forgot, interpos'd in the Dispute, and express'd himself to this Effect. *Gentlemen*, says he, I think you may e'en drop this Controversie, for I can make it appear, that little *England* alone affords a set of Men at present, that much out-do any of the *Antients* in whatever they pretend to. There's honest Mr. *Edmund Whitaker*, late of the Admiralty-Office, that in the Mystery of making up Accounts out-does *Archimedes*; and my Lord *Puzzlebalk*, who told his Master's money over a Gridiron, understands Numbers better than *Archytas* or *Euclid*. Mr. *Burgefs* of *Covent-Garden*, and indeed most of the *Dissenting Parsons*, go infinitely beyond *Tully* and *Demosthenes* in point of Eloquence; for those old fashion'd *Orators* could only raise Joy and Sadness successively, whereas the latter so manage Matters, that they can make their Congregations laugh and weep both at once. The *Antients* were forc'd to drudge and take pains to make themselves Masters of any Tongue before they pretended to write in it; but here's your old Friend *Dr. Case* by *Ludgate*, writ a System of Anatomy in *Latin*, and does not understand a Syllable of the Language. As for *Musick*, you may till your Heart akes of your *Amphions* and your *Orpheus's*, that drew Trees and Stones after them by the irresistible Force of their Harmony; this is so far from being a Miracle among us, that the vilest Thrummers in *England* and *Wales* do it every Wake and Fair they go to: Then as for the various Perturbations of Mind caus'd by the antient *Musick*, we saw something more wonderful happen upon

upon our own Theatre since the lat Revolution, than Antiquity can boast of; for when *Harry Purcell's* famous Winter Song in the Opera of King *Arthurs*, was sung at the Play-house, half the Gentlemen and Ladies in the Side-boxes and Pit got an Ague by it, tho' it was sung in the midst of the Dog-days. Lastly, To conclude, for I am afraid I have trespass'd too much upon your Patience, we infinitely exceed the Antients in quickness of Parts: *Virgil*, one of the topping Wits of Antiquity, was forc'd to retire out of the Noise and Hurry of Rome to his Country Villa, and bestow'd some ten or twelve Years in composing his *Aeneis*: Whereas Sir R——d Bl——re, who passes but for a sixth Rate Versifier among us, was able to write both his *Arthurs* in two or three Years time, and that in the Tumult and Smoak of Coffee-houses, or in his Coach as he was jolting it from one Patient to another, amidst the vast Multiplicity of his Business too, which as the City Bard frankly confesses, was never greater than then.

The Gentleman deliver'd his *Ironies* with so good a grace that he set all the Company a laughing, and for that time put an end to the Dispute. And now since I am upon the Chapter of Sir *Richard*, you must know, that the young Wits inhabiting upon the Banks of *Phlegiesbon*, have lately pelted his *Arthurs* with *Distichs*, but I can only call to mind at present three of them. The two first reflect upon the Poem's Genealogy, which was partly begot in a Coffee-house, and partly in a Coach.

I.

*Editus in plaustris stropitu, fumoq; Tabernæ
Non aliter nasci debuit iste liber.*

II.

*Qui potuit matrem Arthuri dixisse Tabernam
Ille potest Currum dicere, Ruse, patrem.*

III.

III.
Sapient in libro memoratur Garthius uno;
Quam levis Arthurus Maurus utroque tumens.

I do not wonder now at Prince *Arthur's* wonderful Loquacity, says another (for as I remember, when he and King *Hoel* met upon the Road, he welcomes him with a Simile of forty Lines perpendicular) since he was born at a Coffee-house; nor at the rumbling of the Verse, since one half of the Book was written in a leathern Vehicle; for we find, continues he, that what is bred in the Bone, will never out of the Flesh; and thus, 'tis no wonder, that according to the Observation of a modern Virtuoso, the *Severn* is so mischievous and cholerick a River, and so often ruins the Country with sudden Inundations, since it rises in *Wales*, and consequently participates something of the Nature of that hasty, iracund People among whom 'tis born. However, cries surly *Ben*, I must needs commend Sir *Richard's* Sagacity and Politicks in taking care that his Muse should be so openly deliver'd; for Epic Poems, like the Children of sovereign Princes, ought to be born in Publick.

T'other Day, as I was taking a solitary turn by my self, 'twas my Fortune to meet with a leash of old-fashion'd thread-bare Mortals; with very dejected Looks, and in the exact Equipage of those worthy Gentlemen, whom you may see every day between the Hours of twelve and one, walking in the *Middle-Temple* and *Grays-Inn* Walks, to get them a Stomach to their No-Dinners. At first I took them for a parcel of Fiddlers, when the oldest of them undeceiv'd me, by addressing himself to me as follows. Sir, says he, my Name is *J. Hopkins*, my two Companions are the fam'd *Steinhold* and *Wisdom*, and understanding that you are lately arriv'd from *England*, I have presum'd to ask you a Question: We have been inform'd some time ago, that two

Hiber-

Hibernian Bards, finding fault with our Version and Language, have endeavour'd to depose my self and my two Brethren here out of all Parish Churches, where we have reign'd melodiously so long, and to substitute their own Translation in the room of it: I confess it vexes me to the Heart to think that I must be ejected after a hundred Years quiet possession and better, which by the Common as well as Civil Law, gives a Man a just Title, and resign my Ecclesiastical Dominions to two new fangled Usurpers, whom I never injur'd in my days. Now, Sir, pray tell me how my Affairs go in your World, and whether I have Reputation enough still left me with the People, to make head against those unrighteous Innovators? Why truly, Mr. *Hopkins*, says I to him, when these Adversaries first appear'd in the World, I was in some pain about you, the Conspiracy against your Crown and Dignity being so speciously laid, that nothing less than an universal Defection seem'd to threaten you. 'Tis true indeed, some few Churches in and about *London*, where the People you know are govern'd by a Spirit of Novelty, have thrown you out, but by what Advices I can receive, excepting some few Revolters, the generality of the People seem to be heartily engag'd in your Interests, and, as it always happens to other Monarchs when they are able to surmount an Insurrection form'd against them, I look upon your Throne, since you have so happily broke the Neck of this Rebellion, to be settled upon a surer Basis than ever. The Parish-Clerks, Sextons and old Women all over the Kingdom are in a particular manner devoted to your Service, preserving a most entire and unshaken Allegiance to you, and on my Conscience would sooner part with all *Magna Charta* than one Syllable of yours. You wonderfully revive my Spirits, replies old *Hopkins*, to tell me such comfortable News, but pray Sir, one Word more with you; This new Translation that has made such a noise in the World, is it
so

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so much superior to mine, as my Enemies here would make me believe? Mr. *Hopkins*, says I, I flatter no Man, 'tis not my way, therefore you must not take it amiss what I am going to say to you. For my part I am of Opinion, that King *David* is not oblig'd to any of you, but ought to cudgel you all round; for I can find no other difference between the *Jewish Monarch* in his antient Collar of *ekes* and *ays*, which you and your Brethren there have bestow'd upon him, and in his new-fashion'd *Irish* dress, than there is between an old Man of threescore with a long Beard hanging down to his Waist, and the same individual old Man newly come out of a Barber's Shop nicely shav'd and Powder'd. 'Tis true, he looks somewhat gayer and youthfuller, but has not a jot more Vigor and Ability. I know you Gentlemen of *Will's Coffee-house*, will be glad to hear some News of Mr. *Dryden*, I must tell you then that we have had the *Devil* and all of combustions and quarrels here in *Hell* since that famous Bard's arrival among us. The *Grecians*, the *Romans*, the *Italians*, the *Spaniards*, the *French*, but especially the *Dutch* Authors have been upon his Back *Homer* was the first that attack'd him for justifying *Almanzor's* idle Rants and monstrous Actions by the Precedent of *Achilles*. The two Poets after a little squabbling were without much difficulty persuaded to let their two Heroes fight out the Quarrel for them, but the nimbleheel'd *Gracian* soon got the whip hand of the furious *Almanzor*, and made him beg pardon. *Horace* too grumbled a little in his Gizzard at him for affirming *Juvenal* to be a better *Satyr*ist than himself, but upon second thoughts thought it not worth his while to contest the point with him. Once it happen'd that Mr. *Bays* came into our Room when *Petronius Arbiter* was diverting us with a very fine *Nouvelle*. Monsieur *Fontaine*, Sir *Phillip Sidney*, Mr. *Waller*, my late Lord *Rocheſter*, with Sir *Charles Sidley*, compos'd part of this illustrious Audience; when Mr. *Dryden*

unluckily

unluckily spoil'd all by asking the latter, what the facetious Gentleman's Name was, that talk'd so agreeably? How, says Sir Charles Sedley had'st thou the Impudence in the Preface before thy English *Juvenal*, to say that so soon as the pretended *Belgrade Supplement of Petronius's Fragments* came into *England*, thou could'st tell upon Reading but two Lines of that Edition whether it was genuine or no; and here hast thou heard the noble Author himself talk above half an Hour by the Clock, and could not find him out? Upon this the old Bard retired in some disorder; but what happen'd to him a Day or two after was infinitely more mortifying to him.

Chaucer meets him in one of our Coffee-houses, and after the usual Ceremonies were over between two Strangers of their Wit and Learning, thus accosts him. Sir, cries he, you have done me a wonderful Honour to furbish up some of my old musty Tales, and bestow modern Garniture upon them, and I look upon myself much oblig'd to you for so undeserv'd a favour; however, Sir, I must take the freedom to tell you that you overstrain'd Matters a little, when you liken'd me to *Ovid*, as to our Wit, and manner of Versification, Why, Sir, says Mr. *Dryden*, I maintain it, and who then dares be so sawcy as to oppose me? But under favour, Sir, cries the other, I think I should know *Ovid* pretty well, having now conversed with him almost three hundred Years, and the Devil's in it if I don't know my own Talent, and therefore tho' you pass a mighty Compliment upon me in drawing this Parallel between us, yet I tell you there's no more resemblance between us as to our manner of Writing, than there is between a Jolly well Complexion'd *Englishman* and a black-hair'd thin-gutted *Italian*. Lord, Sir, says *Dryden* to him, I tell you that you're mistaken, and your two Styles are as like one another as two Exchequer Tallies. But I, who should know it better, says *Chaucer*, tell you the

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contrary. And I, say Mr. *Bayes*, who know these things better than you, and all the Men in the World, will stand by what I have affirm'd, and upon that gave him the Lie. *Rhadamantbus*, who is one of *Pluto's* oldest Judges and a severe regulator of good Manners and Conversation, immediately sent for our Friend *John* to appear in Court; and after he had severely reprimanded him for using such insufferable Language upon no Provocation; For your Punishment says he, I command you to get Sir *Richard Blackmore's* Translation of *Job* by heart, and to repeat ten Pages of it to our Friend the Author of the *Rehearsal* every Morning. Poor *Bayes* desired his Lordship to mitigate so harsh a Sentence, and by way of Commutation frankly offer'd to drink so many Quarts of liquid Sulphur every morning. No, says my Lord Judge, tho' they commute Penances in *Doctors-Commons*, yet we are not such Rogues to commute them in Hell, and so I expect to be obey'd.

Thus, *Gentlemen*, you see we observe a severe Justice among us, and indeed to deliver my Thoughts impartially, I must needs say, that Equity is administer'd after a fairer and more compendious manner in these Dominions, than either in your *Westminster-Hall*, or your Palace at *Paris*, where *Astrea* pretends to carry all before her, yet has as little to do in either of those two Places, as a Farrier at *Venice*. A signal Instance of this we have had in a late famous Tryal. A Foot-Soldier of the first Regiment of Guards, and a *Drury-lane* Whore, were summon'd to appear before Judge *Minos*, who after he had, with a great deal of Patience, heard the Crimes that were alledg'd against them, asked them what they had to offer in favour of themselves, why Sentence of Damnation should not pass? The young Harlot, either relying upon the Merits of her Fate, which she foolishly imagin'd would bring her off here, as it had often done in your World, or else being naturally

rally furnish'd with a greater stock of Impudence than the Soldier; broke thro' the Crowd and thus address'd herself to the Court. I hope your Lordship, says she, will take no Advantage of a poor Woman's Ignorance, who ought to have learned Counsel to plead for her. However, I depend so much upon the Justice of my Cause, that I will undertake it my self. The chief Argument I insist upon, my Lord, is this: I think it highly unreasonable that I should suffer a-new for my Crimes in this World, having done sufficient Pennance for them in the other. By my Aunt's Consent and Privy, I was sold to an old libidinous Lord, and debauch'd by him before I was fourteen. The noble Peer kept me some four Months, then took occasion to pick a Quarrel with me, and set me a drift in the wide World, to steer my Course as Fortune should direct me. In this Exigence I was forc'd to apply my self to a venerable old *Matron*, who finding me young and handsome, took me into her Service, sham'd me upon her Customers for a Baronet's Daughter of the *North*, and much I was made of, and courted like a little Queen; but, my Lord, our Profession is directly opposite to all others, for too much Custom breaks us. In short, an Officer in the Army, whom *Pluto* rewarded for his Pains, taught me what *Fortune de la guerre* meant, so that I was very fairly salivated before Fifteen. Having got a little Knowledge of the World under this old *Matron's* directions, who went more than halves with me in every Bargain, I thought it high time to trade for my self, and told her one Morning, that I was resolv'd to expose my self no longer in her House. What you please as for that, replies this antient Gentlewoman, but first; my dear Child, let us come to a fair Account, to see how the Land lies between us. Then stepping into the next Room she shew'd me a Deal-Board all be-srawl'd with round O's and Cart-wheels in ungodly Chalk; then clapping on her

Spectacles, Let me see, cries she, for Lodging, Diet, Washing, Cloaths, Linnen, Physick, &c. you owe me ten Pounds, (which came up within a few transitory Shillings of what I had earned in her House) and this you must pay, Sweetheart, before you talk of parting. 'Twas in vain to complain of her Extortion, for besides that she pleaded Prescription for it, her Arithmetick was infallible, and she judg'd for her self *en dernier ressort*. Thus I was turn'd out of Doors, but having in the interim, while I stay'd here, contracted a small Acquaintance with a Sister of the Quill that lodg'd in *Covenant-Garden*, I repaired to her Quarters, and continu'd with her. Between us, my Lord, we acted the Story of *Castor* and *Pollux*, that is, we were never visible together, but when she appear'd above the Horizon, 'twas Bed-time with me; and when she kept her Bed, 'twas my time to shine at the Playhouse. When either of us went abroad, we made a fine Show enough, but then we gratify'd our Backs at the Expence of our Bellies; Cow-heel, Tripes, a few Eggs, or Sprats, were our constant Regale at home, and upon Holidays a Chop of Mutton roasted upon a Packthread in the Chimney; and many a time when my Sister and I wore silver-lac'd Shoes, our Stockings wanted Feet. I should trespass too much upon your Lordship's patience, to tell you how I have been forc'd to shift my Name as well as my Quarters, to submit to the nauseous Embraces of every drunken Tobacco-taking Sot, that had half a Crown in his Pocket to purchase me; and when I have been arrested for a Milk-score not exceeding the terrible Sum of four Shillings, to let an ill-look'd Dog of a *Moabite* enjoy me upon a founder'd Chair in a Spunging house to procure my Liberty. To this I should add, what unmerciful Contributions I was forc'd out of my small Revenue to pay to the conniving Justices Clerks, the Constable, the Beadle, the Tallyman, but especially to those Rascals the Reformers, whose Busi-

ness

ness it is not to convert, but only to lay a heavier Tax upon poor Sinners, and make Iniquity shift its Habitation oftner than otherwise it would, I should never have done. In short, our Condition, my Lord, is like a frontier People that live between two mighty Monarchies, oppress'd, squeez'd and plunder'd on all sides. By that time I was one and twenty, I could number more Diseases than Years, smook and swear like a Granadier; and last *Bartholomew-Fair*, having made a Debauch in stumm'd Claret and Dr. *Stevens's* Water, with an Attorney's Clerk, a Fever seiz'd me next Morning, and tript up my heels in three days. How I was buried, that is to say, whether by the Contributions of the Sisterhood, or at the Charge of the Parish, I cannot tell; but this my Lord, is a short and faithful Account of my Life, and now I submit my self to the Justice of this honourable Court. I will not pretend to vindicate my Profession, but this I may venture to affirm, that the World cannot live without us, and that a Whore in the Business of Love, is like Farthings in the Business of Trade, which (tho' they are not the legal Coin of the Nation) ought to be allow'd and tolerated, if it were only for the conveniency of ready Change. Well, says my Lord, since 'tis so, and your Calling expos'd you to so much Suffering, I hope you made your Gallants pay for it? That you may be sure I did, answers our Damsel, I sold my Maidenhead to fifteen several Customers, by the same Token seven of them were *Jews*, and it pleases me to think how I cheated those Loggerheads in their own *Mosaical* Indications. I never parted with any of my Favours, nay not so much as a Clap *gratis*, except a Lieutenant and Ensign whom once I admitted upon trust, by the same Token they built a Sconce, and left me in the Lurch. I always took care to secure my Money first; tho' those ungracious Vipers of the Army would rifle me now and then in spite of all my Precaution: For, my Lord, we Whores

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are like the Sea, what we gain in one place we lose in another. Take her away, says my Lord *Minos*, take her away see her fairly dipt every Morning for this Twelvemonth over Head and Ears in good wholesome Brimstone: To be both Merchant and Merchandize, to sell her self for Money and yet expect Pleasure for it, is worse Exaction than ever was practised in *Lambard-street*, or *Cornhil*.

Our *Drury-lane* Nymph was no sooner carried off, but the Soldier advanc'd forward, and thus told his Tale: My Lord, you are not to expect a fine Speech from me, I am a Soldier, and we Soldiers are Men of Action, and not of Words. I was a Barber's Prentice in the *Strand*, liv'd with him five Years, got his Maid with Child, beat his Wife for pretending to reprove me, had run on Score at all the painted Lattices in the Neighbourhood, and my Circumstances being such, was easily persuaded to turn Gentleman-Soldier. My Captain promis'd to make me a Serjeant the very moment after I was list'd, but he serv'd me just as he did his Creditors, whom to my certain Knowledge he left in the lurch. Well, my Lord, I follow'd him to *Flanders*, where I stood buff to Death and Damnation four Campaigns, sometimes for a Groat, sometimes for nothing a day. Had I more Sins to answer for than either the Colonel or Agent of our Regiment, I have buffed thro' Misery enough to wipe out all my Scores, curtail'd of my Pay to keep a double-chin'd Chaplain, who never preach'd among us, and maintain an Hospital, where I could never expect to be admitted without Bribery; forc'd for want of Subsistence to steal Offal, which an hungry Dog would not piss upon, and if discover'd sure to be rewarded with the Wooden-horse, and lest the unweildy Beast shou'd throw me, secur'd by a brace of Musquets dangling at my Heels; to lie up to the Chin in Water for preventing of Rheumatisms, and smoak wholesome Dock-leaves to prevent being dunn'd by my

Sto-

Stomach; drubb'd and can'd without any Provocation, by a smooth-fac'd Prig, who t'other day was a Pimp, or something worse to a Nobleman; never sure of one Hour's rest in the Night, never certain of a Meal's Meat in the Day; harass'd with perpetual Marches and Counter-Marches; roasted all the Summer, and frozen all the Winter; cheated by my Officer, cuckolded by my Comrades. These, my Lord, were the Blessings of my Life, and if ever I could muster up Pence enough to purchase a single Pint of *Geneva*, I thought my self in my Kingdom. Last Summer I was one of the noble Adventurers that went in the Expedition to *Cadiz*, and having secur'd a little Linnen to my self at *Fort St. Mary's*, in order to make me a few Shirts when I came home, and rubb'd off with two insignificant *silver Poppets* (I think they call them *Saints*) out of a Church, the superior Commander seiz'd upon them for his own private use, in her Majesty's Name, and legally plunder'd me of what I had as legally stolen from the Enemy. This and a thousand other Disappointments, together with change of Climates and other Inconveniences, threw such a damp upon my Spirits, that within three days after I landed at *Portsmouth*, I fell ill, and was glad to part with a wretched Life, which had given me so much Vexation and so little Satisfaction. Thus, my Lord, I have honestly laid all before you, so let the Court sentence me as they please. Why really, says the Judge, thy Case is hard enough, and I must needs say thou dost not want any new weight to be laid upon thee; and so immediately acquitted him, ordering him to be set at liberty without paying of Fees.

Finding Justice impartially administred in *Hell*, you may perhaps have the Curiosity, *Gentlemen*, to enquire what sort of Reception my Lord *Double*, of *Turn-about-Hall*, found among us upon his Arrival into these Dominions. I must tell you then, that to the universal Admiration of our infernal

World, my Lord is become *Pluto's* great Favourite, so that nothing almost is transacted here without his Advice and Direction. Every Body indeed expected, that his Lordship who changed his Religion on purpose to delude the unhappy Prince, whose prime Confident he was, and at the same time kept a private Correspondence with his Enemy in *Holland*, would have found an Entertainment suitable to his Deserts, been loaded with Chains, and regaled with liquid Sulphur; but hitherto he has either had the good Luck, or Management to avoid it. A sudden Gust of Wind had blown away the Fan from the top of *Pluto's* Kitchen, that very Afternoon he came here. Our Monarch was first in the mind to elap his Lordship's Breech upon the Iron-spike, and make a Weathercock of him (the only thing he was fit for) that with every Whiff of Brimstone he might tell where Damnation sate. Soon after he was of opinion to make a Light-Match of him to use upon occasion, whenever he had any Empire or Kingdom to blow up. But at last carefully considering his Face, and the Majesty of his Gate, he made him his Taylor, and, to say the Truth, nobody knows the Dimensions of his *Luciferian* Majesty better than his Lordship: And as it often happens in your World, for Noblemen to be govern'd by their Taylors or Peruke-makers, so my Lord in his present Capacity of Taylor, orders every thing at Court, puts in and displaces whom he pleases, and possesses *Pluto's* Ear to that degree, that happening to be in company last Week with *Aaron Smith*, Col. *Wildman*, *Slingsby Bethel*, *Corn—sb*, and others of the same Kidney, who heartily wish the Prosperity of old *Hell*, they gravely shook their Heads, and said they were afraid their Master *Pluto's* Government would not long continue, since he had got a Viper in his Bosom, and a Traytor in his Cabinet, who would not fail to conjure up some neighbouring Prince against him to dispossess him of his antient Throne. Indeed 'tis prodigious

digious to consider how this Dissembler has wriggled himself into the good Opinion not only of our Sovereign, but even of Queen *Proserpine*. About a Month ago he had Interest enough to get my late Lord *Sb—fr—ry* released out of the Dungeon, where he has been confined ever since his coming here, and made him Administrator of the *Clyster-Pipe* to *Pluto*, for this merry Reason, because he had always a good hand at *striking at Fundamentals*. That old libidinous Civilian of the *Commons*, Dr. *Littleton*, he has made Judge Admiral of the *Syggian* Lake, and the famous Mr. *Alsop*, who wished in his Address to King *James*, that the Dissenters had Casements to their Breasts, he has got to be the Devil's Glazier; nay, what will more surprize you, he has procur'd the reversion of Master of *Pluto's* rough Game, when it falls, for Dr. *Oats*; and obtain'd a promise of Candle-snuffer-General to all the Gaming-Houses in these Quarters, for honest *George Porter* the Evidence.

A Continuation of my Catalogue of CURES.

Timothy Addlepare, of Cheapside, Miliner, was so wonderfully afflicted with the *Zelotypia Italica*, that he constantly lock'd up his simpering red-hair'd Spouse, when Business call'd him abroad, and would hardly trust her with her Aunt or Grandmother. By rectifying his Constitution with my true *Covenant-Garden ELIXIR*, he is so intirely cured of the *Isterus Martialis*, or his old yellow *Distemper*, that now of his own accord he carries her to the Playhouse, sends her to all the Balls, Masquerades, and merry Meetings in Town; nay, trusts her alone at *Epsom-Wells* and *Richmond*, and will let her sit a whole Afternoon with a gay smooth-fac'd Officer of

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the Guards at the Tavern, and is never disturbed at it.

Jethro Lumm, at the sign of the *Blue-ball* and *Spotted-Horse*, between a *Cheesemonger's* and *Perfumer's* shops in *Ratcliff bigway*, by taking a few Doses of my *Pulvis Vermifugus*, or my *Anti verminous Powder*, voided above 30000 Worms of all sorts, as your *Ascarides*, *Teretes*, *Hirudines* and so forth, in the space of twelve Hours, one of which by the modestest Computation, was supposed long enough to reach from *St. Leonard's Shoreditch*, to *Tottenham High-Cross*. I confess my Medicine is a little bitter, but what says the learned *Arabian* Philosopher *Hamet Ben Hamet Ben Haddu Albumazar*? A Diadem will not cure the *Apoplexy*, nor a Velvet-Slipper the *Gout*: And are not all the Antients as well as Neotomics agreed, that *raro corpus nostrum sine vermicibus*? Therefore my good Friends, be advised in time.

Ezekiel Driver, of *Puddle dock* Carman, having disorder'd his *Pia mater* with too plentiful a Mornings draught of *Three-Threads* and old *Pharaoh*, had the misfortune to have his Car run over him. The whole Street concluded him as good as dead, and the over-forward Clerk of the Parish had already set him down in the Weekly-Bills. Two Applications of my *Unguentum Traumaticum* set him immediately to rights, and now he is Coachman in ordinary to a Tallyman's fat Widow in *Soho*. Witness his Hand *E. D.*

Elnathan Ogle, Anabaptist-Teacher in *Morefields*, over against the *Grasshopper* and *Greyhound*; for want of being carefully rubb'd down by the pious Females after his sudorifick Exercise, had got the greese in his Heels, and was so violently troubled with rheumatical Pains, that he was no longer able to lay out himself for the Benefit of his Congregation. My *Emplastrum Anodynum* so effectually reliev'd him by twice using of it, that he has since shifted his Profession, teaches the Youth of *Finsbury-Fields* to play at Back-Sword and Quarter-Staff, and

and has turn'd his Conventicle into a Fencing-School.

Marmaduke Thummington, at the *Red-Cow* and *three Travellers* in *Barbican*, was possess'd with an obstreperous ill condition'd Devil of a Wife, whose everlasting Clack incessantly thundering in his Ears, had made him as deaf as a Drum. His Case was so lamentable, that a Demi-culverin shot over his Head affected him no more, than it would a Man twenty Miles off: He was insensible to all the betting and swearing of the loudest Cock-match, that ever was fought by two contending Counties; nay, at one of *Mr. Bayes's* fighting Plays, would sit you as unconcern'd, as if he been at a Quakers silent Meeting. After all your *Elmys*, and other Petenders had despair'd of him; I undertook his Cure, and with a few of my *Oracouffical* Drops have so intirely recover'd him, that the Society of Reformers have made him their chief Director, and his hearing is so strangely improv'd, that Eaves-dropping at a Window, he can hear Oaths that were never sworn, and Bawdy that were never spoke.

Richard Bentlesworth, Superintendent of a small Grammar-Elaboratory, in the out-skirts of the Town, was so monstrously over run with the *Scorbaticum Pedanticum*, that he used to dumfound his Milk Woman with strange Stories of *Gerunds* and *Participles*; would decline you *Domus* in a Cellar in the *Strand* before a parcel of Chimney Sweepers, and confute *Schioppinus* and *Alvarez* to the old wall-eyed Matron, that sold him grey Pease. Tho' this strange Distemper, when once it has got full Possession of a Man, is as hard to be cured as an *Hereditary Pox*, yet I have absolutely recover'd him; so that now he troubles the Publick no more with any of his *Dutch-Latin* Dissertations; but is as quiet an Author, as ever was neglected by all the Town, or buried in *Little-Britain*.

Timothy Gimerack, Doctor of the noble Cockle-shell-Fraternity, whose Philosophy and Learning lay

lay so much under Ground, that he had nothing of either to show above it, used to be troubled with strange unaccountable Fits, and during the *Paroxysm*, would contrive new Worlds, as Boys build Houses of Cards, find a thousand Faults with old *Moses*, make a hasty Pudding of the Universe, and drown it in a *Monstrum* of his own inventing, and leave the best Patient in the City, for a new gay-coated Butterfly. I took out his Brains, washed them in my *Aqua Intellectualis*, and if he has since relaps'd, who may he thank, but his cursed *East India* Correspondent, who addled his Understanding a-new, with sending him the Furniture of a *Chinese Barber's* shop?

Nebemiah Drowsy, Grocer and Deputy of his Ward, was so prodigiously afflicted with a *Leibargy*, that his whole Life was little better than a Dream. He would sleep even while he was giving the account of his own Pedigree, how from leathern Breeches and nothing in them, he came to the vast Fortune he now possesses. Nay, over the pious Spouse of his Bosom he has been often found asleep in an Exercise which keeps all other Mortals awake. By following my sage Directions he's so wonderfully alter'd for the better, that after a full Dinner of Roast-Beef and Pudding he can listen to a dull Sermon at *Salter's Hall*, without so much as one Yawn; nay, can hear his Prentice read two entire Pages of *Wesley's* Heroic Poem, and never makes a nod all the while.

The End of my Catalogue of C U R E S.

But to come to Affairs of a more publick Concern, we are in a strange Ferment here about the divided Interests of the Houses of *Austria* and *Bourbon*. Our Master following herein the Policy of the *Jesuits*, or rather they following him, for we ought to give the Devil his due, seems to incline most to the latter: However, if the *Spaniards* and

Fren.h

French set up their Horses no better in your World than they do with us, 'tis easie to predict that the unnatural Conjunction of the two Kingdoms will be soon shatter'd to pieces. Whenever they meet, there's such roaring and swearing, and calling of Names between them, that we expect every Minute when they will go to Loggerheads. 'Tis true some few of the *Dons* that are lately arriv'd here, call *Lewis le Grand* their Protector, and are *Frenchified* to a strange Degree; but the rest of their Countrymen call them a parcel of degenerate Rascals, and are so violently bent against them, that unless *Pluto* lock'd them up a-Nights in distinct Apartments, we should have the Devil and all to do with them.

Next to the Affairs of *France* and *Spain*, are we concerned about the Fate of the *Occasional Bill*; a few old-fashion'd Virtuoso's among us hope it will pass, but the Generality of our Politicians, and particularly those belonging to *Pluto's* Cabinet, who are styled the *Congregation de inferno ampliando*, are resolv'd at any rate to hinder it's taking Effect. As Hypocrisy sends greater numbers to Hell, than any other Sin whatever, you are not to wonder if the Ministry here do all they can to oppose the passing of a Bill, which will prove so destructive to the infernal Interest, by destroying Hypocrisy. For which reason *Pluto* has lately dispatch'd several trusty Emissaries to your parts, who are to bribe your Observators and other mercenary Pamphleteers, to raise a hideous Outcry about Persecution, and represent this Design in such odious Colours to the People, that if possible it may miscarry. A little time will show us the Success of this refin'd Conduct.

One short Story, *Gentlemen*, and then I have done. A *Spaniard* last Week was commending the Authors of his own Country, and particularly enlarg'd upon the Merits of the voluminous long-winded *Festinus*, who, he said, had writ above i

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Cart-load of Books in his Time. But why should I talk of a Cart-load, continues he, when he has writ more than 'tis possible for any one single Man to read over in his Life? Judge then of the worth of this indefatigable *Tostatus*. Judge how many tedious Nights and Days he must have spent in Study. Under favour, cries an *English* Gentleman lately arriv'd here, we have a Writer that much exceeds your famous *Tostatus*, even in that respect. His Name is *Bentivoglio*, and tho' at present he falls somewhat short of your Author, as to the number of Books of his own composing, yet he has writ one Octavo, which I'll defy any Man in the Universe to read over, tho' he has the Patience of *Job*, the Constitution of *Sampson*, and the long Age of *Methuselah*.

But hold—I forget who I am writing to all this while; Gentlemen—that have either more Business or Pleasure upon their Hands, than to go thro' the tedious Persecution of so unmerciful a Letter. However, I hope you'll pardon me this Fault, if you consider the great Difficulty of transmitting the *Nouvelles* of our subterranean World to your Parts; for which reason I was resolv'd rather to trespass upon your Patience, than lose this Opportunity of giving you an account of all our memorable Transactions. If in requital this of small trouble I have given my self, you will be so kind as to order any one of your Society, to inform me how Affairs go at present in *Covent-Garden*, at *St. James's*, &c. what News the dramattick World affords in *Drury-lane*, *Lincoln-Inn-Fields* and *Smithfield*, as 'twill be the most sensible Obligation you can lay upon me; so it shall be remembered with the utmost Gratitude by,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient Servant,

GIUSIPPE HANESIO.

Cirtamen Epistolare,
Between an ATTORNEY of Clifford's-Inn and
a dead PARSON. By Mr. T. BROWN.

The Argument.

A Fellow of a College came up to Town about Business; which detaining him there much longer than he expected, he was forc'd to borrow five Pounds of his Landlady, a Widow in Shoe-lane, and promis'd to pay her within a Month. At his return to Cambridge, a Living in Lincolnshire fell vacant, and the College presented him to it. On the day of his Institution he drank so plentifully with his Parishioners, that he fell sick of a Fever, which dispatch'd him in a few Days. All this while the Widow wonder'd what was become of the Gentleman; and after several Months forbearance, having no News of him, employ'd an Attorney of Clifford's-Inn to write to him for the five Pounds. The Letter coming to the College some eight Months after our Parson's Decease, a Gentleman of the same House had the Curiosity to open it; and to carry on the Frolick, answer'd it in the Name of the dead Man, which gave occasion to the following Commerce.

LETTER I.

To Mr. ——— at his Chambers in ——— College
in Cambridge.

S I R,

I*ngratum si dixeris, omnia dixeris*, was the Saying of one of the greatest Sages of Antiquity; to whose Name and Merits I presume you can be no Stranger. *Perit quod facis ingrato*, was likewise the Saying of another *Græcian* Philosopher, as you will find in *Erasmus's* Adages. *Save a Thief from the Gallows and he'll cut your Throat*, is a Proverb of our own Growth; and we have a thousand Instances in antient and modern History to confirm the Truth of it.

Indee

Indeed *Ingratitude* is so monstrous and execrable a Vice, that, according to the *Roman Orator's* Observation (I need not tell you, that when I say the *Roman Orator*, I always mean *Tully*) the very *Earth* it self, the *bruta Tellus*, as *Horace* deservedly calls it, is a standing Testimony against all ungrateful Men, and rises up in Judgment against them. For does not this Earth, the vilest of the four Elements, make grateful Returns to the Husbandman for the little Cost and Pains he bestows upon her? Does she not sometimes give thirty, sometimes twenty, and at least ten Measures of Corn for the one he entrusted her with? Whereas an ungrateful Wretch is so far from doubling or trebling a Kindness done to him, that 'tis next door to a Miracle, if he can be brought to give back the Principal.

And now, *Sir*, you'll ask me, I suppose, what I mean by declaiming thus against *Ingratitude*, any more than *Simony* or *Sacrilege*, or any other Sin whatever; and particularly how this comes to affect you? Why, *Sir*, don't be so hasty I beseech you, and you'll soon be satisfied.

You must understand me then, that one *Mrs. Rebecca Blackman*, Widdow, who lives at the Sign of the *Griffin* in *Shoe-lane*, (I suppose, *Sir*, somebody's Conscience begins to fly in his Face by this time) told me, that a certain Gentleman of *Cambridge*, who very much resembles you in Name, Face and Person (and now, *Sir*, I humbly conceive that somebody that shall be nameless blushes) borrow'd of her upon the 1st of *April*, 1698, in the tenth Year of his Majesty King *William's* Reign, the Sum of five Pounds, (well, *Sir*, let him blush on, for blushing is a sign of Grace) which he promis'd to repay her *in Verbo Sacerdotis*, within a Month after, (good Lord! to see how canonically some People can break their Words) upon the Word of a Gentleman, as he was a Christian, and all that. But mind what follows, *Sir*. This worthy Gentleman I told you of, altho' he was bound to the Performance of his Promise.

Promise by all that was good and sacred; and if good and sacred would not bind him, by a Note under his own Hand, wherein he promis'd to pay to Mrs. *Rebecca Blackman*, Widow, or Order, the aforesaid Sum of five Pounds upon demand: Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all this, he has not had the Manners so much as to send her a Letter to excuse himself for this Delay, and takes no more notice of her, than if he had never seen any such Person as Mrs. *Rebecca Blackman* in all his Life.

She being therefore my antient Acquaintance and Friend, and one for whom I profess to have a very great Value, desir'd me to write a few Lines to you, which accordingly I have done, and by her order I request you, as being a Person of great Civility and Candor, to tell the aforesaid Gentleman, (whom as I am inform'd you may see every Morning in the Year, if you have a Looking-Glass in your Room, which I will in Charity suppose) that she expects to have the five Pounds *supradict* within a Fortnight at farthest, and then all will be well: Otherwise she must be forc'd, in her own defence, to employ the secular Arm, *anglicè*, a Bailiff or Catchpole, and put the abovemention'd Person into *Lobb's* Pound.

Now, Sir, having a great regard to Mother University, (of which I might have been an unworthy Member, had not my Unkle—) and likewise being desirous to prevent farther Effusion of christian Money; I make it my humble Request to you to speak to the aforesaid Gentleman, that he would send me the Sum of five Pounds with all expedition; and so doing you will in a most particular Manner oblige,

Sir,

From my Chambers
in *Clifford's* Inn.

Your most humble, &c.
unknown Servant,

W. H.

A.N.

ANSWER I.

To Mr. W. H. Attorney at Law, at his Chambers in Clifford's-Inn.

Worthy Sir,

Yesterday Morning, about Eight of the Clock precisely, the Sun being newly entred into *Sagittarius*, and the Wind standing at South-East by East; which Corner, as the learned Abbot *Joachimus Trithemius*, in his elaborate Treatise, intituled, *Eurus Enucleatus*, tells us, is a certain Prognostick of Droughts and hot Weather; I was smoaking a Pipe of Tobacco, and reading *Erasmus's Moriae Encomium* of the *Basil* Edition, printed by *Frobenius*, who, you know, *Sir*, married *Christopher Plantin's* Cook-maid; when to my great Surprize, the Post-Boy brought me a Letter from one *W. H.* who pretends to date it from his Chambers in *Clifford's Inn*; tho' as far as I can judge of the Beast by his Style and way of Writing, he ought to have a Room no where but in the Brick-House in *Moorfields*.

For, *Sir*, the Author of it, and I desire you to tell him so much from me, seems to rave, and in his raving Fit disgorges old Buckram *Apothegms* and Ends of *Latin* stolen out of *Lycosthenes*; and in short, at the Expence of other Folks, throws his thread-bare Quotations about him like a mad Man, as you will soon perceive, if you'll give your self the trouble to read what follows.

I. This Retainer to the Law, *Sir*, begins his Letter with *Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dixeris*; and has the Impudence to tell me, that it was a Saying of one of the greatest Sages of Antiquity, as if a Man were a jot the wiser for his calling him so; and, like a presuming *Coxcomb* as he is, presumes I am no Stranger to his Name and Merits. Pray, *Sir*, tell him from me, that he has falsified his Quotation; for which Crime, by an old Statute of King *Ina*, as you

you will find in *Gothofred* and *Panormitanus*, he ought to do Penance in a certain wooden Machine, call'd in *Latin*, *Collistrigium*, and in *English*, a *Pillory*; and that in all the antient Manuscripts both in the *Vatican* and *Bodleian* Libraries, not to mention those of the Duke of *Curland*, and the Prince of *Hesse Darmstad*, 'tis written, *Attornatum si dixeris, omnia dixeris*; which is as much as to say, Sir, that if you call a Man an Attorney, you call him all the Rogues and Rascals in the World.

II. Before I proceed any farther, I must beg the favour of you to inform him, that we are much surpriz'd to here to find an Attorney guilty of so much Nonsense, as to send down *Latin* to the University, where we have more than we know well what to do with. 'Tis as bad as sending *Darby-Ale* from *Fuller's-Rents* to the Town of *Darby*, or *Sturgeon* to *Huntington*. In fine, as he has manag'd matters, 'tis downright *Murderium* (he knows the meaning of that Word) for which he must never expect the Benefit of the Clergy.

To pass over his next idle Quotation, and an old batter'd *English* Proverb; the next Person he falls upon, is the *Roman* Orator; and with his usual Discretion, he gives me to understand that he means *Tully* by him. 'Tis well he tells us whom he means; for of all the Men in the World, I thought an Attorney had as little to do with an Orator, as a Bawd with an Eunuch. But why should a Fellow that never meant any thing in his Life, pretend to Meaning? or how came *Tully* and such a Blockhead to be acquainted? Well, but *Tully*, he says, observes that the Earth it self, which, I hope by the bye, will one of these Days stop his pettifogging Mouth, for calling it the vilest of the four Elements, is a standing Testimony against Ingratitude; and why? forsooth, because it returns the Husbandman ten for one. I can't imagine how it should come into this Wretch's head to rail at Ingratitude, who is the most ungrateful Devil that ever liv'd; and

'tis

ten to one but I prove it before I have done with him. He is ungrateful in the first place to his Schoolmaster, for making no better Use of the *Latin* he whipp'd into him. He is ungrateful to the *Common Law*, for polluting it with wicked Sentences purloin'd out of *Pagan* Authors: And lastly, he is ungrateful to the *Inn* he lives in, for dreaming seven whole Years there to no purpose, and continuing as great a Blockhead as when he first came to Town.

Towards the conclusion of his Letter, *you must understand*, says he, *that one*— This he said to shew his Civility and good Manners. *You must understand*? Why suppose I won't *understand*, how will he help himself? or what Man alive can understand a Fellow that murders his Thoughts between two Languages? But I find I must *understand* him right or wrong. After this Compliment, he tells me an idle foolish Story of a Widow in *Shoe-lane*, and raves about five Pounds, that I know nothing of; and is so full of it that a few Lines below he calls it the *Sum supradict*. I shall take another Opportunity to knock this impertinent Tale on the head, and shall only desire you at present to acquaint this *W. H.* from me, that when he has answer'd this Letter, I design to give him Satisfaction in his other Points. In the mean time, unknown Sir, I am as the *Roman* Orator has it,

Tunc ab ovo usque ad mala,

Q. Z.

LETTER II.

S I R,

I Don't know what Plenty of *Latin* you may have in the *University*; tho', by the bye, I can hardly believe you are so overstock'd with it as you pretend; but I dare swear that good Manners are very scarce things among you, and your Letter sufficiently demonstrates it.

You

You are angry with me, it seems, for quoting a few *Latin* Sentences; I am afraid 'tis the meaning of them, and not the Language that disgusts you; for some People can't endure to hear the Truth told them in any Tongue whatever: But, under favour, *Sir*, what mighty Virtue should there be in the Air of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, that *Latin* should only flourish there? or why should not *Tully* take up his Quarters in the Inns of *Chancery*, as well as one of your Colleges? I am sure we can give him better Meat and Drink, and perhaps have cleaner and larger Rooms to entertain him.

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora P O E N I,
Nec tam aversus equos T T R I A sol jungit ab urbe.

The meaning of these two Verses are, (for why should not I interpret my *Latin* to you, as well as you have taken the Freedom to explain yours to me?) that *London* is not so barbarous and unpolish'd a Place, but that *Apollo*, and the nine *Muses*, may find as hospitable a Reception there, as with you in the University.

But, *Sir*, I have no time to lose, tho' you have. The Widow is pressing for her Money, the Term draws on apace, and I must know your Answer one way or another. Therefore let me desire you in your next, not to ramble from the Point in hand, but keep to the Text. Once in your Life take *Martial's* Advice, *Dic aliquid de tribus Capellis*. There's *Latin* for you again; but the Advice is good and seasonable. Once more leave of flourishing and come immediately to Business, that I may know what Measures to take.

I am,

Yours, as you use me,

W. H

A N-

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ANSWER II.

SIR,

YOU charge me with want of Manners in the *University*. Now, to convince you that your Accusation is groundless, frivolous and vexatious, I will take no notice the scurrilous Reflections in your Letter, but, as you desire me, fall immediately to Business.

To sum then up in a few Lines what you have bestow'd so many upon, you tell me that a certain Gentleman of my Acquaintance, meaning my self, I suppose, whom in your excess of Charity, you believe to have a Looking-Glass in his Chamber, and a great deal of the like Stuff, borrow'd five Pounds last *April* of one *Rebecca Blackman* Widow, and Spinster, living at the Sign of the *Griffin* and *red lion* in *Shoe-lane*, and has not paid her as he promis'd. Now, Sir, if I make it appear to you that there is no such thing as a Widow in *rerum natura*, or a *Griffin*, or a *red lion*; that *Shoe-lane* is an equivocal Word, and that 'tis impossible for a Man that lives under the evangelical Dispensation to owe any such *Heathenish Sum* as five Pounds, I hope you'll be brought to knock under the Table, and own that you have given me and your self a great deal of unnecessary Trouble.

First of all, I affirm, assert and maintain, that there is no such thing as a Widow in the Universe; and thus I prove it. A *Widow* is one that laments and grieves for the loss of her Husband; but how can you or any Man in *London* know that a Woman really grieves? For shedding of Tears, and wearing of Crape, are no sure signs of Grief; consequently then how can you be sure there is any such thing as a Widow? and if so, are not you an insufferable Coxcomb to palm a Widow upon a Stranger, that never did you any harm? Well, but suppose it were possible for a Man to know that a Woman really grieves for the loss of her Husband, which Proposition,

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tion, let me tell you, *Herebord*, *Burgersdicius*, and the whole stream of the *Dutch Commentators* and *Peloponnesian Divines*, positively deny; how shall we be able to find out this Monster, and tell where the Place of her abode is? Why, say you, she lives at the Sign of the *Griffin* and *red Lion* in *Shoe-lane*? Bless us! what a sad thing it is to be troubled with a distemper'd Brain! *Imprimis*, a *Griffin* is a new *Ens rationis*, only devis'd by the Imagination, and is no where to be found, no not in the Deserts of *Arabia*, or the vast Forests of *Afric*; altho' *Afric*, Sir, ever since the time of *Eratosthenes* and *Strabo*, has been said continually to produce some new Monster: And as for a *red Lion*, I defy you and all the Attornies in the Kingdom to shew me one. *Theophrastus*, *Ælian*, *Dionysius*, *Harmogistus de miraculis*, *Perogunius de brutis*, *Philopemen Junior de robusta natura*, and a hundred more of Worth and Credit, whom I have read, and you never heard nam'd, either in *Westminster-Hall*, or *Westminster-Abbey*. But since these are Pagan Authors, it may be you will pretend they ought to have no weight with a Christian, and I know you will be damn'd before you will allow of any thing against your own Mammon; therefore I shall proceed to give you more modern Accounts of what has been remark'd in the most natural Places for to expect Monsters in, and yet the Devil of a *red Lion* do they mention. *Don Gonsales* gives us a Particular of all the Wonders, Miracles and strange things in the habitable part of the Moon; *Mandevil's Travels*, *Pinto's* and *de la Val's*, the most fabulous of the Poets, the most lying Pilgrims and extravagant Historians, never dar'd to have the Impudence to impose so much upon Mankind as to assert the being of a *red Lion*.

Now if human Reason, Experience in so many Places, and no Proof any where can have place, as it ought to do with a Lawyer, I hope here are enough to convince you of your Error; but if nothing under ocular Demonstration will satisfy you,
and

and you are not at leisure to turn over so many Volumes, let me request you, *worthy Sir*, to take a step to the Tower, and if you don't find what I say to be true, I promise you here under my hand to give you a hundred Pounds, *bona & legalis Moneta Anglia*; the next time I meet you.

However, for Peace sake, let us once admit, that *Griffins* and *red Lions*, are real things, and no Fictions of the Brain, as *Smeglesius* hath evidently prov'd it, in what Street, or Square, or Lane, or Alley, is the abovemention'd *Mrs. Rebecca Blackman* to be found? Oh, cry you in *Shoe-lane*. Come, Sir, *Shoe-lane* is a Fallacy which you must not pretend to put upon a Man that has taken his two Degrees, and writes himself *A. M.* Don't you know, that *Dolus latet in universalibus*? Whatever Lane People walk in they must certainly wear out Shoe-Leather; and in whatever Lane they wear out Shoe-Leather, that Lane, in Propriety of Speech, deserves and may challenge the Name of *Shoe-lane*: Consequently then, every Lane, not only in *London*, but in all his Majesty's dominions, where the Subjects of *England* walk, and wear out Shoe-Leather, may properly be call'd *Shoe-lane*. Judge then whether ever I shall be able to find out the true Place where this Widow lives by the equivocal Description you have given of it. As for my *Major*, I defie you or any of your Brethren in wicked Parchment, to find out the least Hole in it. My *Minor* is as plain as the Sun at Noon-day; and you may as well run your Head against a Brick-Wall, as pretend to attack it; and then the Consequence must be good of course. I would take this Opportunity to shew the Falshood and Vanity of the remaining part of your Letter; but the Bell rings for Supper: However, I shall take care to do it next Post; at which time you may certainly expect to hear farther from

Your most humble Servant,

Q. Z.

A N.

ANSWER III.

I Fully demonstrated to you in my last, that there was no such thing as a *Widow*; or suppose there was, that it was morally impossible for a Man to know it. After this, I proceeded to shew, that your *Griffin* was romantick, your *red Lion* fabulous; and that *Shoe-lane* by being every Lane, was consequently no Lane at all. Now, *Sir*, I come to consider the following part of your Letter, where with your usual *Ingenuity* and good Manners, you tell me I am indebted the Sum of five Pounds to the Widow abovemention'd; and I doubt not to lay open the Vanity of this Allegation, as well as of those that preceeded it. *Sir*, give me leave to tell you, that 'tis impossible that ——— should owe any such Sum as five Pounds. Is it to be imagin'd that a ——— should trespass against a plain positive express Text of Scripture? This is what the worst of our Adversaries, either Papists or other Sectaries, of what Title or Denomination soever, would not have the impudence to charge us with. Does not *St. Paul* positively say, *Owe no man any thing but Love*? How then can I owe this chimerical Widow of your own making that heathenish Sum call'd five Pounds? Indeed, if there is any such Person, I owe her a great deal of *Love*, as the Text commands me; but as for five Pounds, I owe it her not: And for this, as I have already observ'd to you, I can produce a plain positive Text of Scripture, which I hope you will not be so wicked as to deny.

In short, *Sir*, I am afraid that the Law has compos'd your Brain, and this I conclude from your incoherent Citations of *Latin*, your raving of *Griffins* and *red Lions*, of *Widows* and *five Pounds*. Therefore, tho' I am wholly a Stranger to you, yet, as you are a Native of this Kingdom, I heartily wish your Cure, and shall do whatever lies in my Power to effect it, for which reason I desire you to take

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notice of the following Advice. It being now Spring time, at which Season according to the Observation of the learned *Zarabella* and *Ciacconius*, the Humours begin to ferment and float in all human Bodies, I would advise you to correct the saline Particles, with which I perceive your Blood is overcharg'd, with good wholesome Nettle-broth and Watergruel every Morning alternately; but take care to put no Currans or Sugar into your Watergruel, because, as the judicious *Frenelius*, in his *Diatriba de usu*, affirms, Currants excite Choler, and Sugar has an ill Effect upon the *Diaphragm*, *Glandula Pinealis*. Then, *Sir*, thrice a Week at least, refrigerate your Intestines with good salutary Clysters, and take some eighteen Ounces of Blood away about two Hours before the Clyster is administred to you. Above all, let me conjure you to forbear stuff'd Beef, salt Fish, Pepper and hot Spices, and what is full as pernicious as Pepper and hot Spices, the reading of any *Latin* Authors, for fear they should raise a new Rebellion in the Humours: Sage and Butter, with a Glass or two of clarified Whey moderately taken in a Morning, may be of singular Use. Go to bed early, and rise betimes. If you live up to these Directions, I do not doubt but you'll be your own Man again in a little time. Having no farther Interest in all this than only effecting your Cure, I persuade my self you will be so much your own Friend as to follow the Advice of

Tour humble Servant,

Q. Z.

 LETTER III.

SIR,

Since you were so wonderfully kind in your last Letter, as out of your great Liberality to honour me with some of your own Directions, I am resoly'd

resolv'd not to be behind-hand with you in point of Courtesie; and therefore recommend the following Rules to your Consideration.

In the first place, I crave leave to inform you, that Syllogisms and Sophistry pay no Debts: That as old Birds are not to be caught with Chaff, so a Lawyer is not to be impos'd upon by thin frothy Arguments; And that *Aristotle*, let him make never so great a Figure in the Schools, has no manner of Authority in *Westminster-Hall*, where I can assure you they won't take his *ipse dixit* for a Groat.

Secondly, I would advise you not to have so great an Opinion of your own Parts, as to despise the rest of the World, and think to palm any of your little Banters upon them. 'Tis enough in all Conscience I think, that you take the Liberty to duncfound us with your *Fathers* and *Councils* in the Pulpit, which we of the *Laiety* are forc'd to take upon Content; and therefore you may spare them elsewhere.

Thirdly and Lastly, When you run in any ones Debt, 'tis my Counsel, and I give it you for nothing, that you would take care to see the Party satisfied in good current Money, for fear the wicked *Modbits* should compel you to it, which, between Friends, will not be much for your Reputation. As this is the last Letter you are like to receive from me, I make it once more my request to you to observe the Contents of it: For I am not at leisure to trifle any longer with you: Otherwise a Stone-Doublet is the Word, and Wars must ensue, which every good Christian ought to prevent, if it lies in his Power. I am, unless you give me further Provocation,

Your humble Servant,

W. H.

Your old Friend the Widow, is sorry you have made so familiar with her, as to call her Being in question; as likewise that of her *Griffin* and *red Lion*.

As for you Love, having no occasion for it at present, she desires you to bestow it elsewhere; but is resolv'd, notwithstanding all your learned Quirks and Quiddities, to get her five Pounds again; and when she has it in her Pocket, for your sake she'll never trust it with a Logician, that would *ergo* her out of what is her own.

ANSWER IV.

I Receiv'd your last, for which I return you my hearty Thanks, and am entirely of your Opinion, that old Birds are not to be caught with Chaff. I find, *Sir*, you are a great Admirer of old Proverbs, and I commend you for it: For a great deal of Morality and wholesome Knowledge is to be pick'd out of them: Besides, *Sir*, they are like the common Law of *England*, and derive their Authority from Usage and Custom. Now I am talking of Proverbs, there's one comes into my Head at present, which I desire you to ruminare or chew the Cud upon. In short, 'tis *Birds of a Feather, flock together*, which is effectually and literally fulfill'd when an Attorney and a Pickocket are in the same Company.

I am likewise of opinion, *worthy Sir*, that what you say of *Aristotle's* making none of the best Figures in *Westminster-Hall*, may be true; for how can that plodding Animal call'd a Philosopher, expect civil Quarter from the Sons of Noise and Clamour? But by the by, *Sir*, I must take the Freedom to tell you, that some of his Friends here take it very ill, that you the black Guard of *Westminster-Hall* won't take his Word for a Groat, *Sir*, that diminutive contemptible piece of Money a Groat, *Sir*, three of which go to the making up of that important Sum, denominated by the Vulgar a Shilling. Is it not very barbarous and inhuman, that *Aristotle*, formerly Tutor to the greatest Monarch in the

the Universe, (when I say the greatest Monarch in the Universe, I neither mean *Bajazer*, nor *Tamberlane*, nor *Scanderbeg*, nor *Pipin*, nor yet the *French King*, but *Alexander the Great*) whose *Ipse dixit* would have formerly gone more current than our present *Exchequer-Notes*, or *Mail-Tickets*, in any Tavern, Inn, or Victualling-house, between the *Hell-spout* and the *Ganges*, for a thousand Pounds upon occasion: Is it not barbarous and inhuman, I say, that this same *Aristotle* shou'd not be trusted for a Groat in *Westminster-Hall*? That Language one would hardly have expected either from *Goth*, *Vandal*, or *Han*; but much less from a Person of your Civility and Learning. But alas! Sir, *Ætas parentum peior avis*; we live in the Fag-end of a most degenerate ungrateful Age, that has no regard to Greek or Latin. *Ob tempora & mores!* was the complaint of a great Virtuoso two thousand Years ago, which we have but too much reason to renew now. Oh, *Aristotle*, *Aristotle!* that I should ever live to see thy venerable Name in so much contempt, that any one belonging to *Westminster Hall*, should have the Impudence to say, he will not trust thee for a Groat! *Ultra Sauromatæ fugere hinc libet*. I dare swear that even in *Muscovy* and *Poland*, none of the most hospitable Countries in the World, thou mayst at any time take a good Dinner and a Gallon of Brandy upon thy *Ensilæbia* and *Actus perspicui*, and yet in *Westminster-Hall*, the most enlighten'd Hall of the most enlighten'd City of *Christendom*, thy *Ipse dixit*, in so much Vogue formerly with the *Thomists* and *Scotists*, the *Nominalists* and *Realists*, should not pass for a Groat! So much, Sir, by way of Answer, to *Aristotle* and *Westminster-Hall*, *Ipse dixit*, and a Groat.

What you say in a following Paragraph concerning the wicked *Moabite* and the *Stone Doublet*, is very piquant and ingenious: For, Sir, reading Mr. *Hobbs's* Chapter about Concatenation of Thought, I find there is a great Connection between the *Moabite*

and *Stone Doublet*; and some of the modern Itineraries inform us, that *Stone Doublets* are in mighty request with the People of those Countries to this very day; and the physical Reason they assign for it, is, because *stone Doublets* are very refrigerating and alexipharmick, which undoubtedly is a great Refreshment in so hot a Climate, as that where the wicked *Moabite* lived.

But, *Sir*, in lieu of the Advice, which, out of your great Bounty and Liberality, you were pleas'd to give me for nothing, be pleas'd to accept of the following Character, which I gave my self the trouble to transcribe out of an antient M.S. in the *Cotton-Library*, suppos'd to be written by the famous *Junius*, who for his great Skill in the Oriental Languages, acquir'd the Sirname of *Patricius*; and this Character, unless I am mistaken in my Mathematicks, will give you a lively Idea of a certain Beast you may perhaps be acquainted with.

An Attorney is one that lives by the undoing of his Neighbours, as Surgeons do by broken Heads and Claps, and like Judges that always bring Rain with them to the Assizes, is sure to bring Mischief with him wherever he comes. He's an Animal bred up by the Corruption of the Law, nurs'd up in Discord and Contention, and has a particular Cant to himself, by which he terrifies the poor country People, who worship him as the *Indians* do the Devil, for fear he should mischief 'em. He is a constant Resorter to Fairs and Markets, and has a Knack to improve the least Quarrel into a Law-Suit. He talks as familiarly of my Lord Chief Justice as if he had known him from his Cradle, and threatens all that incur his Displeasure with leading them a Jaunt to *Westminster-Hall*. If his advice be ask'd upon the most insignificant Trifle, he nods his Head, twirls his Pen in his Ear, and cries 'twill bear a notable Action; and when he has empty'd the poor Wretch's Pocket, advises him to make up the matter, drink a merry Cup with his Adversary, and

and be friends. He affects to be thought a Man of Business, and quotes Statutes as fiercely, as if he had read over *Keble* and got him by heart. The Catchpole is his constant Companion, by the same token they are as necessary to one another, as a Midwife to a Bawd, or an Apothecary to a grave Physician. While he lives, he is a perpetual Persecutor of all the Country about him; but fattens by being cursed, as they say Camomile grows by being trod upon. At last, the Devil serves an Execution upon his Person, hurries him to his own Quarters, in whose Clutches I leave him.

If this Character may be of any Service to you, I shall heartily rejoyce, it being my highest Ambition to approve my self,

Your most, &c.

Q-Z.

ANSWER V.

NAY, Sir, since you are so peremptory and all that, I have sent you my last conclusive Answer, and am resolv'd to be plagu'd with you no longer. Hoping therefore that your Worship is in good Health, as your humble Servant is at this present Writing, this comes to let you know (nay don't startle, I beseech you) that I am fairly and honestly dead (Oh! fie, Sir, why should you be discompos'd at so small a matter as that is) in short, dead to all Intents and Purposes as a Door-Nail; or if that won't serve your turn, as dead as *Metusalem*, or any of the Patriarchs before the Flood. And because, Sir, I am in a very good Humour at present, and somewhat dispos'd to be merry (which you'll say is somewhat odd in a dead Man) and besides having a mighty respect for a Person of your Worth and Gravity, I will let you know what Distemper I dy'd of, and give you the whole History

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of

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of my Illness from *Dan* to *Beersheba*. Upon the 10th of *July* last, Old Stile, I was invited to a Christning in a certain Village in *Lincolnshire*, where I had the Honour of being Vicar; and by a strange Fatality was over-persuaded to eat some Custard, which is the most pernicious Aliment in the World, but especially in the Dog-days. Since I have been in the *Egyptian Fields*, meeting with *Galen* and *Dioscorides* the other day, I told them my case, and both of 'em told me that Custard had done my Business. *Galen* whisper'd me in the Ear, and told me, that whatever sham Stories the *Historians* had palm'd upon the World, *Trajan* got his death by nothing but eating of Custard at *Amioch*, and mention'd two or three other eminent Persons that had their Heels tript up by that pernicious Food. *Dioscorides* added farther, that Custard was destructive of the Intellect, and conjur'd me that the next time I writ to any of my Acquaintance in *London*, I would desire them to present his most humble Service to my Lord Mayor and Court of *Aldermen*, and advise 'em as from him to refrain from Custard, because it obnubilated the Understanding, and was detrimental to the Memory. So much by way of digression, but now, Sir, to proceed in the History of my Illness: This eating of Custard first of all gave me a *Cachexy*, and 'twas my Misfortune that there was no Brandy to be had in the House, for in all probability a Cogue of true Orthodox *Namz*, would have corrected the Crudity of the Custard. This *Cachexy* in twelve Hours turn'd to a *Dolor alvi*, that to a *Peripneumonia* in the *Diaphragm*, and that to an *Epyema* in the *Glandula Pincalis*. Upon this a hundred other Distempers came pouring upon me like Thunder and Lightning, for you know when a Man is once going, *down with him* is the Word; that very fairly dispatch'd me in four days, and so I dy'd without a Doctor to help to dispatch me, or an *Attorney* to make my Will. A little before I troopt off, I desir'd my Parishoners to bury me under the great Church-

Church-Spout, which accordingly they did, I thank 'em for't, and upon every Shower of Rain I find a mighty Refreshment by it; for you must know that when I was living, I was very thirsty in my Nature, and abounded in adust cholerick Humour. *W. 1710*
 I believe, Sir, you might have writ to a thousand and a thousand dead Men, who would never have given themselves the trouble to answer your Letters, or have been so communicative of their Secrets as you have found me; but, Sir, I scorn to act under-board. And if this don't satisfy all your Doubts, I can only wish I had you *here* with me to give you farther Conviction.

And now, Sir, let me desire you to put your Hand to your Heart, and consider calmly and sedately with your self, whether it be not *illegal* as well as barbarous, to disturb the Repose of the Dead, and persecute them in their very Graves? You that are so full of your *Cases* and your *Presidents*, tell me what *Case* or *President* you can alledge to justify so unrighteous a *Procedure*? Is it not a known Maxim in Law, that Death puts a stop to all *Processes* whatsoever, and that when a Man has once paid the great Debt of Nature, he has compounded for all the rest? How then can you make me amends for the Injuries you have done me, and the great Charges you have put me to? For upon the Faith and Honour of a *dead* Man, the very Passage of your Letters to this subterranean World, has cost me above five Pounds, the pretended Sum you charge me with. However, if Heaven will forgive you, for my part I do; and to shew you, that after so many horrid Provocations I am still in Charity with you, I remain,

Your defunct Friend and Servant,

Feb. 5. From the
 Elysian-Fields.

Q. Z.

P O S T.

POSTSCRIPT.

All the News that I can send you from this part of the World, is, that we are troubled with none of your *Profession* here, which is no small part of our Happiness, I assure you; and upon a strict Enquiry, I find, that not one *Attorney* for these 1500 Years, has been so *impudent*, as to give St. Peter the trouble of using his Keys.

The End of the Third Part.

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